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THE JAPANESE MYSTERY

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I

At Geneva, where national traits are under the international microscope, if you ask, 'What of the Japanese?' you will be told, —

One, a smile,
Two, silence,
Three, a mystery,

and in that Delphic answer lies a deal of truth.

Japan wears a universal smile. That is the first impression and the last. The French smile — when you come to buy; the Italians smilingly return a salutation; but in pleasure or pain the Japanese meets your glance with a smile. Yet there is nothing stereotyped about a greeting so friendly and natural — halfway, but no more, to laughter. Part of 'manners' of course it is, an element in that ritual of courtesy taught in school and home. A smile hides the feelings and so is useful enough, and it is part of self-discipline as well. At a crisis in a ball game, a fielder muffs a fly. He smiles, and in that smile he crams a whole vocabulary of expletives. I have watched a thief caught and pinioned. In curiosity I ran to look at him. There was the smile, and the policeman paid him the courtesy of smiling in return.

The smile may be part of the code, but it answers to the disposition of the Japanese. They are a happy people, delighting in the common things the Lord gives us all.

It is the birthright of the American to contrast the straightforwardness of his character with the sinuosities of the Oriental, and Japan puzzles him for the convolutions he cannot find there. He seeks for complexity, and discovers simplicity. He looks for the stolidity of China, and finds a temperament nervous and emotional as his own. The keys are different, but the instrument is much the same. The mechanism is more delicate, the modulation more sensitive, the strings more tautly drawn. The American is a man of affairs. The Japanese is an artist.

Mighty is education. We begin life with the Ten Commandments, holding them in a respect unmitigated by intimacy. Here are the five virtues the Japanese hold as cardinal, and the basis of their ethical instruction: Jun, Ji, Lei, Chi, Sin — Mercy, Justice, Chivalrousness, Love of Learning, Loyalty. To turn Japanese virtue into vice you have only to prefix the syllable Fu. So Fu-Jun, Fu-Chi, and so forth, give you the lack of virtue which is

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vice. It is a positive creed. The Hebraism in ours bids us to avoid evil; theirs to be virtuous.

Somewhere amongst the shrines of Japan there should be an altar to the spirit of Thomas Carlyle, for the gospel of Heroes and Hero Worship which our builders rejected is in Japan the headstone of the corner. There in very truth the hero puts on immortality. The Maid of Orleans leading French battalions to victory in the Great War lived in the vision of an instant's exaltation. In Japan communion with the spirits of the dead takes on almost the aspect of matter of fact. Every house has — or had, for life grows 'modern' there as here — its tiny shrine, where each morning children bow with reverence, and before their own breakfast make to their ancestors an offering of fruit and cakes. And in public places of the city troops of girls and boys, men and women, pilgrims of every class and rank, honor great men now with the Gods. All that Carlyle preached to deaf ears is here made manifest. Stand before the shrine of Nanko in Kobe, of Nogi in Kyoto, or of the Great Emperor himself in Tokyo, and watch the troops of worshipers. They are the lifeblood circulating in the arteries of Japan. From shrine to shrine they come and go in never ceasing procession. Young men from Chiba Prefecture, pilgrims from the northern island of Hokkaido, a girls' school from Okayama, a band — there must be hundreds in it — from Nagoya. Old and young, boys in baggy blues of government schools, women in bright kimonos, clop-clopping along, holding fast their wooden *getas* by some miraculous tension of the toes; now a gap, now a filter of stragglers, now in close order, endlessly they pass under the stately Torii, pause at the fountain which always marks the entrance to a shrine, pour from a wooden ladle water over both hands, rinse from the mouth all uncleanness, and then with clean hands and pure lips approach the shrine of god or hero, indissolubly one. Directly in front of it they stop. Tossing their penny offering into the mite chest, clapping their hands that the spirit may know who does it honor, and then thrice bowing, they offer their petition.

This is no worship of sticks and stones. It is the acceptance of an immortal inheritance.

II

If you would understand hero worship in Japan go to General Nogi's house. Protected from the bustling Tokyo street by a high board fence, it stands in its tiny garden a monument to simplicity. Enter the rustic gateway. At the right a small shed divided into two stalls once provided shelter for the General's horse of all work and for his charger Kotobuk, 'Long Life' — to Japanese ears the name must carry an ironic sound. The little 'Western' house itself struck one visitor as pure New England; the pinched hallway, the narrow whitewashed parlor just large enough to hold four uncomfortable chairs and a table. In the rear are two 'eight-mat' rooms Japanese-fashion — one the General's, one his wife's. Not an ornament, not a kakemono even. On the floor a relief map of Port Arthur and in a corner of the General's room a roll of bloodstained matting are the sole record that here the soldier gave his life for his Emperor. Cato might have lived in such a house, or the men to whom Jonathan Edwards preached the danger of worldly possession.

Nogi's story is a hero tale to the world; to the Japanese it is a national testament. Entrusted with the investment of Port Arthur, it was required of him that not one hour be lost. Should the ships in the harbor escape to join

Rozhestvensky's fleet, the balance might be turned in favor of the Russians, while in Manchuria the army facing Kuropatkin was in dire need of reënforcement. Acting with precipitation, General Nogi directed his attack, not against the key forts in the chain surrounding Port Arthur, but against the citadel itself. The carnage was frightful. Day after day the General watched his men falling like ripe wheat. Thoughts oppressed him such as tortured the mind of Grant at Shiloh, and first from one messenger, then from another, like Job he learned of the death of his two sons. Undeflected, he kept his terrible course, and the slaughter continued until Kodama, Oyama's chief of staff and the genius of the campaign, joined the army and redirected its strategy, striking immediately at 203-Metre Hill, which dominated the circle of forts and the harbor itself. By that decision the fight was won, but the dead, as Nogi thought, had died in vain, and from that moment, as once before in his early career, he held within his mind the thought of self-sacrifice. But all his ways were noble. When in one of the final escalades the Russian General Kondratenko, soul of the defense, was slain, and by his death made Nogi's triumph certain, Nogi himself wrote this inscription for his monument: —

DEATH LEVELS EVERY BARRIER BETWEEN FRIEND AND FOE

When the war was over and the impossible victory had been won, Nogi's Emperor sent for him. What passed between them is not set down in history, but friends of the General have told me that Mutsuhito spoke after this fashion: —

'It is said, General, that you wish to shorten your life on account of mistakes you have made. You may have made them, but you have won a victory indispensable for Japan and to me. I need you. You must live as long as I.'

To the letter the soldier obeyed. But when Mutsuhito passed into history and legend as the Great Emperor Meiji, his servant sat himself upon the mat in that small bare room, loosed his kimono, and, with steady hand ripping his body open, loosed his soul to join his master's. His wife, a woman growing old, found him there and, kneeling opposite his body, cut her own almost in two.

There was in General Nogi's death, beside his sorrow for the soldiers he had lost, beside his grief for the extinction of his race, beside his chivalrous wish to follow his Emperor in a new adventure, a deep desire to impress upon his countrymen the antique standard of life and death. New ways were abroad, ways of commerce, not always of honor. Nothing could reverse the current of that stream, but Nogi's sacrifice was heeded. Men paused in wonder and admiration. To hundreds of thousands it pointed to a straiter and more difficult path. No life these hundred years has brought the Japanese what Nogi's death has given them.

III

On these things I mused as I left the pinched and narrow house and walked through a pouring rain to the shrine below. A Japanese who had devoted himself to me on account of what he called an ancient kindness (I had done him a slight service forgotten years ago by me, but by him long remembered) introduced me at the shrine office to the priest, a tall and handsome young man marvelously dressed in sacerdotal hat, black as a beetle, a surtout of brown silk, and a robe below it exquisitely white. He invited me to enter. I doffed my shoes, and, after a cup of

tea courteously proffered, I was led down long matted corridors to a well of bubbling water. Here, following the priest's example, I laved my hands and lips and then followed my guide to the shrine itself. Behind the barrier which for the ordinary worshiper bounds the sacred limit I sat, while the priest conducted the ceremony, upon a camp stool white as wool, rising at intervals to make obeisance to the great spirit near and present to both of us. Removing his ceremonial shoes of polished lacquer, he ascended the steps of the inner shrine (usually by Shinto rule elevated above the outer). Always, I noticed, he placed his right foot on the higher tread and raised the left after it. At the top, thrice bowing very low, he undid with precise ritual the lock which secured the exquisitely fitted doors, withdrew the pin, paused for a final deep obeisance, and then, drawing the doors slowly open, retraced his steps backwards still facing the shrine and lowering his left foot first to the successive treads. At the lower level he again bowed thrice and, turning, withdrew for an instant to reappear bearing in both hands a spray of white blossoms of the *shiro-tsubaki*. This he handed me, and acting on his sign I stepped forward in my turn, bowed thrice toward the open doors, and placed the flowers reverently upon a low table at the foot of the steps.

The ceremony was over, and as I prepared to leave the building I quickly perceived that what had been done for me was not done for money. Might I not then make a small donation toward the expenses of the shrine? That was permissible, and enclosing a bank note in the whitest paper at my disposal I handed it to the priest, shod myself once more, and went out into the rain, wondering how fared the spirits of my own great dead.

General Nogi's will is in Japan a memorable document. It was written on September 12, 1912, after the news of the Emperor's death had reached him.

For the strong light it casts on the national character, the opening paragraph is quoted here: —

> First. It is with profound regret that I thus take my life in order to follow H. I. M. the late Emperor Meiji to the other world. All these years I have been seeking for a suitable occasion to cast away my humble life, since I committed the most disgraceful act as a soldier of allowing the rebels to snatch away the Imperial colors of my regiment in the Kashiginan Rebellion in 1877. Despite my inner resolution, I have unduly survived under the fathomlessly profound Imperial benevolence and grace up to this day, when I find myself so age-stricken, being no longer of much use in the service of His Majesty. The sad demise of the Emperor at such a time has naturally prompted me to make this last resolution.

What a gulf is here between our heroes and this ancient Roman!

While in Tokyo it was my privilege to dine with a gentleman who had been honored with General Nogi's friendship. I spoke of the shrine where I had been that morning, and, marking my interest, he sent for a kakemono which bore the beautiful characters of Nogi's hand. The General had an admirable gift with the brush, and his ideographs, invariably given for charity, bring high prices. One day, it seems, he had called on my host, who had likewise done his Emperor important service, and said he should like to write something. In that quiet household a visit from General Nogi made the history of years. In haste a strip of silk was brought, and, sitting there before the open *shoji* looking into the quiet garden where a tiny fishpond caught the faint rays of a rising moon, he wrote in the traditional thirty-one syllables a poem which my host translated for me:—

The thoughts in my heart I swore
Never to utter in words.
How can I hide them from thy beams, O moon?

Whether he was thinking of his lost boys, of the soldiers he had sent to their death, or of the self-immolation on which he had determined, is a secret hidden in that translunar land where he now dwells.

I have spoken much of Nogi, for his was the perfect spirit of that Japan which grew great under the stern precepts of her ancient faith. New hopes and new ambitions are in the air. The vane shifts to a fresh quarter. Sitting somewhere at his desk in his shapeless blue uniform is the boy who will some day be the Hero of the New Era, worshiped reverently by his schoolmates' sons.

IV

To the visitor in Japan the miracle of miracles is the newness of it all. I am not completely gray, yet Japan as we know it is hardly older than I. Feudalism in Europe died before Columbus sailed. In Japan it was abolished not two years before I was born. I was a freshman when constitutional government, man's most precious gift to men, was bestowed on the people as the free and personal offering of their sovereign. Like a modern Athena, Japan sprang full-panoplied from the head of Jove. To me the suddenness of it all was brought home through a conversation with a European friend, who years ago had married the daughter of a samurai. He told me that his wife's father, enlisting under Mutsuhito's banner in the First Rebellion against the modernization of the Empire, fought in full armor with sword and shield. And this same samurai, although he gave absolute obedience to his Emperor, was utterly out of sympathy with his Western policies and for years was unreconciled to his own daughter's marriage with a foreigner. Eventually the old gentleman came round, and presented his son-in-law with two of the family swords, the most honorable present a samurai can give. The delicately tempered blades were there in their chased scabbards — all but the guards. Why these were denied the son-in-law was long ignorant, for even he did not know that a samurai's family keeps an unbroken record of its swords, and to prevent a gap in the list the guards were withheld.

Mutsuhito, posthumously known as Meiji or Enlightened Ruler, ascended the throne in 1868. His counselors, few in number, but all alike impregnated with Western ideas, forged so united a policy, sloughing off gradually those who disagreed, that it will be impossible for the historian to apportion to each his deserved meed of praise. There is plenty of glory to go round, for no body of comparable political genius has sat in discussion since our own Constitution was framed. All are gone now into the mists of history, save old Prince Saionji; but with his help a modern painter has reconstructed the scene of that momentous council when, kneeling before the spirits of his ancestors, the young Emperor took the charter oath. What a scene! There knelt the boy of sixteen, one hundred and twenty-third Mikado, direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, swearing by the ashes of his forefathers reverently and firmly that their ways should no longer be his ways. Kneeling on his cushion in the centre was the Chancellor Okubo, and in front the group of remarkable men from which in the fullness of history the Genro or council of elders was recruited.

I quote the official rescript, translated with literalness for me by a Japanese friend.

The Emperor collected dignitaries and took oath before the spirits of his

ancestors to act upon five principles: —

1. Widely to convoke an assembly and to decide all policies according to public opinion.

2. The upper and the lower (classes) shall with one heart practise economic policies.

3. Civil and military officials as well as the common people should all accomplish their desire, and no one should be made to feel fatigue. (This singular clause presumably means that prosperity should become so general that the people should never be allowed to feel discomfort, and so wish to return to feudalism and the paternal care of their own Daimyos.)

4. Harmful customs must be abolished, and hallowed be the universal way of Heaven and Earth. (In which cryptic words may be traced the warning of Consul-General Harris and Secretary Hamilton Fish, who first imparted to the Japanese the astonishing intelligence that a universal law of nations was in actual existence.)

5. Seek knowledge the world over in order to exalt the foundations of the Imperial Throne.

Take note how tentatively the final clause suggests the importation of Western ideas and the initiation of new modes of life and thought. Rebellion was rife. The warlike clans of Satsuma and Choshu threatened the existence of the Empire — men's minds turned slowly from loyalty to their Daimyos to obedience to the Lord of Lords, from their mountain-girt provinces to the Empire which embraced them. It was not well that phrases be too definite or that new interpretations might not always be evolved to meet new situations. When the diverse loyalties in Japan became a single loyalty, and what was in effect a confederation of discordant elements coalesced into a nation, there was a sudden liberation of national energy not unlike that which slowly followed the union of Norman and Saxon in the Western world. But when we remember that this oath is the Magna Charta of the Japanese, this their Bill of Rights, how vast the difference! How illuminating the contrast!

V

Of all World Powers, Japan has purchased most cheaply her seat at the Centre Table, and the consciousness of that important fact has sunk deep into the mind of the people. The credentials are fixed by custom. What of your army and navy, your mills, your mines, your wealth? That her armed forces are of world strength Liao-Yang and Tsushima bear historic witness; but, speaking in the large, Japan won her place on nerve. Her coal she imports from Manchuria, and it is poor enough in quality, when it comes. She buys her oil, her iron, her cotton, and her wool. Her factories do not reach our standard. Her machines are made in England, Germany, and America. Forty millions of her people cultivate an ungenerous soil with primitive tools. The sickle which our gardeners employ for 'trimming up' there reaps the harvest, and its crescent blade is not more bent than the toiler's back as with delicate strokes he slices the thin rows of sturdy wheat with care lest he injure the stubble of rice plants or the beans planted between the bearded files. Not only is Japan lacking in natural wealth, but the energy which shapes her resources is the brawn and bone of her people.

Of these deficiencies the Japanese is acutely aware. The attitude of the people is quite definitely defensive. Of that assertiveness and truculence of which much has been heard, little can be seen. In the first outbreak of nationalization which followed the

Chinese War, when little Japanese Jack climbed the Russian beanstalk and beat the giant to his knees, and when the World War made the country of a sudden rich beyond the dreams of her avarice, there were outbursts of jingoistic vainglory. We who recall the Spanish War — our own war, as Mr. Roosevelt loved to call it — remember that Manila and Santiago brought shriller outbursts for lesser cause. But earthquake and fire, and the long painful process of deflation, have taken from Japan her falser patriotism. Military adventure — I speak advisedly — has lost its charm. The army has long since ceased to be the boast of the people. This year has witnessed the last of the annual celebrations for Togo's victory. The competition of world commerce is keen, and Japan knows she must husband her strength.

Of nothing will a Japanese boast except Japan herself. Japan with her cherry and plum, her wisteria and her maples, her mountains of infinitely shaded green, her snowy waterfalls, her groves of cryptomeria and camphor, her bold and noble coasts, the limpidity of her waters and the perfection of her rice fields. Of these alone will a Japanese confess his admiration. 'Of course we love our country,' said a lady to me. 'It is so beautiful!'

Modesty is enjoined by precept and example. The very language bears witness to it. The grammar is without personal pronouns, and the 'I, I, I' of our Western discourse is unknown to them. Again, their vocabulary for *tuum* is flatteringly eulogistic, while for *meum* it is deprecatory in the extreme. The accomplished wife and desirable children paint, sing, and play with admirable talent, while in a poor house the *koto* is thrummed by an untrained wife and hobbledehoy children twang the *samisen* indifferent well. In such a conversation it is possible to apportion wives and children correctly only by the degree of estimation in which each speaker appears to hold them. The precepts of Confucius and Mencius, the philosophy of Gautama, the teachings of Shinto, alike inculcate modesty — a virtue which shines less effulgently in the Great Republic of the West. Everything impresses upon the Japanese that he has his own way to make, and that it ill becomes him to boast or even to acknowledge the blessings which are his.

Tapestry has its seamy side and modesty its essential weakness. If you would dominate a Japanese, don't try to bawl him down. You will waste your breath. Don't insult him, or it may go ill with you. Simply try to make him ridiculous. If you succeed, victory is yours. For the Japanese is sensitive as he is proud. In affairs he is not quite certain of himself. He listens too eagerly to the voice of Western criticism. English is for him printed in italics. He is forever asking for comment and wondering what you really think of him. A manufacturer tells me that on going to his works one morning he noticed on each lapel a button of a new company union. In Japan unions have no legal status and are suspect, as workers' combinations invariably are. Confronted with what might become an emergency, my friend determined to nip it in the bud. He summoned his superintendent. 'Make for me,' he said, 'two union buttons big as saucers. We will wear them in our lapels so that everyone can see how ridiculous they are.' Next day owner and superintendent made a tour of inspection, each wearing the preposterous badge. The day after, not a button was to be seen.

This sense of insecurity will pass, of course. There was a time when America winced at any criticism,

writhed when Dickens used his scalpel, and shrieked back at Mrs. Trollope. Now our national hide is tanned, and even fair and helpful criticism is passed over with a shrug. The pendulum of the democratic clock pauses only at extremes.

A frequent charge against the Japanese is want of truth. It would be easier to convict, I think, if the indictment were altered to want of candor. A Japanese will show his body, but not his mind. He will tell the truth, but the whole truth is not always essential. Newman remarks that it is almost a definition of a gentleman that he will not needlessly cause pain. This is the spirit of Bushido, and this Japan believes. Here we touch a nerve below the skin of Japanese psychology. Not that we tell the truth unreservedly ourselves, or that tergiversation is almost unpractised in the West, but still our code is 'Tell the truth.' 'Out with it,' we bid our children, 'and let consequences look after themselves.' But to the Japanese, consequences are much. If they wound the feelings, is it not well to consider how important the truth really is? I have known many cases where Japanese have told the truth to their own hindrance, and many others when they have been wanting in candor for the sake of the susceptibilities of others.

If the question be of money, then plain honesty comes into play, and you meet with treatment just and fair. I have never been overcharged in Japan, and, what is of infinitely more consequence to the traveler, I have never been pestered for tips. An apple woman, eager to return the overpayment of two coppers, pursues you through a crowd. I have had bell boys and waiters decline the proffer of a yen, bowing their thanks in the grand manner. I would not pretend that the Japanese are indifferent to money. That can hardly be said even of Bostonians. But the universal custom of wrapping any gift of money in paper before presenting it accentuates an ancient and noble tradition. Even at a bank your change will invariably be placed upon a tray. You will not receive it direct from a cashier.

VI

Not since old Greece has Beauty been adored as by the Japanese. The French affect it, but for them Art outranks Nature. They prefer a hat to a blossom, and an instep to either. The Italians once worshiped the work of genius, but landscape and flowers were but the setting which enhanced the nobleness of the human figure. To the Japanese nothing is too insignificant to be beautiful. I have stood fascinated in a schoolroom while tiny girls with heads like polished lacquer made one up and one down stroke interpreting the resiliency of a blade of grass. Again and again, in place of pothooks, the little hands would shape the wavy line. Stiff as wire at first, it would grow in grace and flexibility till it fairly waved in the wind. I have seen old women toil up a flight of 222 steps (Reader, I counted them) simply for the joy of squatting for an hour in contemplation of the Inland Sea. The owner of a charming house will wait for seven years standing his turn for the slightest sketch of Takeuchi Seiho. As the newspaper readers of America are called in to ballot for the most popular school-teacher or the Queen of the Bathing Beauties of Atlantic City, so Japanese editors will invite their subscribers to vote on the comparative loveliness of famous views. And any Japanese schoolboy will tell you that nothing excels the loveliness of the lovely trio, Matsushima, Amanahoshidate, and Miyajima. 'But,' you query,

'Fuji?' 'Ah, but you can't compare the incomparable.' Fuji indeed is *hors concours*.

On any holiday you will see troops of boys ascending every famous hilltop with what we call 'only a view' to reward the long day's hike. In February and March the plum (symbol of heroes, because it blossoms through the snow), in April the cherry, in May the peony, that 'King of Flowers,' the wisteria and the azalea, are the goals of countless pilgrimages.

Always in Japan I sought for the just word which should describe the taste in beauty distinctively Japanese. Like all transcendent qualities it eludes definition, but when a Japanese speaks of those externals which soothe and satisfy the spirit, the word *shibumi* rises to his lips. These things are instinctive, not shaped by reason and not easily to be put into speech, but *shibumi* suggests an excellent refinement. 'Nothing too much' is in it, and the word is in itself a protest against ostentation. There is in it, too, something of conformity to the traditional, something the antithesis of bizarre. And if I mistake not, *shibui* (to use the adjective from the same stem) is not without its sense of moral worth. To be beautiful a thing must be fitting. The parts must be related to the whole, and the whole must be seemly to place and circumstance. Quick as thought the Greek would have understood it, and though for his primitive philosophy he might have contemned the Japanese, for his understanding of things which lie deeper than expression he would have ranked him apart from the Barbarians.

And how they love their landscapes! When they contemplate the fantastical escarpments of their mountains, their peaks like drop curtains for an Arabian Nights' entertainment, or the feathery fronds of bamboo that drape their sides, one wonders whether they see them through their artists' eyes or through their own. Had Hiroshige and Hokusai been born New Englanders, in exchange for our Homer and our Benson, should we perhaps have exchanged landscapes, too? Certainly it is astonishing to note with what precision the countryside follows the lines of their painters. More remarkable still, take my word for it, those flat-planed faces and angular features recorded on our grandmothers' fans and screens are almost photographic presentments of the characters on the Japanese stage. In all their romantic art there is a note of punctilious accuracy, and the contented traveler returning with a handful of prints can see again the place and people precisely as they look.

Most perfect of Japanese arts is the art of courtesy — the delicate appraisal of your feelings, the sensitive response to your attitude of mind. How pleasant to be everywhere welcomed by bows and smiles! How comforting to self-consequence! How sweet *Sayonara* in the ears of the departing guest!

But watch two ladies meeting: a deep bow deeply returned, another almost as low, then a third and the shy engaging smile. Two men are introduced. The swiftest glance of mutual appraisal tells which should stop bowing first, though sometimes it seems doubtful whether either will stop at all. And I have often conjured up the impossibility of introducing strangers when a train is about to start.

VII

Beneath the gateway which frames the approach to the Great Buddha of Kamakura the visitor reads this admonition: 'Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember

thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha — the gate of the Eternal. Enter it with reverence.'

Well might this inscription mark the gateway to Japan. For the Japanese their country is indeed hallowed ground. *La Patrie* is sacred to Frenchmen, the German cherishes his Fatherland, the little Isle set in Shakespeare's Silver Sea is dear as heart's blood to Englishmen. We are not indifferent to our own rocks and rills. Yet in the patriotic devotion of the Japanese there is a fiercer and more primitive instinct. Theirs is a pride of race as well as of nation, a tribal brotherhood direct inheritance of the feudal times of their fathers, the instinct of a hive of bees for its queen. The Japanese may differ on any subject in heaven or earth but one — their Emperor. Through him they reach back to the Gods themselves. He is the Universal Father, the quintessence of the race. He is their protector, their salvation, their religion. He is the richest source of wisdom. To him alone is ascribed the unique merit of reform. No statue is erected even to Meiji. No inscription is written in his honor, but his Shrine calls the people to worship: the gray smooth-swept walks; the majestic Torii, the gateway perfect in its simplicity; the open shrine. At its barrier the worshiper pauses, claps his hands to call the mighty spirit, bows thrice in wordless prayer, and gazes toward the Inner Shrine, Holy of Holies, with the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum its only ornament, and the white curtain of purity draped before the altar. That is the spirit of Japan.

The mists of mystery disappear in the rays of the modern sun. The Emperor's picture appears in the newspaper. More and more frequently he appears on state occasions. Prince Chichibu, the heir presumptive, plays well the dual and difficult rôles of Son of Heaven and Prince of Wales. A prince of good fellows, he is a good fellow among princes, but, should it be his lot to ascend the throne, how difficult will be concealment within the barriers of awful isolation!

Chancing to be in Kyoto on the Emperor's birthday, I went early to one of the large colleges to listen to the annual reading of the Imperial Rescript on Education. I chose the junior department and the girls' division. Although the hour was early and attendance on a holiday wholly optional, some twelve hundred young women filled the hall. In black school gowns they sat in quiet rows while President and Dean faced them from the platform. After an invocation from the Dean, which in honor of the holiday lasted thirty round minutes, the President rose and walked with measured step to the edge of the platform. Below him an official held aloft a receptacle covered with a cloth of pure white silk. This, with such respect as though the very Host were elevated, he gave into the President's hand. Obviously every motion of the ritual was prescribed, and as I watched, fascinated, it seemed as if the Grail itself would be disclosed. But below the cloth was a simple box beautifully fashioned of the same pale cypress one associates with shrines. Holding the box in his left hand, the President drew from it with his right a roll of silk. From within the silk, with the same measured motion, he took a parchment, and in slow cadence he read from the illuminated text the sonorous charter of Japanese education.

'Know ye, our subjects:

'Our Imperial ancestors have founded our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and truly implanted virtue. Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety,

have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. . . . Ye, our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters, as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true. Bear yourselves in modesty and moderation. Pursue learning and cultivate art. . . . The way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by our Imperial Ancestors to be observed alike by their Descendants and the Subjects infallible in all ages and true in all places. . . .'

The majestic sentences, which I followed from the translation I had procured, fell on the hearers like as the Word of God. They felt the thrill and I caught it as at the close they sang in unison the national invocation to the Emperor:

> 'Ten thousand years roll on
> Till pebbles to great rocks shall grow
> And be with moss o'ergrown.'

VIII

The Way of Salvation taught by the Lord Buddha to India, by Indians to Chinese, and from China brought to Japan, has played its quintessential part in Japanese history. It has fostered learning and holiness, encouraged contemplation and wisdom, and contributed to that deep reserve which is so potent an element in Japanese character. But, like Christianity, Buddhism is an imported religion — alien, as I think (though the learned will disagree with me), to a race where instinct rather than reason controls the will. It is rather the religion which is not a religion, Shinto, defined by Imperial Rescript as fundamentally a culture, which, if it does not control Japanese character, effectively symbolizes it. Stand quietly before a shrine. You will see there the man of intellect and culture bow before the past which made him, and highly resolve that what has been shall not have been in vain. You will see the coolie imploring the god of his village for protection and food. You will see the woman praying for the children she has borne or the child her heart desires. To each according to his need Shinto gives the bread of life.

The history of our Anglo-Saxon race has been the story of the long fight against superstition. Lecky has told it to us, triumphantly reciting the fall of each bastion and tower held by the dark forces of Mystery and Dread. In our generation the Keep itself is falling. The shouts of triumph are about us, but while we pick and shovel under the last ramparts we are dimly aware that with mystery goes religion itself. Superstition is an evil word, but in the heart and kernel of it is Faith itself. Rationalize the soul, and there is no soul. Cast superstition utterly away, and there is void and emptiness. It is the gap in Nature.

So thinking, I bowed my head before the silent shrine, and looking up caught my reflection in the mirror, sole image of the Shinto faith. There was the ancient symbol, Greek, but eternal and universal: 'Know Thyself.' The Japanese have caught its meaning. There dwell the heart and soul of the mystery that is Japan.

(A second paper on life and travel in Japan will appear in the October issue)

THE DESERTER

Just As He Was

I

Chatham, England, 1917.—I was bending over my kit bag, stuffing things into it, when the platoon sergeant came to the door of our hut and shouted: 'Before you go on parade you've all got to go to Number Eleven to give in your home addresses! It's for draft leave.'

We had all been busy in our various, personal little ways before he came in, giving a final shine to our coat buttons, rubbing a last dull polish on to our boots, examining our freshly shaved faces in small pocket mirrors, and finishing all the tiny jobs one found to do before appearing on the second morning parade for the company officer's critical scrutiny. But there was a sudden silence in the hut as the sergeant flung his verbal bombshell at us. It was that curiously alive and stubborn silence with which the British private invariably greeted any new order as it was being issued.

These orders, filtering down from the highest and most distant headquarters through the hierarchy of officers and N. C. O.'s until they reached the lowest military rank of all, the common privates, always brought some change in our plans or some new regulation. Sometimes they seemed merely silly to our untutored, unmilitary souls; sometimes they became extremely important to us as individuals. This time the message, shouted to us in the selfsame voice which sometimes told us to get ready for a sudden rifle inspection, was one of the very important ones.

Every one of the twenty chaps in our hut knew that 'draft leave' meant only one thing: we were all to be shoved off back to France and the front line again as soon as we returned from our homes. Every one of the chaps had been 'out' at least once before, so they all knew that the chances of returning alive from France were very slim. Whatever else each man was thinking of, there was one picture, that of sudden death, which was almost certain to be lurking in his mind. In two weeks' time, perhaps, half of us might be killed.

But everyone turned to his little task again, trying to pretend that the order meant nothing really serious, trying to hide the mixed feelings which the words 'draft leave' conjured up — thoughts of going home, perhaps for the last time, thoughts of seeing people one loved, also perhaps for the last time, of bidding good-bye once again to all the peace-time life which one had known as a child and boy and youth. Someone began to sing: 'Take me back to dear old Blighty.' The short spell was broken. The words of the familiar Army song sounded through the hut like a challenge, and that boring, prison-like camp life flowed on again just as though nothing had happened. Someone shouted across the hut. I turned to the chap at the next bed and spoke. Words of the song still floated in the air: 'I don't want to die . . . Man-

chester or Birmingham . . . I don't care.'

In a few minutes we all rushed off to the orderly hut, Number Eleven, formed ourselves into an excited, good-humored queue, laughed and joked in our usual way, filing past a table where addresses were taken so that we might have railway passes for the journey home and back.

When my turn came, and I stood in front of the sergeant, I gave a hastily concocted false address in Dublin, Ireland, as my home address. If the smiling sergeant had said that this address did not tally with the original Leeds one I had given when I entered the Army, I had ready a plausible story in which I should say, half truthfully, that as I had no real home I was merely going to stay with another aunt of mine who lived in Dublin. Fortunately I had no need to tell this story. I learned, to my surprise, that soldiers going to Ireland on leave were granted two extra days for traveling. I smiled back at the sergeant, trying to conceal my fear that my plans would be discovered.

The whole morning, while we were out on parade, and when we went marching to the bayonet-practice field, I lived through a hell of fear. Every moment I expected an orderly to run up to the officer and have me called out to the orderly room to explain why I had given a false address in Dublin. For the address which I had given had been made up out of my head. I had taken some number and simply added Sackville Street, since that was the only street I knew by name in Dublin. Perhaps there was no such number in Sackville Street. Perhaps they would telegraph to find out if the address was all right. There were so many possibilities when one was faced with the military machine during war time that my heart quaked the whole of that hot summer morning as we jabbed the sham sawdust bodies with our bright, clean bayonets.

During our midday meal everyone talked of where he was going and of what he was going to do, everyone in the gayest spirits now that the first shock had been overcome. But I was unusually silent, and, since the afternoon was free, I managed to go off alone. Walking out of the garrison town, I went on and on until I reached a small village where I turned down a sudden path which led to the river. I sat down on the grassy bank and stared at the water. It was a brilliant end-of-July afternoon. The lazy Thames lapped the flat land with slow, tender caresses, its broad expanse of water shining like floating gold. I do not know how long I sat there that summer afternoon gazing with unseeing eyes at the lovely English landscape, but I can still see myself sitting there, alone, forlorn, a thin-chested English soldier with serious brown eyes and short-cut hair, my cap on the bank beside me, thinking and thinking and thinking. For I had taken the first step in my determination to desert from the Army. There could be no turning back now. I had chosen my path and I must walk it to the bitter end.

II

I do not know when the idea of deserting from the Army entered my head. During those winter months in the trenches in France I had often said: 'Christ! Wait till I get back to England. They'll never get me out here again.' Just as most of the other soldiers in our lot would talk at times. We were all men from factories, mines, shops, and offices. There was none of that *Journey's End* English public-schoolboy spirit (let us all be Peter Pans forever) that won the Battle

of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton about us. We were unwilling soldiers, conscripts.

Walking along one of those interminable French roads, Harry, the youngest of our bunch, dressed in his beautiful black-and-white skin coat, would say, 'I shall escape to Spain disguised as a dark peasant woman,' and I would laughingly ask, 'With that English voice?' and he would answer, 'Yes! Why not?'

But no one, however disgruntled and disgusted with the whole business, seemed to talk seriously about getting 'out of it.' Each soldier seemed to live in the dull hope of evading death and stumbling through alive somehow. I had decided to take no more chances. Just as I had made up my mind when I first went out to France that I would not kill a human being, and had been able to keep that vow, so I had also made the private vow that 'they' would not get me back to France again. I meant to keep my word to myself, even at the expense of appearing disloyal to my comrades in arms. I had absolutely no qualms of conscience. For I was not one of the patriotic youths who rushed out so gayly and gallantly to fight Germany in 1914. I was not deserting a cause in which I had once believed.

When the Great War began I was nineteen, earning a guinea a week in a small clothing shop in a slum district of Liverpool. The war aroused no feelings of patriotism in me. Despite the sensational daily paper brought into my boyhood home in Yorkshire, I had been fortunate in escaping any patriotic education. I had just started to read Bernard Shaw, and my naturally skeptical mind was slowly being awakened. And when I went to live in London in the last months of 1914 my feelings did not change as I came into contact with the more feudally minded South of England people. All during 1915 I went about, aloof, untouched by the middle-class, genteel, and 'quite the thing' patriotic sentiment of London. I worked in a clothing shop near the Crystal Palace, getting more weary and dissatisfied, after seven years, of the monotonous shop life into which I had been pushed. I felt, like Kipps in Wells's novel, that I was in a drain out of which I must crawl or die. Only those who know the very peculiar quality of pre-war English class life, its taboos, its rigid conventions, and its narrowness, can understand this feeling of suffocation. I saw myself trapped in a job which I should have to stick to all the rest of my natural life for little pecuniary reward. I determined that I would get out of it somehow, sometime.

Thus when Conscription came to England in the early part of 1916, and I found myself in the first groups officially 'called up,' I welcomed the opportunity to escape from the dull drudgery of shop life. I saw a way out of my economic slavery. I dreamed of a freer life when I got out of the Army. It was an escape from a life I hated. It was also an experience, and I was in that adolescent mood which welcomed experience, especially one which could be used as a means to an end.

I was called up on Saint Patrick's Day, March 17, 1916, placed in a well-known London regiment, and sent to a training camp. After four months I landed in France on July 14, a date easy to remember, for the flags were flying at Boulogne for the French national holiday. After a part summer, autumn, and part winter spent on the Somme and the Ancre, taking part in only one battle, that of Beaumont-Hamel, I finally managed to get an ankle broken — a sudden, unexpected event envied by all the other

chaps when it luckily took me back to England.

It was funny, that ankle business. But for that little innocent accident I might never have left France alive. We were down, one cold winter's day, helping to unload timber from a train. For some mysterious reason we were working alongside British colored troops — from the West Indies, I believe. These soldiers were standing on top of the lengthy pieces of wood, sliding it down to us. While I was leaning near to one of the wagons, all unconscious that the colored soldier was yelling to me to get out of the way, the wood slid clean and heavily on to my foot. I yelled and collapsed to the ground.

This was the end of February, 1917. While in the London hospital I was found to be suffering from a mild form of typhoid fever — I had had trench dysentery — and I therefore spent the next few months recovering from my minor accident and my minor illness. In July I was discharged from the convalescent camp, and sent down to Chatham to train for several weeks preparatory to being sent out again to the front. But the plans of the military authorities and my own did not coincide. I did not mean to go back to the front again. Although France held some of my most splendid memories of comradeship and subtle, irresponsible happiness, — villages, roads, blue skies, trees, woods, — I could not go back to the futile slaughter of human life.

During all those months in hospital I had vaguely known at the back of my mind that I should have to face the issue sooner or later. But whether because I was ill and weak, or because the return to civilization from the trenches made me evade the solving of serious problems, I did not think very much about the matter. There was just the solitary chance that I might not be sent out to France again, and in that case I was going to say and do nothing, but keep my mouth closed.

But Chatham and drilling and route-marching and bomb-throwing and bayonet-fighting all brought it vividly back to me. I was in the machine again, being trained to kill and be killed. And I was absolutely firm in my own mind that I was not going to risk being shot or killed by a German any more. What I felt and thought at that time may be called sheer cowardice by some patriotic people, but, as I saw it, it was the most primitive kind of common sense carried into action. I just felt the whole war was futile — it was just three years old — and my connection with it less than nothing. I felt a fool ever to have allowed myself to be drawn into the mess. Now it was up to me to get out of it once and for all. But how? That was the question.

It was at Chatham, then, that I began to think again about deserting. I even talked about it in a cool, light-hearted manner calculated to disarm suspicion. 'What would happen if one went off to Ireland and stayed there until the war is over?' I would ask.

'The Catholic priests would give you away. I know them,' said a young Irish chap lying on his bed opposite. This idea impressed me for a long time, but later I found it was incorrect.

One of our chaps, son of a famous detective at Scotland Yard, said that it was quite impossible to get away from the Army, because they have all the addresses and can easily trace a missing soldier. This idea, too, impressed me, but I realized that war time was different from peace time.

I had chosen Ireland as a place of escape because it seemed to be the only comparatively safe place where I

could hide until the war was over. But I could not risk landing there without knowing a single soul. Surely those enemies of England, the legendary Sinn Feiners, would welcome me and help me!

I got up from the river bank feeling rather stiff, and walked rapidly back to Chatham, where I wired to X in London saying I should be in town the following day.

III

London. — The following afternoon, armed with a railway ticket that would take me to Dublin and back, I arrived in London, and went straight to X's flat, which looked out on to the tree tops of a quiet Bloomsbury square. X, a young writer, idealistic and radical, suggested that I make a public protest against being sent back to France, somewhat in the Sassoon fashion, and if there was any attempt to illtreat me some of the pacifist Labor members would back me up in the House of Commons. But I said to X: 'I remember a conscript in our camp who refused to train to go out to France. They tried hard to make him, but he was very obstinate and would n't move. Finally he was taken from our camp, and the next we heard about him was that he had committed suicide. I don't know what they did to him. No, thank you, I don't want to go through all that.'

X, however, still felt optimistic about the 'protest' proposition, so that evening we went down to the House of Commons. Arthur Henderson had just returned from Russia, then in the throes of revolution, and was making a spectacular speech on his visit. As we stood waiting in the great stone entrance hall, Lord Birkenhead walked by, scowling at life in general, little dreaming that the insignificant young soldier gazing so innocently at him was deserting his precious military machine. The particular M. P. whom we had come to see, now holding one of the highest offices in the British Labor Government, was not there. So we walked out into the summer night, — three years before, almost to a day, war had been declared on this spot on such a summer night, — walked up dark Parliament Street, through gloomy Trafalgar Square, and to the Café Royal in Regent Street. That then-Bohemian haunt was full of men and women, all gay and loudly laughing, not at all suiting my own melancholy going-away-from-it-all mood. We returned to the flat, where X cooked some bacon and made coffee. Finally I went to sleep on a low divan bed — a welcome change from the uncomfortable Army bed — usually used by X's wife, who was away at the time. She was Irish, and I had hoped that X would know, through her, someone who would be useful to me. But the Irish of her ruling-class set were hardly likely to sympathize.

In the morning X took me round to a quiet Bloomsbury boarding house to see Y, an old Socialist writer, whom I had already met once. (An India-paper copy of his most famous book had bulged out my breast pocket all during my days in France. When Bernard Shaw heard this, he said, 'Put your bayonet through it and hand it back to the author!') Y listened to my plans, and although he was unable to supply me with useful addresses in Ireland, he knew, fortunately, a certain person who would be sure to help me. Leaving the dear old man, who gave me his benediction, we went to a small street off the Strand near to the Adelphi. There we met Z, a fiery radical of the nineteenth-century picturesque Cunninghame Graham type, who came and lunched with

us in a Soho restaurant. He heard my plans, and promised help and an appearance at five o'clock at X's flat.

I have not attempted to describe X, Y, and Z in detail, because I feel that it would not be fair to the two members of the trio who are still living, X and Y. They would be easily recognizable, and it serves no good purpose to bring them by name into the story. X, Y, and Z all ran rather grave and unpleasant risks in helping me to desert during war time, but I was blissfully unconscious of this side of my actions at the time. Now that I see, in retrospect, what they did in forwarding my plans, I admire them still more, for there was no obligation on their part to lift a finger to help me. Except for their common humanity, — see Galsworthy's play, *Escape*, for a similar problem, — they might so easily have turned their backs and said, 'You got yourself into this mess. Now get yourself out of it.' But they did not. And although their social and political opinions justified, in some measure, their helping any soldier to escape the military machine, still the common humanity implicit in their actions was the most precious part of the whole episode.

Tea was set when Z arrived. Gulping down a cup, he went into the study and began to write. Soon he called me in to him.

'I have written two letters for you to take over to Ireland,' he said. 'One is about my own private affairs [he had been refused permission to enter Ireland for some reason], for the Countess Markevich. I want you to deliver it yourself into her hands personally, or give it to someone you can trust to get it into the Countess's hands safely. The other is a letter of introduction which will help you when you go to this address which I have written down for you. Have you any money?'

'A little,' I answered shyly.

He gave me two pounds and said, 'Here's some to be going on with. I think you'll be all right. Here's good luck.' And he was away and out of the flat like some tall swift bird.

Fortunately X was just about my own build, so he looked out a civilian suit, which was packed into a brown-paper parcel. At last I put on my leather belt and small knapsack, carrying the parcel, and left the flat to catch the seven-twenty boat train at Euston Station. Walking across the Square, I looked up at X still standing at the window, and, waving a last good-bye to him, disappeared round the corner. I felt intensely lonely and forlorn.

As I approached the wooden barriers of the boat-train platform I suffered another hell of fear that there might be detectives waiting to arrest me. I went through hoping that the ticket collectors would not notice my guilty face.

The compartment was full. Two young Catholic priests, returning to Ireland from Rome, read and talked. I tried to read X's latest book. At Crewe I wrote a postcard, 'I am crossing to Ireland to-night,' and posted it to my aunt in Leeds.

Holyhead was in darkness when we reached the coast. But by the time the ship began to move away a bright August moon had risen. I went up on to the boat deck, wishing to be alone with my thoughts. It was chilly, and I found a sheltered seat on a bench. A man was already sitting at one end.

'It won't be rough to-night,' said the stranger.

'Oh! I'm glad,' I said.

'Is your home in Ireland?' he asked.

'No.'

'Are you going on leave?'

'Yes.'

'I see.'

We talked, and I felt, somehow, that the stranger with the amused smile on his face understood my position. We walked up and down the deserted deck, talking of George Moore, James Connolly, Strindberg, James Clarence Mangan, the Abbey Theatre, Easter Week, the Irish Rebellion, while the moon rose higher. Then we went down to the bar, where the strange Irishman insisted that I drink some hot punch. When the morning came, and the coast of Ireland was seen in the distance, I asked him, shyly, if he would mind carrying my parcel until we landed. He agreed willingly. All seemed well — until landing came, bringing with it another hell of fear in case they had telegraphed over about the false address. A sudden vision of being shot for deserting came before my eyes.

There were two gangways, one for civilians and one for soldiers. They examined my railway warrant and my Army pass. I walked up the gangway alone, feeling horribly guilty and as though all eyes were fixed on me, and probably looking miserable.

But once on Irish soil I felt free. The stranger was waiting for me, with my precious parcel, near the train which was to take us into Dublin. When we arrived in the capital, after a short railway journey, the stranger took me up to a jaunting car, and told the driver where I wanted to go. 'Good-bye! Good luck!' And I drove off alone on the Irish jaunting car through the soft, fresh, early-morning air. Something awakened in me. Freedom!

IV

Dublin. — Driving rapidly through the unpeopled streets of Dublin, for it was still early morning, my mind was full of thoughts of freedom and escape. But sometimes a building would make me think of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which had just been published that summer, and I would remember that these were the streets through which Stephen Dedalus had walked his soul-weary way.

At last we reached some road not far from the centre of the city, and I clambered down from my perilous perch on the jaunting car. The fare was 3/6, but I had only 3/4 in small change. So there was a small argument with the jarvey, and at last he was satisfied with that amount. I walked across the road to a small corner house and knocked at the door, which was opened by the person to whom my letter of introduction was addressed.

'Is this the house of Mrs. A?' I asked.

'Yes, it is,' replied the short, motherly woman, who looked at me sharply, for I must have seemed a strange visitor indeed, a young soldier in English khaki calling at that house of all others. Taking my letter, she opened it, read it quickly, then smiled at me, and invited me into the small, narrow hall of the typical lower-middle-class house.

'Your Government murdered my husband.' Even after thirteen years I cannot forget the impact of those bitter words, which were spoken like a line from a modern Irish play. I stood there, at the door of the little front parlor into which I was being ushered by Mrs. A, while she pointed to an enlarged photograph of her dead husband which hung above the mantelpiece.

It was a face I knew well, for I had seen it in all of the English newspapers the year before, when the British Government had shot the various leaders of the Easter Week revolt. It was the face of the man who will probably be known to posterity as one of the greatest men produced by modern Ireland. The actual tragedy of his death lay in the fact that he was sum-

marily shot for participating in a revolt with which he was not wholly in sympathy.

But I did not know all that at the time. So I stood there, not knowing what to say, feeling guilty and wretched and miserable. I stood there as though I were being accused personally of all England's injustice to Ireland. And I was really there as a beggar, asking for help, seeking some kind of refuge. The only gleam in my mind was the thought that A had died believing and fighting for something real and tangible. But the other stubborn thought of all those young men who had died around me in the trenches made me feel angry and confused and ashamed. I was silent.

'You can't see the Countess just now. She's at a special Mass they're celebrating for Roger Casement. It's just a year ago to-day since he was shot. But my daughter will take this letter down to her at the chapel.'

We talked of what I should do. Mrs. A said that as my railway pass was made out to Dublin it would be bad for me to stay in the city. The British authorities might look for me there. It would be far better to go and stay in Belfast. There were lots of young chaps from England up there. They had skipped across when Conscription came.

But I should need some clothes. If I wore my uniform in the streets I should be liable to be challenged by the military authorities. I had X's suit. Good. Now I needed a cap, shirt, tie, socks, and so forth. Mrs. A said she would go out and buy these items for me.

I gave her some of my small stock of cash, and she left me alone in the darkened parlor, for she had drawn down the shades in case detectives were watching the house, with the picture of her dead husband. Soon she returned with a small parcel, and she left me alone again to change.

I stripped off all my clothes, and stood there for some moments gazing into the long mirror at my naked body, feeling extraordinarily free now that I had thrown off my khaki uniform, a badge of military service which I had now worn for seventeen months. I dressed slowly, voluptuously savoring the sense of freedom in a new, cheap, colored shirt. X's suit just fitted me, and except for my short, Army-cropped hair, I should pass for a civilian again. My hair would be covered by my cap, and it would soon grow thick.

Just as I had finished dressing, a young woman in deep mourning knocked and entered the room. She was the wife of one of the Easter Week rebels, having married her young husband in prison just before he was shot. The atmosphere of desolation created by the accusing portrait on the wall of the dead leader deepened. I felt that it was all awful. Then a young thick-haired Irish poet came in, bringing more bitterness and despair into the tiny room.

The young woman began to talk in a low, beautiful Irish voice of political assassination. Could n't one poison members of the British Cabinet? At that moment, escaping as I was from the atmosphere of daily death and mountainous slaughter of human beings, it seemed terrible to be confronted with such ideas in that peaceful little room. Was life to be forever a prison of Death? Should I never escape from the foulness of people killing each other in mutual despair?

They took my khaki uniform and Army puttees away, remarking that they would probably come in useful sometime in the near future. I suppose they were used during the Black-and-Tan period of the more recent civil

war. Then I went out and walked along the bank of a near-by canal, and dropped all the military badges from my uniform into the still water — all except my cap badge, which I kept, and which I still possess. I returned to the house breathing deep breaths of freedom.

But I was not quite free of all the material evidences of my Army life yet. I was still wearing the thick, heavy boots issued out to us. I could not go about wearing such boots and posing as a civilian. So I went out again, determined to try to change them for a pair of second-hand civilian boots.

Walking down the wide street into the city, I felt very conscious of my large boots. I avoided walking past the giant policemen. Turning down a small side street near the Nelson Monument, I found a little boot-repairing shop, and managed to get a light pair of boots in exchange for my own, plus the payment of a shilling. And how hard the pavements seemed now! I felt as though I were shod in paper. I should get used to them, I hoped.

Then there was another little matter to be settled, which had not entered my head. I must have a new name. Mrs. A was not long in finding me an excellent hundred-per-cent Irish name, which I adopted and used successfully during the twenty months I lived in Ireland. Later I was amused at what people must think of the great contrast between the very Irish name and my very English accent.

I tore up all letters and papers on me bearing my old name. From now on I was another person with a new name.

V

Belfast. — That night I slept peacefully in a modest Temperance Hotel, and the next morning I left, luggageless, for Belfast. There I went straight to the address Mrs. A had given me.

It was a little tailor's shop reached by climbing one flight of rickety stairs. This small, one-room establishment was run by a real Irish character, Danny ——, who was more interested in politics than the cut of a suit. With that amazing generosity characteristic of all the Irish I was to meet, he received me with welcoming arms, and offered me a refuge in his shop. I was against the Government — that satisfied his Irish soul.

Above the shop was a huge room, supposed to be empty by the landlord of the place, but filled with old furniture. For ten weeks I shared that dusty room with a fellow exile and Englishman, sleeping on an old bed. For ten weeks I lived on bread and margarine with a Sunday treat of boiled potatoes. At the end of that time Danny had performed the miracle of finding me a job, also in a shop, but well paid for Belfast. I kept the job until I threw it up to leave Belfast.

Danny's shop was not a shop. It was a political forum, and a crowded rendezvous for the Belfast intelligentsia. One met there all the wits and talkers of the town: Sinn Feiners, I.L.P.-ers, Socialists, Marxians, Communists, poets, intelligent illiterates, agitators, future politicians (one of the daily visitors was the present leader of the Irish Labor Party, Tom Johnson), and all who had some social and political axe to grind. Talk flowed there almost twenty-four hours of the day, while one or two men went on sewing. And what talk it was! Endless discussions of all the burning questions of the moment, passionate talk about the political blunders of the past. Eager discussion of plans for the future, with tea constantly on the brew and bread always being cut for some

hungry visitor, and everyone happy. Never before and never since have I participated in such wonderful conversational debauches.

But my twenty months' life in Belfast was not circumscribed by the exciting atmosphere of Danny's shop and its amazingly mixed group. I was drawn into the narrower and smaller political groups that had transcended Nationalism and were organizing on the economic field, those who saw the light from Moscow. These groups were mostly manned by the more materially-minded and agnostic among the young Irish, and by the large number of young Scotch radicals who had fled from their own country when Conscription came to Britain. Naturally the Scotch all had false names, too, so that it was difficult in later years to link up some fiery young Scotch radical with the person one had known in exile.

There were two important events during my stay in Belfast: the frustrated attempt to force Conscription on the Irish, which brought about a vigorous anti-Conscription campaign, and the strike of the Belfast shipyard workers for a 44-hour week. But as this story is not about my life in Belfast, but a report of how I deserted from the British Army, I must hurry on to tell how I returned to England, leaving exile behind.

VI

London, 1919. — It was in April 1919 that I decided it would be a good idea for me to return to England. I had had a wonderful time in Ireland, perhaps the happiest of my whole life. I had not been harried by the police, or by private persons, and had been utterly free to go about and do and say just what I liked either privately or publicly. But I was tired of it all, and wanted to get back home to England. The Armistice spirit was still abroad, and perhaps I might get back without any trouble.

So one fine day I threw up my good job, slipped down to Dublin, and took a boat across to Fleetwood in Lancashire, and went to Yorkshire for a few days. A week later I was in London, looking for a job. Alas for my pre-Army hopes of escaping shop life! It was the only thing I could do. So again the hunt began, and success came at the first effort.

One of those extremely select shops in that curious survival of eighteenth-century London, Burlington Arcade, advertised for an assistant. I applied, taking care to put my regimental cap badge into my civilian coat lapel before I appeared personally. I got the job. The gray-haired, middle-aged gentleman who owned the place naturally concluded, looking at my badge, that I had done 'my bit.' He little dreamed that he was keeping a deserter! The low wages he paid for serving members of the British aristocracy were supposed to be those fit for heroes to live on, for the whole of his small male staff had been soldiers in the war.

I stayed for five months at that job, rushing each evening out of the airless Arcade, down Piccadilly, and into the Green Park. Some day I would get free from that slavery! That was my one thought. But it was not until two years later that I was finally able to tug myself free from that shop life. And that is quite another story.

There was one positive outcome of both my compulsory participation in the war as a conscript and my deserting from the Army: I began to think seriously about both the economic system and modern warfare.

The temporary acquiescence in something so actively antagonistic to my whole nature, and the act of turning

my back on it, forced me into a formulated attitude towards war.

I have not, therefore, written this anti-romantic account of what is generally regarded as a romantic or despicable act in any spirit of sensational confession. I am not ashamed of what I did thirteen years ago. Publicly, I can even say that I am glad I had the common sense to follow my own healthy instincts and vague convictions. If I had not deserted I should probably be dead now. If behaving as I did is labeled as cowardice, then I prefer to be a physical coward rather than a moral one.

The reason I submitted this manuscript to a magazine is not far to seek. Plunged recently into the reading of several war books, especially British ones, I felt that the story of one who shared some of the experiences of those writers, without sharing their beliefs, ought to be told.

There must have been many men in all the various armies who behaved as I did. I exclude the notorious cases of mass desertions on the part of subject nationals. I feel, therefore, a kind of spokesman for these inarticulate individuals. The Army files at Washington, London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome must be full of the names and numbers of deserters. It would be very interesting to know just how many individual soldiers actually deserted from the various armies.

Returning to the war books, I found that most of the writers described the physical horrors of modern warfare — as though that were the really tragic element! — without giving the reader any idea of whether they would fight in any future war. One got the vague impression that they shelved this inconvenient question, 'What will you do in the next war?' hoping that it would not need to be answered in their lifetime.

It thus belongs to the common cant of these stocktaking years to regard many of the writers of war novels and war plays as newly born pacifists. This is where I disagree with the general vague opinion. For I have read carefully all the interviews with such successful writers as Remarque and Sherriff, and I have found no evidence whatsoever that these writers feel *concretely* towards future wars as I do.

Perhaps my own credo about the whole damnable business may be stated as follows: I will not participate in any kind of war. I am not a fanatic enough about any belief to feel that it is worth dying for. If all people felt as I do about killing there could be no such thing as war. If I cannot escape as I did in the last great war, I will not die for these beliefs of mine. I shall attempt to sabotage the efforts of the combatants all I can.

I doubt very much, however, whether my determination to steer clear of future war madness will help me at all. The next war may not be kind to those who are not put into uniform. If, as one suspects, it is to be a magnificent orgy of aeroplane warfare, then those of us who feel as I do about the whole problem will have little chance to express our feelings. Mankind will really go mad, and sane people will be left with nothing but the chance to organize escape parties to the South Seas or other unpopulated parts of the earth.

I am a complete and uncompromising skeptic about the possibilities of peace.

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN STANDARDLAND

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

RUMMAGING in the drawer of a little-used desk some time ago, I came upon an old blank book (not entirely blank) on the second page of which my eye fell upon this statement of my youthful ambitions, which I here give exactly as it was written.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

When my ship comes in I intend to take a trip across the ocean with my wife and children. I am going first to England next to France and after that to Switzerland and Italy. After I have traveled through all these places I intend to go to Egypt and the Holy Land then I am going through India to China and Japan after that to California and all the other places of interest in the United States. When I arrive at home I intend to go into business I don't quite know what kind it will be but I think it will have something to do with printing or stationary. When I get an old man I intend to retire from business with a large fortune say 200,000 dollars.

EDDIE NEWTON
Oct. 7th, 1878

Composition no 2.

I have almost achieved the 'large fortune' on which 'I intend to retire,' and the observant reader — if any such there be — will see that after 'going through India to China and Japan' it was my purpose to visit California. I am not now as keen as I once was to see India and China and Japan, and with the exception of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and California, which I yearn to see, I am willing to forgo 'all the other places of interest in the United States.' This is the typical attitude of a Philadelphian, but, if I be a typical Philadelphian, 'hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me' — as Shakespeare has it.

'You can tell a Harvard man as far as you can see him.'

'But you can't tell him much,' adds a wag.

You can tell a Philadelphian by unmistakable marks which it pains me to enlarge upon. And, lest it should be thought that I have met with some social misfortune, I hasten to say that my family — at least half of it — was distinguished in Philadelphia long before the Revolution, in which event the said family took no part, setting an example which was followed by many of the first families of the town. But this is a digression.

The charge which I bring, reluctantly, against the Philadelphian is this: a stranger entering our gates may bring birth, breeding, intelligence, charm, and money, and yet be permitted to die of sheer loneliness. How ironical that Philadelphia, of all places in the world, should be called the City of Brotherly Love! As one goes west in this great land the unpleasant traits which characterize the Philadelphian disappear, until, I am told, in California

they are nonexistent. A friend who has made his home in San Francisco for many years wrote me some time ago: —

> In trying to analyze the courtesy, cheerfulness, and expansiveness of these people, I have come to think they derive their charm partly from the air they breathe, partly from the bigness of their surroundings, and partly from the indomitable spirit of their forbears, the Forty-Niners. California has brought into my life more enjoyment than I have known elsewhere. The cautious, calculating, hard-bitten materialism of the East simply does not exist here. The San Franciscan has a feeling of love and kindness, first to life, then to individuals, and then to the many forms of beauty that surround him.

And Alfred A. Knopf, the New York publisher, in a letter to the *Publishers' Weekly* in a recent issue, speaking of San Francisco, says: —

> It is the most civilized and attractive city in the whole United States. More beautifully situated than any city in the world, San Franciscans deserve to be favored by the gods, for they are people of rare charm who know how to appreciate good food, good music, good wine, and surely good printing. Los Angeles sells more books to-day than San Francisco does, but it has almost twice San Francisco's population and a public library that is one of the wonders of the world. But Los Angeles is growing fast; people there are concerned about when it will pass Philadelphia and even Chicago in population. They talk so much about business and factory locations, about oil and movies, that they simply have n't time yet to feel any great need for books. San Francisco, new though it is compared with the East, is older, wiser, and more settled in its ways.

Realizing all this, I have heard California calling me for years — or is it that I hear the voice of my oldest friend, Willie Van Antwerp? What a career he has had! Through Annapolis to Wall Street, in which he became the chief engineer of the greatest power plant in the world — the New York Stock Exchange. A distinguished book collector, an author (*The Stock Exchange from Within*), he now lives in San Francisco, and one of his friends, amazed to hear me refer to him as 'Willie,' the other day said to me, 'If you know Van Antwerp you owe it to yourself to go to San Francisco; he will put in your hand the keys to the town.' It was, indeed, my intention to go to the Pacific Coast this past winter, but when Cecil Harmsworth invited me to dine with him in the attic room of the Johnson House in Gough Square, London, how could I refuse? It was a great party: in Johnsonian phrase, 'it was a dinner to ask a man to'; and 'Willie' has been kept waiting — and never knew his loss.

The fact is, for me to move east rather than west is to follow the line of least resistance. There is the pleasant excitement of going to the steamer, of hearing the loud whistle, of seeing a mob of unworthies sent ashore, of reading a sheaf of letters and telegrams, of dispatching a steward to the saloon with flowers, and of looking over a lot of parcels of sweet things which one is too wise to eat. How delightful it all is! When the joy of 'sailing' leaves me, I shall be very old indeed.

II

'See America First,' by all means, for if you don't see it first you may not see it at all — as in my case. It's a great country and I'm fortunate to be of it. It is certain that it is a country of magnificent distances, that its scenery is superb, and that certain streets in New York and Chicago are finer than anything in Europe. I remember when what is now Chicago was a smouldering ruin after the fire of 1871, a disaster which, unluckily, Philadelphia has been

spared — which accounts for much; and I do not doubt the engineering marvels of the Panama Canal. But as a people we Americans are not interesting; we are, in fact, deadly dull, especially we men, and we are constantly getting worse. It is to escape the horrible monotony of our lives that so many of us get divorced. Divorce is about the only variety we permit ourselves. Those who do not get divorced — and some who do — go abroad as often as they can.

We are a standardized people: it is at once the cause of our greatness and our misfortune. We eat the same food, see the same movies, — for, except in a few of our larger cities, the theatre is nonexistent, — wear the same clothes, read the same books, and, naturally, think the same thoughts — if thoughts they be. Can anything be more deadly than a 'We'll all read the same book this month' Club? — and these clubs abound. Why should I be deprived of the pleasure of making my own choice? I do not always want to read what everyone is reading; many of the best sellers of fifty years ago I have never read, and never intend to — *Ben Hur* and *Alice in Wonderland*, for example. Moreover, I do not want everyone to read my favorite books, especially not my favorite essayist. I read for pleasure rather than for profit, and frequently find it pleasanter to loiter down the bypaths of literature, unencumbered, than to march along a crowded turnpike with a heavy knapsack of learning. No, I would not have a group of my best friends select my books for me.

That is our trouble: we are standardized to death. If thirty-six million men can be induced to wear hats of identically the same size and type, — and with national advertising this can be brought about, — each man will save thirty-six cents and each hatter will make thirty-six hundred thousand dollars, and we shall have the means which will enable us to buy thirty-six million radios, and, as each radio will be heard by an average of six people, two hundred and sixteen million people will be able to hear 'Amos 'n' Andy' talking. Telephone calls are practically suspended: everyone is 'listening in' — I have the word of a high official of the A. T. & T. Company for this. How's that for standardization?

You go out to spend an evening with a friend: greetings are barely exchanged when someone pushes a lever and twiddles a dial, and from a box or horn, or some concealed device, comes a vile noise out of which emerges a voice, which says, 'This is Charles Crawford speaking . . . Fleischmann's yeast will . . . yield dividends of 6 per cent . . . Colgate's soap is superior . . . sixty miles an hour . . . The General Electric refrigerator . . . will preserve the teeth. . . .' And finally out of the din you hear music, as though in the next room, and you are listening to a concert. Or someone says, 'Have you heard the new record of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" just made by Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra?' — and in a moment Sousa's magnificent march bursts upon your ear and you can hardly keep your seat. It is wonderful, very wonderful, but it destroys conversation, and good talk is — or, more strictly speaking, used to be — one of the joys of life. The interchange of ideas — but what if the other fellow has no ideas? One cannot very well keep on exchanging ideas with himself.

I can quite understand the desire of many Europeans to come to this country. To the war-worn and the impoverished, it is a land of peace and plenty, it is a land of glorious opportunity; it is not difficult here to make a living. But we have scriptural authority for the statement that man shall

not live by bread alone; something else is required, something of the spirit, and in that we are lacking. It is only in America that work, which should be a means to an end, has been mistaken for the end itself. When our ancestors — those of us who have ancestors — came over here, they were, all of them, prepared to work hard and to pray. They worked with an axe in one hand, and a gun in the other, and a Bible in the other. We have no longer any need for a gun, except those of us who are concerned with the manufacture and distribution of bad liquor; we no longer have the confidence our ancestors had in what they called the Word of God; but we still retain the habit of work. I ask myself, and you, why it is that a man who has more money than he can wisely spend continues to work as though — in the words of the old joke about the chorus girl — he does not know where his next limousine car is coming from. These men belong to the class which a few years ago we called 'captains of industry.' Actually, the corporals and the second lieutenants are just as good, and when the captains drop dead of heart disease, never having had any idea of what life was about, their places are immediately taken by younger men who do their jobs better.

Some years ago I was going from Jersey City to New York on a ferryboat (it was before the days of the Tube), and my boat, the ferryboat, was almost run down by a fast and beautiful yacht which was making its way down the river to the sea. I knew the yacht, and it so happened that I had that day some business in the office of its owner. I knew, too, that in his absence business went on as usual; so I at once went into one of those magnificent offices in lower New York, and was somewhat surprised to see the owner of the yacht in his shirt sleeves, the sweat rolling down his face (it was a hot August day), working for dear life.

'Hello,' I said, 'what the devil are you doing here?' Then I told him how his yacht had nearly done for my ferryboat, and remarked further, 'I was perfectly certain, from the speed your boat was going and the fact that it pretty near smashed us, that you were at the wheel.' 'I ought to have been,' my friend replied; 'I have a big party on board. But just as I was leaving some important matters came up and she had to sail without me.'

'Why have you not your business better organized?' I said.

'I had it organized yesterday, but that's the trouble with business today — it won't stay organized.' I was a small stockholder in that man's company, and I told him I was glad to observe his industry, kidded him a little, and went on. A few years later that man dropped dead on the golf field — indigestion again. The stock of his company went off a few points on the sad news, rallied when his successor was appointed, a younger and a better man, and has since doubled in value. If that man could return from the Elysian fields, he would be surprised and chagrined to learn that at his death no one missed him. Not his wife — he was never home. Not his children — they never saw him. Not his business associates, who found him arrogant and overbearing.

One more story in the same key. I once called at the office of a big corporation to get some information about business conditions abroad. I talked with an assistant treasurer, who gave me just the information I wanted, and then as I was leaving he said, 'I wish you would go into the president's office and say how-d'ye-do. He is very old and takes offense easily. If he hears you have been here and not asked for him, he won't like it.'

So I went in, and met an old man well up in the eighties; I inquired about his health, which he said was not good. I asked him why he did not relax, put the burden on younger shoulders.

'Ah, if I could!' he replied. 'But this business needs this guiding hand,' holding out an almost palsied member. I shook it and wished him well.

'What did he say?' asked the bright assistant treasurer when I got outside.

'He told me about the business needing his guiding hand.' At which the younger man laughed and remarked, 'If the old fool had any idea how little he knows about what is going on he'd die.'

Can you not, in imagination, read the obituary which that assistant treasurer will prepare with glee and give to the papers when that doddering old idiot shall have passed away? 'How wise he was in counsel, how farseeing, how alert and interested to the day of his death! No detail was too small, no deal too great to engage his attention. He was the first at the office in the morning and the last to leave.' Do you remember the story of Russell Sage — where is he now? I wonder. Where are the Elysian fields? In fine, we work because we have never taught ourselves to play; it may be too late for the generation to which I belong to learn, but the younger generation will probably have more leisure than has been our lot: may it learn to use it wisely.

III

I had reached this point in my story when my wife reminded me that I had an engagement to go to a musicale. Now a musicale does not necessarily mean, to me, the highest form of enjoyment, but it was also a birthday party, — Helen's birthday, — so I went and was promptly rewarded. This is a world of rewards and punishments, and one's happiness consists in one's ability to gain the one and escape the other. As I entered, an Englishman with a fine voice, John Goss, was singing a song by Henry Purcell, 'Composer in ordinary to His Majesty King Charles II,' to words written almost three hundred years ago. I was so struck by the matching of the words to my mood that I asked the singer to give me a copy. And here it is: —

Why so serious, why so grave,
  Man of business, why so muddy?
Thyself from chance thou canst not save,
  With all thy care and study.
Look merrily then, look merrily then,
  And take thy repose,
For 't is no purpose to look forlorn,
  Since the world was bad before thou wast born,
And when it will mend who knows, who knows?

And more to the same effect. There is not enough music in this country. I don't mean 'symphonies' or boys whistling off key; whistling boys we shall have with us always. I mean in our hearts. We go around looking sad and we are sad, we who have more to be thankful for than any other nation. 'Men of business, why so muddy?'

We do not breed well-rounded men. The one thing for which I admired Roosevelt was his many-sidedness: he was interested and interesting. Besides being a politician he was a reader and a writer, but he was very much more. He knew men and trees and game, big and little. He was, I believe, no fisherman — a fisherman must be quiet; and I fancy he was no yachtsman — to stand at a wheel and occasionally give a tug at a rope was not sufficiently violent exercise for him. He preferred to tug at a man, especially at a man with 'soft hands and a hard face.' (Was he not our master phrase-maker?) He preached and lived the strenuous life, and the range of his interest was enormous.

Most of us are interested in just one

thing — making a living; meantime we let life go by. If you ask the average American what his recreations are, he will tell you he has none. Sometime, when you have a leisure moment, take up a copy of the English *Who's Who* and casually turn its pages, and you may come across some interesting references to the recreations of England's great men.

George Bernard Shaw says everything interests him except sport. I am altogether of his opinion.

John Buchan says fishing, deer-stalking, mountain-climbing, are his recreations, and I know that he writes his excellent mystery stories in bed — he told me so.

Augustine Birrell admits that his recreation is book-hunting. He could hardly have a better.

Thomas Brassey, who owned the yacht *Sunbeam*, in which he traveled 350,000 miles, was one hundred and one things besides a yachtsman.

Dr. Alphonsus Montague says he amuses himself by talking to intelligent dogs — that is to say, all dogs.

Sir Harry Johnston, who wrote *The Gay Dombeys* and died recently — his exploits fill half a page. He was an authority on economics and Africa, all parts of it, especially those most people have never heard of, and his recreation was music, if you please, and novel-writing.

Now the sad fact is that we Americans, who have more money than is good for us, — or had until recently, — keep working as we were once obliged to do, whereas the English, who are steeped in debt, keep on playing as they once were able to do when the world was at their feet. 'It's a mad world, my masters.' If England could have some of our industry and we some of her repose! No working men and women ever had as much leisure as our own working classes to-day. I dislike to refer to my own experience as a boy, but to make my point I must do so. Before I was fifteen years of age I got a job in a book store, a very respectable, indeed fashionable, store in Philadelphia; it was kept by a knot of wealthy Quakers, and my pay was three dollars a week. Think of working on a Saturday evening throughout the summer until seven o'clock! And not in a sweatshop, either, though we sweated. For several weeks before Christmas we were expected to work until ten in the evening; we received no extra compensation, but we got thirty-five cents supper money. To-day all self-respecting shops close at five and do not open at all on Saturday during July and August, and the five-day week will soon be the rule rather than the exception — speed the day when it comes! Henry Ford, who has done more to 'make the world safe for democracy' than all the politicians put together, — including the inventor of this silly phrase, — was not a philanthropist when he invented the five-day week, but a wise and farseeing business man.

IV

It is always difficult to say just when a great revolution begins, but I believe that we are taking part in the greatest revolution in history; we know as yet nothing of what is happening in Russia or where that nation will get off. The English revolution began with the discovery of the use of steam, and if you would know what evils it brought with it read Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton:* it is an excellent and little-read novel. Think of a woman, the wife of a Unitarian minister, in a novel published eighty years ago, propounding economic theories for which Henry Ford is applauded to-day! Steam was England's contribution to the world; electricity is ours; the product of this great

discovery is, or should be, leisure. And the great question of the day, in this country at least, is not religion or politics, or even Prohibition, as some think, but how shall we use our leisure? What a blessing it is to live in a country and at a time when this is our most pressing question! It is not so in Europe. England is sustained at present by the glory of her past. Germany must put her mind on her knitting for a generation — for several generations; this is as it should be. France is rich, but must watch her step. Italy is the best-governed country in Europe, but may be paying too great a price for it. What shall we say of ourselves? Only that we should remember our debt is to the continent — not to democracy.

What shall be said in favor of a form of government which requires a gang of corrupt unofficials to make it work? A man is nominated to office because an all-powerful machine thinks that he can be not only elected but controlled. If, in the event, he is controlled, all goes not well, but well enough. If he cannot be controlled, everything stops until his term of office expires.

'When we ask ourselves what are the differences between the two parties, what are the questions they dispute so warmly, we find it difficult to answer. We cannot discover any real question at issue between them. The questions that once divided them have been pretty much settled by the logic of events — yet the parties live on, divided by tradition, by difference upon matters of expediency, and by personal rivalries for place and power. When a great political power has settled one issue, it does n't die, but looks about for another, and between the settlement of the old issue and the discovery of a new one there is usually an interval during which party lines are vaguely drawn and you can hardly tell what principles are at stake.' Is not this an admirable description of our situation at this moment? It was not, however, intended to be so; it is a historian's description of the Whig and Tory parties in the age of Queen Anne, two hundred years ago — and we think we are improving on the work of our forefathers!

Our political machine is gaining in power, but is it not losing in the eyes of the world — in our own eyes? When the true history of the Harding administration is written, we shall hang our heads in shame. Compare our present representatives in Washington, not indeed with the great founders of this nation, but with those of fifty or even thirty years ago: what a falling off is there! They are so feeble of intellect as to be beyond the reach of satire. To speak disrespectfully of a Senator is like speaking disrespectfully of the equator: you make a mighty effort and, after it is all over, there the Senator — like the equator — remains for all to see.

Does anyone, not a politician, suppose that democracy is the last word in government? Is there any greater folly than that of submitting a complicated question to a mob? The best that can be said of a democracy is that it is little worse than an aristocracy. England has ceased to be an aristocracy; the 'governing class' is disappearing, and, as with us, the common man is in the saddle; everywhere there is a leveling down rather than a leveling up. We made the original mistake of 'manhood suffrage' at the outset. It was a great blunder: the vote should have been given only to the man, or woman, who had at least rudimentary intellectual qualifications and who had a financial 'stake in the country.' When I see a poor, miserable man or woman, ignorant to the point of imbecility, and think that every so often some problem is submitted to him, or her,

the solution of which would tax the intellectual ability of Owen D. Young, I say to myself, 'How can the world be made safe by this?' And England has become as bad — nay, worse than we. Each Prime Minister, Tory and Liberal alike, extended the franchise, ostensibly in the interest of better government, but actually to strengthen himself politically, until now every man, woman, and child has a vote. Is anyone bettered thereby? To ask the question is to answer it: what everyone has is not valued. For this universal democratization, the world — and especially England — blames America. And the more difficult her problems become, the more England dislikes us. The wise conceal their feelings, but occasionally a politician like Churchill, or an author like Kipling, boils over. This is unfortunate for the English and for us, but it can't be helped.

The fact is that the American is much more like the German than he is like the English, in spite of our common language and the joint inheritance of Shakespeare and Milton. Like the German, we think and work. I wish it were not so, but, feeling as I do, I am reluctant to waste much time at English Speaking Union functions: they are full of sound and sympathy signifying nothing. But I should concern myself with the problems of the individual rather than the nation; as a nation we are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, stupidly generous, and naïve as children.

In matters of art we are deficient. It would seem that an aristocracy is necessary to produce great art. To literature we have contributed one book, *Moby Dick* — which is indeed not one great book, but two, as my friend Mr. Gleim has pointed out. In painting, sculpture, music, and the drama, we have done nothing. To the Old World we leave the production of philosophers, which is all to the good, bearing in mind Lecky's remark that 'the American inventor of the first anæsthetic has probably done more for the real happiness of mankind than all the moral philosophers from Socrates to Mill.' For the development of the mechanic arts, the whole world is in our debt, and in architecture we are supreme. Our architecture is original and fits our needs; moreover it is magnificent. In Paris they are still copying Mansard, who died in 1666. In London they have destroyed their own characteristic Nash and copied New York, badly beyond belief. Their last big building, Grosvenor House, on a fine site, makes me shudder, it is so bad. We have the merit of being quick to learn and quick to discard. Fifth Avenue is superb, but the noise and confusion of the streets make life there almost unendurable.

By no stretch of the imagination can New York be called an American city, filled as it is with people born in obscure and filthy corners of the world, people who cannot speak our language, who know nothing of our history and care nothing for our ideals. They are merely political cattle, bought by the highest bidder. Is it any wonder that the government of our cities is disgraceful? Heinrich Heine wrote a hundred years ago: 'I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit. I have seen it, and am still astonished, — forever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forest of houses, amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their varied passions, and all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred, — I mean London.' What would he say of New York or Chicago to-day? London is a great nest of villages cemented together by time. Compared to our metropolis, it is quiet

and orderly — almost gentle. Its people are the politest in the world, and we, I believe, are the rudest — not, I hope, in our hearts, but in our manners. Give a French taxi-driver a tip of four cents and his 'Merci, m'sieur' is instantaneous. Give a tuppenny fare in a London bus and the 'Thank you' is automatic; the same when you buy a newspaper or a box of matches. Give a bootblack in New York fifteen cents for a ten-cent shine, and what do you get? The shine.

V

The American is content to talk and sing about his liberty, while his rights are constantly being curtailed by our politicians. Our criminal class is the only free class: the criminal walks our streets quite unafraid, and the greater his crime, the less likely he is to be punished. This is not due to a lack of laws, but because many of them are unenforced and unenforceable. President Hoover says we are the most lawless people calling itself civilized in the world. Does anyone doubt the truth of this statement? Yet, in spite of our criminal class, — which no reformer supposed would be multiplied tenfold by what we call Prohibition, — we are a nation of idealists. We pass a law which is bound to make criminals by the million and make no provision for jails in which to house them. The words of Walt Whitman recur to me: 'Go on, my dear Americans, whip your horses to the utmost — excitement! money! politics! — open all your valves and let her go — swing, whirl with the rest — you will soon get under such momentum you can't stop if you would. Only make provision betimes, old States and new States, for several thousand insane asylums. You are in a fair way to create a whole nation of lunatics.'

Prohibition — a sad mistake, as I believe — was an effort on the part of a group of well-meaning but ignorant people to 'make people good by act of parliament.' It never has been done. The evils that have flowed from the Eighteenth Amendment are incalculable. Mr. Wickersham and his group, alone, are unable to understand them. But our aims and efforts are largely ignored by the foreign press; only our blunders and disasters are stressed. John D. Rockefeller, the world's greatest philanthropist, may give ten millions of dollars to relieve the suffering or to promote the happiness of a race or a people he has never seen, and the item of news will be tucked away in some obscure corner of a newspaper, if it be mentioned at all; but let an armored car filled with bandits, with sawed-off shotguns, be driven madly through the streets of Chicago, and the incident is a shot heard round the world — the original shot having long since been forgotten.

And pray do not laugh, dear reader, if I mention among the arts in which we excel two which bore me unutterably but which I like to believe are destined to add to the pleasure and cultivation of hundreds of millions of people — which may, indeed, alter the course of history. I refer to what we call 'the movies' — the English, 'the pictures' — and the use of the radio either with or without them. Those of us who have enjoyed *Disraeli* on the screen have seen the art of yesterday. What shall we see to-morrow? What effect will these things have upon the lives of future generations? No man living can tell, but it will be amazing beyond belief. What would we not give to hear and see the great actors of the past, to hear and see the great Lincoln deliver his immortal Gettysburg Address, to hear and see Charles Dickens read his *Christmas Carol*? By means of pictures war may be stripped

of its glamour and revealed in its naked hideousness; a new heaven and a new earth may be created. Up to the present time this has been a priests' world and a politicians' world, and a hideous mess they have made of it. We hear much of the horror of the next war. What may not the next peace have in store for us? And may not America point the way? With all our shortcomings we are a kindly, indeed a neighborly people — which no one could say of the French, for example, who will, I suppose, continue to regard us as barbarians. I was once asked by a pretty manicure in Paris if 'Time is money' was not the motto on the coat of arms of the United States. Unable to make out whether she was spoofing me or not, I assured her that it was.

In the art of dining we are sadly deficient. Dining is an amenity; it was carried to excess by the Romans; in our zeal for reform we have destroyed it. It was going fast when Prohibition gave it its *coup de grâce*. Only a savage can digest a good dinner washed down with ice water, so we now omit the function and, in the interest of efficiency, 'dine' standing up in a drug store with someone waiting behind us for our place. In happier days we occasionally enjoyed 'a large cold bottle and a small hot bird,' with conversation; now we have conversation out of a can, with canned food and canned music. Little by little we are taking all the joy out of life: we are being 'reformed' beyond endurance. That which has been considered good throughout the ages we suddenly discover to be bad. Just now a 'bland' diet is highly recommended, guaranteed to add five years to one's life: —

'For breakfast, a little stewed fruit, an egg with a piece of dry toast, and a cup of warm (not hot) water. For lunch, a piece of whole-wheat bread or a few crackers, with a glass of milk drunk very slowly. For dinner, a small piece of mutton, well done, chewed to the consistency of paste, without either pepper or salt, with one vegetable, preferably spinach, followed by a salad on which has been squeezed a bit of lemon. For dessert, a small portion of junket; a demi-tasse of decaffeinized coffee, with a cigar from which every trace of nicotine has been removed. One should retire at nine, sleep on a hard mattress covered only by a sheet, rise at four in summer and five in winter, and never contemplate a woman with curves.'

Who would wish to live at such a price? This regimen, however, affords an excellent answer to Saint Paul's question: 'O death, where is thy sting?'

SHALL WOMAN'S WORK BE REGULATED BY LAW?

BY ALMA LUTZ

I

THE question of special labor legislation for women is becoming increasingly important. Laws which at one time seemed beneficial now begin to look menacing. Scarcely a legislature convenes without having on its slate a law which would regulate woman's work in some way. At present, because of unemployment, the married woman's right to work is being challenged.

Not only are women in this country becoming concerned over this tendency in legislation, but women of all countries have been roused to action by the recommendations and conventions of the International Labor Office, restricting women's right to work. The formation in Berlin last summer of the Open Door International for the Economic Emancipation of the Woman Worker was the direct outcome of the activities of the International Labor Office. At this conference women representing thirty countries were unanimous in their opinion that labor legislation which does not apply to men and women alike harms women, and will eventually harm men as well by forcing them to accept lower wages.

Women, however, are not united on this issue. There are, it is true, many clear-cut feminists who ask for no special privileges and stand firmly for the principle of equal rights for men and women nationally and internationally. There are also many women who still ask for special legislation.

Everyone knows that when women were first employed in industry they were outrageously exploited, working in unsanitary surroundings for long hours and very low wages. For that matter, men as well worked under frightful conditions in the early days of our industrial awakening. Men organized and bargained for better working conditions and higher wages. Women unfortunately did not organize to any great extent, and special legislation for them was obtained for the most part on the advice of and with the aid of social-service workers and men's labor organizations. In those days when women were finding their way in industry and business and were not considered seriously as permanent workers, special legislation may have been the only possible step. At any rate it improved conditions for women.

To-day conditions have changed radically. Women are no longer casual temporary workers or extras. They are a permanent factor in our economic life. The eight and one-half million women employed in gainful occupations are not working for fun, for careers, or self-expression. They are working to support themselves and their families, to give themselves and their families more of the comforts and better things of life. Women are now in active competition with men, and will remain so. As soon as this is realized, it will not harm, but help, them both.

Women have always worked for lower wages than men, because public opinion has labeled them inferior workers. Although they have proved

that they are not inferior workers, the impression still persists even to the extent of producing an inferiority complex in some women. Now that women have proved their ability in industry, in business and the professions, the next step should be equal pay for equal work. This, however, will never be possible as long as women are put in a special class by so-called 'protective' legislation.

There is no doubt whatever that so-called 'protective' labor laws for women lower women's wages. If two people are competing for the same job and one demands certain privileges while the other does not, it is evident that the job will go to the one demanding no privileges unless the one who demands the privileges is willing to work for a much lower wage. If because of special privileges women are forced to work for lower wages, they will undercut men and take away their jobs. This will eventually mean that men must work for lower wages. Such is the inevitable result when any class of workers is obliged to work for less than another class.

At first, however, this may not seem to be the case. The first effect of restrictive legislation for women will be the curtailment of the employment of women. When there is an ample supply of labor an employer is not going to bother with a class of employees whose hours of work are regulated by law. Men realize this. Men are feeling the pinch of unemployment caused by the introduction of labor-saving machinery. Instead of acknowledging the real cause of unemployment, they in their panic are prone to blame it upon women, who they think have flooded the labor market, and in many cases they become advocates of special labor laws for women which they hope will curtail women's employment. They do not always proclaim their real reasons. 'Health' and 'morality' have a more persuasive sound. These men, however, do not see that the very laws which they are now advocating and which for a time may help their chances of employment will eventually act as a boomerang. Women cannot be driven out of the labor market. The increased introduction of labor-saving machinery means that less skilled labor is necessary and that employers will look for cheap unskilled labor. Women, unorganized and handicapped by special labor legislation, will qualify, and men, if they wish to compete, will have to lower their wage standard. If, on the other hand, men will encourage women to organize, if together they will work for equal pay for equal work, for an adequate wage for both, they will be able to maintain a higher wage standard. It is strange that the American Federation of Labor does not see this.

The American Federation of Labor, however, stands almost solidly for special labor legislation for women. Organized labor in this country has in most instances been decidedly unfriendly toward the employment of women in so-called 'men's work.' The Federation may claim that its interest is purely altruistic, that it wants to protect the womanhood of America, but it tells a different story when its members appear at legislative hearings on bills in favor of restricting the working hours of women. At such times, in a flash of temper the truth comes out. Anyone skeptical of this need only read the records of such hearings. One held in the State House in Boston last spring gave ample proof. At a hearing in Albany, New York, on the no-night-work law for women, a representative of the American Federation of Labor opposed the repeal of the law on the ground that if waitresses were permitted to work at night four thousand men waiters would lose their jobs. The gist of

the whole matter is that the American Federation of Labor fears its members may be jobless unless women's opportunities to work are restricted by law.

Another argument frequently advanced by labor leaders is that, since men support women, women have no right to take away men's jobs. However, hundreds of women are not being supported by men, and many women are working to piece out the meagre salary earned by their husbands. They are working so that they can give their families or prospective families better homes and better educational opportunities. Often these women have a double responsibility, housework in addition to their paid work. There are also many women supporting disabled husbands. All this makes it very evident that it is necessary for women to work, and that they are not working to defy the labor unions, or to take jobs away from union members.

II

The October report of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor makes it plain that organized labor has been the most important factor in obtaining special labor legislation for women. Organized labor has been and still is completely in the hands of men. Men, with few exceptions, can never understand the needs of women as well as women themselves. They are very sentimental about the hard work women must do outside the home. It seems wrong to them that women should have to get up early to go to work or work late at night in factory, restaurant, or store. The work that women have done early and late for generations in the home has never had that sentimental light thrown upon it. It never occurs to these same men that if women are restricted in their right to work they will be in a sorry plight indeed. It is always better for a woman to work than to be hungry or a prostitute, or to have those dependent upon her in need. For some reason or other it is very difficult for men to see women as human beings like themselves. They look upon them with either sentiment or superiority.

The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor is the great champion of special labor laws for women. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Secretary of Labor is a firm believer in 'protective' legislation for women. It would naturally follow that the head of the Women's Bureau must hold the same views. The Women's Bureau claims to make unbiased investigations among women as to the effect of and demand for 'protective' labor laws. When every investigator sent out is an ardent believer in 'protective' legislation, it is humanly impossible to turn out an unbiased report. It has also been proved many times that the social-service worker and the investigator with the social-service point of view do not always know what the people want. Their own theories become so important that they fail to see the real needs of the people. But the leisure class and the comfortable well-to-do in this country are very easily sold to any so-called humanitarian measure. In fact they cry for special legislation as long as it does not affect their own bread and butter. That is why to-day there is so much false sentiment about special labor laws for women.

Women who are now pleading for these special laws will find before long that they have fastened a heavy yoke upon women which will limit their possibilities of employment, lower their wages, and interfere with their advance into better-paid executive positions. Are women who have been working toward equality and economic inde-

pendence going to allow themselves to be shackled again all for that old myth of the weaker sex, the myth which they have repeatedly shattered in the past?

Labor legislation which will protect the worker without unreasonably hampering business is necessary, but it is most important that this legislation apply to men and women alike.

When equalitarians say that if a state labor law is good and applies to women only it should be changed by the state to apply to men as well as women, then men protest and say it is unfair to legislate so as to infringe upon man's right to work. Certainly it is true that, if man's right to work is inviolate, woman's right to work is just as inviolate. If that overworked plea of special 'protective' legislation for 'potential mothers' is brought forward, the reply is that if legislation is necessary for 'potential mothers' it is just as necessary for 'potential fathers.' In fact the duty of 'potential fathers' has been too long overlooked. When the weakness of woman and her physical impotence are put forward, it is interesting to consider that in Sweden men receive larger old-age pensions and receive them earlier than women, because women are supposed to be hardier and to live longer than men.

If it is asserted that the high death rate of women in childbirth shows that there should be special legislation to protect women, this can be answered by the recent investigations which show that the high death rate is not due so much to overwork before childbirth as to the appalling lack among physicians of training in obstetrics. Often the so-called 'protective' laws which prohibit the employment of women two weeks before and after childbirth do not work out as beneficially as intended. For four weeks these women are without their wages, unless some form of insurance is provided. This often means lack of food and proper care. It also means that in many instances the woman will be doing harder, heavier work at home than she would be doing in her paid job. Women should be given the right to decide whether or not they shall engage in paid work immediately before and after childbirth.

III

Let us consider more in detail some of the special labor legislation for women to see what the objections would be to applying it to men as well, and, if there are objections, why it might not better be dispensed with altogether. Laws such as those requiring safe, sanitary working conditions or seats in stores can and should be made to apply to all workers, men and women. Men do not enjoy standing up behind a counter all day any more than women do. Florida now has a law requiring seats for both men and women employees engaged in mercantile or other business pursuits. Several states require seats for conductors, motormen, and certain other workers. Labor leaders often argue that it is harder and more injurious for women than for men to be on their feet all day and therefore that women are unfit for certain jobs. Doubtless these men forget that women for generations have spent many hours on their feet working in the home. Some states require a period of rest for women in certain industries. Pennsylvania has applied such laws to men as well in some industries. In the case of poisonous trades, there should be protection for every worker, man or woman.

Ohio, for instance, has laws which bar women from sixteen different classes of occupation. Men would not tolerate such laws if applied to them. Neither should women tolerate them. Women will not enter occupations with which

they cannot cope, and as free human beings their right of choice should not be interfered with. California has a law providing that no one shall be disqualified on account of sex from entering into or pursuing any lawful business, vocation, or profession.

If legislation is especially needed in certain trades which now employ women exclusively, that legislation can be made to apply to the trade, or to adult workers. History has shown that trades which employ women exclusively to-day may in a few years employ men as well, and vice versa. Minimum-wage laws for men and women alike may be applied to the trades where demands for a living wage are necessary. Minimum-wage rulings are in effect for public employees, both men and women, in cities and states. So far, trade-unions have opposed as unconstitutional minimum-wage laws including men. It is hard to see why a measure considered unconstitutional for men is not unconstitutional when applied to women.

There is no objection to laws regulating hours of work when these laws apply to men as well as women. Men have won an eight-hour day with extra pay for overtime in certain occupations through the collective bargaining of their unions. Heretofore, with a few exceptions, it has been considered unconstitutional to enact legislation regulating men's hours of work. Women, classed with children, have had their hours regulated by legislatures and have been given practically no chance to work overtime, for extra pay. Shorter hours have undoubtedly been a blessing in certain industries, but the lack of opportunity to work overtime has been a detriment. At certain seasons of the year in certain industries and mercantile establishments overtime work is essential, and women might share in the extra pay without harm to themselves. While the regulation of hours for women employed in stores may not handicap the cash and bundle girls, the majority of whom are under twenty-one and therefore minors, it does handicap women in executive positions. Women cannot qualify for the position of buyer, chief telephone operator, supervisor of the mail-order department, supervisor of the receiving department, or supervisor of the service department, if restricted by law from working overtime.

In New York a woman, however capable, cannot be a manager of one of the chain restaurants or chain drug stores because of the law regulating the hours that women may work. If a woman cannot work overtime, it is impossible for her to compete successfully with men in higher-salaried jobs. In 1919, when several so-called 'protective' laws went into effect in New York State, women railroad workers, elevator operators, women working in the printing trades, in restaurants, in ice-cream parlors, candy stores, and drug stores, were thrown out of work. As a result, these women were forced to seek employment in already overcrowded fields or to accept less desirable and lower-paid employment. Since 1919 various groups of women have secured exemptions, among them women writers and reporters in newspaper offices, women printers, linotypists, monotypists, railroad workers, and pharmacists. Women workers in candy stores and restaurants have been seeking exemptions for several years, but have not yet been successful.

Students of labor conditions are now predicting a five-hour day and five-day week. Manufacturers are beginning to see that unless workers have leisure and wages sufficient to give them buying power production will soon exceed the demand. The Ameri-

can Federation of Labor at its meeting in Toronto in October asked that overtime work in every field be limited to emergency needs and that all employees of the United States be given the forty-four-hour week. With these tendencies so evident it should not be difficult to regulate men's hours of work to coincide with women's. There has been some progress in this line. Laws have been passed limiting the hours of both men and women in some dangerous trades. An Oregon law establishing an eight-hour day for men and women in many industries will go into effect when the adjoining states impose the same restrictions. There are Federal laws regulating the hours of seamen and interstate railway workers. In this connection the new Argentine labor law which went into effect on March 13, 1930, is of interest. This law provides for an eight-hour day and a forty-eight-hour week for all workers, men and women, except those engaged in agriculture, cattle raising, domestic service, or working in establishments in which only members of the family of the owner, manager, director, or principal partner are employed. Between the hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M. work cannot exceed seven hours.

IV

There are decided differences of opinion regarding the harmful effects of night work. If it is harmful for women, it is also harmful for men. We often hear the argument that night workers are never out in the sunshine and therefore cannot be as healthy as day workers. However, men and women working at night often have more chance to be out in the sunshine than those working all day in electrically lighted offices. There are many women supporting families who prefer night work because the pay is higher and the work lighter, and because, as they say, they can always find someone to stay with their children at night, while it is much more difficult and more expensive to find someone to look after the children, give them their meals, and keep them off the streets during the day. It is often said that women in the mills are glad to be relieved of night work. The women in the Passaic mill district protested the law against night work, because they needed to work at night to piece out the low wage received by their husbands.

To prohibit night work to preserve woman's morality is absurd. Work and wages do not encourage immorality, but poverty and starvation do. A woman working at night has no time to go to dance halls or night clubs or be enticed into immorality. Nor has anyone as yet, strange to relate, been greatly exercised over the dangers which might beset the path of telephone operators, chorus girls, nurses, or scrubwomen who work at night. If there are night-work regulations, it is only fair that they be made to apply to men and women alike.

We often hear it said that since women are economically weaker than men they must have special labor laws. In the past women were economically weaker than men. To-day they are emerging from many handicaps. If we fasten special labor laws upon them, we shall keep them in a state of economic weakness and make them lose all they have gained in the past twenty years. When women do their work as well as men, — and they do in almost every instance, and often they do it better, — they should receive the same pay and the same treatment as men. The old argument that a man must have a higher wage because he has a family to support is false. Hundreds of single women are supporting aged mothers and fathers,

younger brothers and sisters, and invalid members of their families.

When women have to work, it is far kinder to them to let them work under fair competition than to sentimentalize over them and enact laws which are bound to interfere with their opportunities. Women must be organized. They must form their own unions which will look out for their interests. This is the great need to-day for women in industry and business. Too long have women been told that they must sacrifice their best interests for the good of the race. Women have learned that what is for their best interest is also for the good of the race. The sacrifice plea is an outworn myth.

GANDHI'S MARCH PAST

BY KATHERINE MAYO

FROM that day last March when Mahatma Gandhi set forth from home on his cross-country progress to the sea, up to the hour of his arrest, two months later, so much reportorial attention was focused upon his words and deeds that no major aspect of either, it would seem, could escape our daily news.

One facet of the news, more lasting in import than the news itself, does however appear to have passed unnoticed. This is the measure of Gandhi as a social reformer afforded by successive incidents in that brief trip.

In order to catch the thread, it will be necessary to recall in turn certain main headings of Gandhi's social reform programme as proclaimed by him during the last decade. And the end may best be served by turning briefly to his own pronouncements.

I

Gandhi has written continuously, and with a frankness that spares no detail, of the 'total disregard of the elementary laws of health' 'so ingrained as to defy all human effort' that has undermined the physical status of the Hindu peoples. He has deplored, in disgust and dismay, the personal habits 'selfishly persisted in' 'without regard to the well-being of society,' 'painfully witnessed' by himself in his Indian journeyings, alike in cities and in what he styles 'the seven hundred thousand dung heaps which pass muster as villages.' (*Young India*, December 5, 1929)

And of any attempt either to minimize the importance or to defer the finish of such conditions the Mahatma has written thus sternly: —

> There is, I know, the custom of saying that these reforms must not be permitted to take the nation's attention away from the work of Swaraj. I venture to submit that conservation of national sanitation is Swaraj work and may not be postponed for a single day on any consideration whatsoever. . . . For the removal of a foreign government, it is necessary to remove all the internal causes of disease. Corporate insanitation is not the least of such diseases. (*Young India*, April 25, 1929)

One of the four great endemic diseases of India is smallpox. Always invited by the extreme 'corporate insanitation' of the Hindus, it only awaits host vehicles to rise from any infected centre and sweep across the land, rolling up great harvests of death.

Of smallpox, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says that it is 'probably the most contagious of all diseases. Its outbreak in epidemic form in a locality may frequently be traced to the introduction of a single case from a distance. . . . Dark-skinned races are said to suffer more readily and severely than whites. . . . All insanitary surroundings favor the spread of smallpox where it has broken out.' This authority further gives the period of incubation as from ten to fourteen days; or as a period considerably shorter, according to the circumstances of exposure.

Now Gandhi, although admitting that vaccination produces 'a seeming immunity' to the disease, publicly denounces vaccination as a 'dangerous and filthy habit.' Yet, in view of the fact that the British public health service has persuaded an increasing number of Indians to the contrary, Gandhi concedes a point. 'Convinced anti-vaccinationists' such as himself should, he has said, impose isolation on themselves in time of epidemic. (*Young India*, July 18 and August 8, 1929)

Only seven months later, however, the obligation is disowned. Gandhi's Ashram, on March 12 last, was a smallpox pest centre, several deaths having already occurred therein. (London *Times*, March 12, 1930) But, far from 'imposing isolation' on himself in consequence, we find Gandhi, that day, starting forth from his Ashram with seventy-nine disciples to march one hundred and sixty-five miles or more across a populous countryside. And it is certain that a considerable percentage of the seventy-nine, who had been exposed to the Ashram's contagion, had followed their master's anti-vaccinationist teaching.

For, in their leisurely progress toward the sea, we find men day by day dropping from the ranks, to be lodged upon the mud villages along the route of march — stricken down by smallpox and sown like deadly seeds in ground superlatively favorable to increase. (*New York Evening Post*, April 5, and *New York Times*, April 6, 1930)

The result, as mirrored in public health records, is scarcely a surprise: After the first ten days of Gandhi's march, while the Bombay Presidency as a whole reports a decrease in cases of smallpox, the figures rush upward in that particular section through which Gandhi is moving.

II

A second main heading in Gandhi's social reform programme has been what he calls 'the Running Sore,' or 'the Curse of Child Marriage,' of which he prints, in one of his paper's many attacks upon that intrenched custom, 'It is a very important cause of the gradual and steady decline of Hindu society in point of (1) numbers, (2) physical strength and courage, and (3) morality.' (*Young India*, August 26, 1926) Neither has he failed to bewail, time and again, the unhappy condition of child-wives, or to denounce the greed, the superstition, the heartlessness, or the lust of those party to the occurrence and consummation of such unions.

The so-called Sarda Act, passed by the last Legislative Assembly and forbidding the marriage of girls under fourteen years of age, went into effect on April 1 of this year. As April drew nigh, the Hindu rush to anticipate the

day turned into a veritable cyclone of marrying. Babies a few weeks old were put through the ceremony. The necessary functionaries, though working incessantly, could scarcely meet the call. In one district alone, in the week ending March 31, one thousand marriages were hustled through, the average age of the victims being between five and six years.

This fever, in greater or lesser degree, burned all over India. Ahmedabad, the city at whose very door lies Gandhi's Ashram, was already aflame when the Mahatma, seemingly without an effort of protest, turned his back on the place and its tragedy, to begin his march to the sea. All along his route, in the villages where he rested between his brief daily stages, the people's most pressing interest was that of wedding their girl babies. Hindu fathers who might under other circumstances have balked at a match too unequal as to age were now hurrying infants of six or seven years into the arms of husbands of fifty or sixty. And yet, in spite of the facts daily and nightly dinned into his ears by the marriage drums, Gandhi seems to have acknowledged no duty to use his own great influence toward staying that grim sacrifice.

It is not that he keeps aloof from the people. On the contrary, as he moves down toward the sea he exhorts them often and with fast-increasing heat. But his call is never for mercy to the children — only for destruction of Government. Sedition has now become his religion, he declares. And he appeals to the marriage-mad villagers to that end — that they make sedition their duty.

But not until March 25 — thirteen days after he marched away from his own city to the rhythm of its wedding music — do we find him lifting his voice against the 'crime' so often denounced by him in earlier times and now being heaped mountain-high in his path, as if either to force his intervention or to prove his insincerity. It is in the little town of Tresela that the exception occurs. And its cause, as appears, is merely the Mahatma's displeasure because, when he signifies his desire to address the people, those are few who care to hear him.

'Commenting on his scanty audience,' runs the Associated Press dispatch of the day, 'Gandhi said, "without knowing what is proposed in the Sarda Act, you are afraid of it, and are busy marrying off little children. All this ignorance is the cause of your slavery!"'

If Gandhi made any effort earlier or other or stouter than this to stay the tragedy raging all over British India, but nowhere more monstrously than in the region through which he passed, the watchful American and European pressmen gathered about him to give us news of all that he did or said have strangely failed to report him.

Comment may be left to an Indian writer in the *Times of India*, writing while yet the marriage rush was on: —

> Thousands of innocent kiddies are being forced into indissoluble wedlock, in view of the 'impending danger,' and not a little finger is raised to dissuade the people against this cruel business. . . . May I know where is the soul-force which some years back weaned schoolboys and college students from their Alma Maters? [An allusion to Gandhi and his campaign to boycott educational institutions, in 1921.] Where is the mighty influence that prevailed upon the Bardoli peasants to refuse to pay the tax? [An allusion to Gandhi in his campaign of 1928–29.] This is the time for our leaders to prove true to their responsibility. But instead there is silence. Are they afraid to face unpopularity in carrying out a huge agitation against the slaughter of the inno-

cents? When the Act comes into force, the unpleasant tasks will be assigned to Government, but for the present discreet silence is the better part of patriotism in the eyes of our great men.

The 'slaughter of the innocents' was over — the girl-babies in their thousands had been irrevocably sacrificed, the Sarda Act had been eight days in effect, before Gandhi, in his increasingly vehement exhortations of the people, saw fit to strike the chord of chivalry toward women. He is addressing the villagers of Aat, inciting them to 'non-violence': —

> Resist the confiscation of salt from your grips with all your might till blood is spilt. All women and children should also resist. Let us see whether the police dare to touch our women. If they do, and if the sons and daughters of India are not so emasculated as to take such an insult lying down, the whole country will be ablaze. (*New York Times*, April 9, 1930)

But the baby-wives were already sealed away beyond all human rescue; and no Great Soul, no Mahatma, no spiritual politician, had lit the smallest fuse in their behalf to fire an indignant country.

III

A third main heading in Gandhi's social reform programme has been 'Untouchability.' The term 'Untouchability' betokens a state of existence lived out in abject and hopeless serfdom, imposed by Hindu religious custom, and by that only, on sixty million human beings attached as slaves to the Hindu mass.

Gandhi has described the system as 'the Shame of Hinduism,' 'the Hydra-Headed Monster,' and over the past ten years or more has arraigned it in words such as these — declaring, too, that Untouchability must go before Swaraj can come: —

> We Hindus may not expect freedom so long as we hold a fifth of ourselves as bondmen unfit even to be touched and sometimes even to approach us within a certain distance or to be seen by us. (*Young India*, December 12, 1929)

He has admitted Untouchables to his little Ashram. He has forced his Hindu audiences elsewhere to permit Untouchables to share with them the benefit of his presence. He has induced the passage of Anti-Untouchable resolutions in Hindu congresses. And yet, where the waters of the ancient ocean of Hinduism have for a moment parted at his command, they have closed at his passing, to lie stagnant as before.[1]

As to Gandhi's counsel to the Untouchable himself, it has run mainly thus: That he cleanse the thoughts of his mind and stop drinking fermented date-palm sap and eating carrion, snakes, and frogs; that he maintain a submissive spirit, refraining from any form of self-assertion unwelcome to the Hindu; that he continue patient and diligent in his present lot, leaving any improvement to come, if or when it comes, as a spontaneous gift of grace born of a change of heart in the Hindu; and that he venerate the Hindu religion despite the fact that he has been forbidden to approach its shrines or to receive its teachings, the religion in whose name all his sufferings are imposed.

This doctrine the Untouchable seems to have heard with the meekness born of his history, while to Gandhi himself,

[1] As at Mahad the Hindu population soon after a visit from the saint broke loose in riot to pummel their Untouchable neighbors, shouting 'Hail to Mahatma Gandhi!' as stones flew and the long sticks rose and fell (cf. *Young India*, June 30, 1927), so Gandhi's Hindu audiences of succeeding years have paid him the tribute of courteous hearing, of a passing gesture or two, and then, commonly, have continued in the ancient way. — AUTHOR

so far as he knows of Gandhi's existence, he has rendered a sort of melancholy gratitude as toward a kind if ineffective friend.

Meantime, however, certain other influences, quieter, older, less negative than Gandhi's, have been slowly permeating the Untouchable mind. Of these the most far-reaching has been the even hand of British justice.[2] Wherever his fate has depended upon the free action of a British civil servant, whether magistrate or administrator, unfettered by Hindu law, the Untouchable has learned to expect judgment based solely on the merits of his case, dealt out by a practical man who sees in him, not a lump of pollution, whom to abuse is to further the will of the gods, but a fellow citizen entitled to citizen's rights. And the ultimate effect of this tradition and experience has been to breed in the Untouchable a lively conviction that his only earthly hope lies under the British flag.

Each succeeding development of the Indianization-of-Government scheme he has therefore opposed.

Thus in 1917, when the Secretary of State for India visited the country heralding the present 'Reforms,' many Untouchable deputations waited upon him, entreating him, in the name of honor and of mercy, to stay his hand. Characteristically of all of these, one delegation declared, for the body behind it, that it 'deprecates political change and desires only to be saved from the Brahmin, whose motive in seeking a greater share in the Government is . . . that of the cobra seeking the charge of a young frog.'

Eleven years later, in 1928, when the Simon Commission came to India to study the position with a view to future action, emissaries bearing petitions from the Untouchables both early and often appeared before it. And these, in antipodal opposition to Gandhi and his party, desperately implored that there be no further diminution of the British element in Government — no further 'abandonment' of their people to the blasting tyranny of Hindu control.

When, therefore, in 1929, Gandhi proclaimed his threat of war to the finish against the British power in India, the thinking element among the Untouchables could not hesitate. Grateful they had been for the Mahatma's words of sympathy. But for whatever concrete benefits they had received in the past, for whatever solid hope they could perceive for the future, they could see but a single source. Self-preservation must determine their choice. By the beginning of 1930, here and there over British India an Untouchables' self-defense movement was already developing.

IV

Modes of action differed. Having little or no access to the Hindu press, some Untouchable groups printed handbills, denouncing the Hindu poli-

[2] *The Simon Report* (Vol. I, p. 40) gives as its impression concerning the present condition of the Untouchables '. . . that there is a slow but real improvement beginning in some areas. It is beyond doubt that there are those among the higher-caste Hindus who have labored zealously in the cause of the depressed classes, and not without effect; the missions have done splendid work in giving them a new dignity and a new hope; and we must mention with admiration the efforts which we saw being made by the Salvation Army for some of the most degraded.' *The Simon Report* also mentions, in high terms, the spirit animating the work for Untouchables carried on by the Seva Sadan, the Deccan Education Society, the Brahmo Samaj, and the Ram Krishna Mission. Upon all such Hindu movements, however, whether of organizations or of individuals, the class-conscious Untouchable looks more and more askance. Not unnaturally, he sees in this new concern for his well-being an anxiety, bred of the present political situation, to build up the Hindu majority rather than to improve his lot. — AUTHOR

tician, 'reformer' or otherwise, and calling on their fellow outcastes to count up their wrongs for a reckoning. Others held meetings, where their orators reminded them that, however submissive they had been in the past, the future belongs to men of heart. Others, again, beleaguered Hindu temples in protest against that acme of degradation implied in being held unfit so much as to look upon the images of the Hindu gods.

Of this latter type was a great procession of Untouchables who, on March 2, appeared before the famous Kalarama temple, in Nasik, Bombay Presidency, demanding admission to the shrine. The priests barring the doors against them, they sit down before the temple, in silent immobility. Two weeks later neither side has weakened, but a new batch of outcastes has relieved the first. Yet again two weeks and a great Hindu religious feast is on; the Untouchable besiegers are blockading the temple approaches with their bodies, lying on the earth so close together that any Hindu endeavoring to pass within and worship must touch their flesh and be defiled. Upon this, riots begin. The Untouchables are assaulted; many are badly hurt; their camp is wrecked; the Nasik police with difficulty hold at bay an angry mob of Hindus bent on violence. But the Hindus of the outlying villages destroy the huts and cut off the food supply of their own Untouchable serfs.

Again ten days and we find the police of Nasik collecting 4000 of the massed Untouchables, and, lest they be killed outright, escorting them from town, amid the jeers of great Hindu crowds who mercilessly maul such stragglers as they can catch. But still the siege persists. By the first of May the Hindus of Nasik are stoning the humble petitioners still sitting before the temple gate, and the Hindus of the neighboring villages are flogging old men, women, and children, and fouling the Untouchables' water holes. (*Calcutta Statesman*, May 8, 1930)

During all but the earlier and quieter period of this drama, Gandhi, Champion of the Untouchable, has been wandering about the countryside but little over a hundred miles away, speech-making. Embarked on what he calls the supreme effort of his life, with ever-waxing violence he exhorts his fellow Hindus to prepare themselves, by rigid spiritual purification, for final war upon Government.

Do the silent besiegers at Nasik hope that this purification involves help for them? Their wrongs, so Gandhi has declared during years past, are the Hindu's foulest sin, only to be canceled 'when the Hindu conscience is roused to action and of its own accord removes the shame.' (*Young India*, June 30, 1927)

Surely, then, in his present assumption of Hindu spiritual leadership, his first duty is to arouse the Hindu conscience — to purge that foulest sin away.

V

And now, all over India, groups of awakened Untouchables are sternly watching. In meetings in widely separate regions, they pass resolutions, warning Gandhi that since he has seen fit to abandon their cause to attack a Government that is their friend, they will oppose his activities to the extent of their power.

But Gandhi, turning away the messengers of these bodies, withholds a public reply until his civil disobedience campaign is five weeks old. Then, ignoring his long-declared doctrine of Hindu guilt, to be faced and removed by Hindus alone; ignoring his own present responsibility as self-elected

warder-in-chief of the Hindu conscience, he speaks, tossing both burdens aside with utter ease. Untouchability, so he declares in effect (*Young India*, April 17, 1930), is fostered by the British Government, which rejoices to see divisions in India. Any trouble that may have arisen in Nasik is therefore Government's fault. Government could have reasoned with the Hindus, dissuading them from assaulting the suppliants; could also have reasoned with the suppliants, dissuading them from provoking the Hindus. But Government is not disinterested. And in any case the English, as rulers, 'can do, have done, no good to any of us.' As for the Untouchables, as he told them before, so he tells them again: They had no need to try to enter the temples of the Hindus, where their presence was undesired. Hindu reformers will attend to 'temple entry' and to whatever else needs attention, all in good time.

Meantime, 'sedition' is the Mahatma's mission — that and that only. So he returns to it. The oracle door shuts.

And, as it shuts, the clang of its shutting almost inevitably recalls the words of an eminent Muhammadan, member of the Indian Central Committee (*Report, Supplementary Note*, London, 1930): —

> I invite the special attention of British statesmen and politicians to the sorrows and sufferings of these unfortunate downtrodden Hindu victims of Hindu tyranny and oppression. . . . I appeal to them for those castaways. . . . I earnestly trust that the countrymen of Buxton, Wilberforce, and Clarke will not allow themselves to be hypnotized by the charms and siren songs of any ambassadress or the subtle sophistries of any pundits and priests from India to forget the claims of these people to special protection and safeguards.[3]

Thus ends the field review of Gandhi as a Hindu social reformer. Insanitation, Child Marriage, Untouchability — each his furious battle-cry in his years-long wars of words; each paraded before him, for action, in intense concrete form, during the first five weeks of his 'final' campaign; each allowed to pass without one opposing effort recognizable as such by our many eager chroniclers who watch him day by day.

[3] Islam does singularly little proselyting in modern India. But the doors of its democracy are open to all, and an increasing number of Untouchables are taking asylum within. — AUTHOR

A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN

Part Two

BY HOWELL VINES

I

JUST to be alive was beautiful. I found this out more and more. A mere look at a growing cornfield, a fast comprehension of a tree, a flitting glimpse of a far-off and half-hidden red apple — it required nothing more than this to bring joy. At four houses in my own part of the world I was a very important and welcome human being. I felt at home when I was at the house of my parents, at my grandfather's house, at Raymond's house, and at Halma's birthplace. Then, too, I had my cabin.

One Monday morning I remember well. I had spent much of the day before on peaceful small roads, shady side roads, with Halma, and it was late in the night when I left her. On this morning a little thing such as I was always encountering helped make my life like the rooster redbird. Protecting my face against the matronly mocking bird, I walked to the cow lot. My mother was milking the cow and playing with the mole-colored calf. She had traded with my grandfather for the cow. The old man's nigger had driven the cow to Hueytown, and my brother-in-law had hauled the bull calf in the back of my Ford. He was yet unroped and had been full to the mouth of milk every hour of his life when they caught him to haul him away. Now he did, they said, cut capers many and fine.

This morning he was cutting up, pushing with my mother, butting her for pure playfulness. How he did show off his fine calf health, health that made him a brimful creature! His head was a beauty knot, and he amused us with his demonstrations. I joined with my mother in the play. His Jersey hide was soft and his breath smelt of grass and fresh milk. It made me feel closer to the waving, rolling, and billowing earth of my part of the world when he sucked my right forefinger. My mother was a part of such a scene twice daily. Oh, she knew just the kind of milk I liked and was full of pains to see that it was exactly to my taste. The calf afforded generous conversation between us. She loved to play with it much as I loved the mix-ups with the two mocking birds.

It is late at night and I am thirsty. I have listened to the katydids for three hours or more alone at my cabin. I must walk to a well. To draw water at Raymond's well would disturb the sleepers, and I must have fresh water. I will go to the well near the sycamore shade at the boat landing where I go in swimming.

It was good as gold to drink cold water from good wells in my native land. While I was at my father's house in Hueytown I averaged drawing a fresh bucket every daylight hour. The best water of my life was that I would drink fresh from the well after

my dates with Halma. This was part of my night's doings. My mother had a large dipper and a small one. When I used the small one, that called for a second dipping; when I used the large one, I had no need for another helping, though I sometimes did dip the second time in order to compare the taste of the two. Then I would throw water on a silver poplar, a water oak, or a chinaberry.

Every time I stayed as long as a few minutes with my grandparents, I had to drink cold water from their cedar bucket. I would stand for minutes at a time looking to the bottom of this bucket through the cold blue-sandstone water. The bored well was deep. My grandmother's dipper was medium-sized. I would take my first drink and drink only a part of it, and throw the other part at a bird when I could see one near by. Then I would fill again and walk to the edge of the well shelter. There I would drink leisurely, talking to one or both of the old folks. Then I would throw what water I had left as far as I could, or at a butterfly.

Halma would fix ice water in a glass for me. Then we would drink together. Sometimes it was the Birmingham water we had to drink; at other times it was from a bucket of water from her sister's well across the road. When the well water was there, it was always good and cold with ice.

At the boat landing there was once an old ford. That was before, long before, the government made the two rivers deeper with a great lock. Behind the house was an old spring which was, according to my grandfather, used as a camping site by the Indians. Later on an old settler from North Carolina built a log cabin there. My grandfather's men and women used the spring for decades when working the river fields around it. Since then it has been used as a place to keep fish in to keep them alive in the summer heat. At such a place as this I had a long drink from the well covering. The chain rattled as I drew the water not far from midnight.

I walked to the boat landing and sat under the sycamores. Sometimes I stood, at other times I walked a few steps. I had had a good swim and wade there at sunset. The above world was then the color of a ripe field pumpkin on the inside, and the river took its color from this. About twenty cows, cows of many colors and sizes, chewed midnight cud and walked around on the small spring branch. What was I doing there? Was I hunting golden cow horns?

The atmosphere that surrounds this world, the stuff that envelops it, and the feeling that created it settled among the sycamores, and I caught it there that night. But only the nearness of the river could bring the feeling I had that hour. I was at the point where I, like my grandfather, wondered why, with such a sufficient place, I should ever lose my body and be put in the sandstone of the Warrior earth. And I wondered why Halma should ever lose hers.

I wandered down the river to a place of elms and ashes. Against the river there were willows. I touched trees and the katydids stopped singing, leaving silent spaces in the earth song, and in the silence my body was tremulous with the two Warriors and with Halma. That day I had seen the huckleberry blue of the Big River, and I was with the Little River. The river sent a stream of calmness down my marrow; the night before, Halma's sweetness had sent bolts of fervor up and down every bone in my body. I never in all the days and nights of my life felt such fervor. And under the elms I felt a calm such as I had never known before.

I followed every path I could strike, followed them as a water witch searches for water, and the moon made the old fields and the river bank as light as day. There was magic all about me and I knew that only God understood it all, all there was to my walking around that night. I had been doing all that day what my grandfather had said he would like to do forever, looking at my part of the world, going to the rivers, and feeling the beauty of it all. I was happy, but without the fusion of Halma's being with my being I should not have been happy. When I discovered her the two Warriors were brought into the great sink-ways of my being.

I am at my cabin, and my watch and clock point long past midnight. My whole body is tremulous with the earth that is mine. The two Warriors are carrying my being along as music sometimes can. My imaginative life and my sensuous life are cast hand in hand with Halma. The rivers have come to mean the proper go of life to me, to symbolize the good life. The katydid song is to me the real earth song — it is the song of the two Warriors. The girl and the two rivers all in my bones and in my heart, and something a mocking bird says in a white oak sapling, bring sleep.

Other nights passed just about that way.

II

In the morning I received a letter from England. My friend and colleague was enjoying the Wordsworth country and was going to the Hardy country some time during the summer, and I should be there with him. No. I should not be there. For months he had tried to persuade me to pass the summer with him in green England and old London. No use. I had the two Warriors and their woods and Halma on my mind all that time. And, too, I wanted to be with my grandfather. Not one hour has passed but has justified my choice. I thought to myself how I had as a student longed to live in England for a season. Now I did not want to be anywhere in the world except where I could see the two Warriors when I wanted to.

On the outside the little mole-colored bull calf is running from the main road with all his might. An automobile has scared him. Oh, there's no danger of that calf's being hurt on the road. Lord, how he can run, and how good he looks when he puts his young strength to his feet! It is good to hear him bawl when he runs and kicks up his heels and tosses his head. When he reached the vacant lots near the garage, he calmed down ever so much, switched his tail, and nodded and shook his head over the grass.

The mocking bird nest has been empty for a few days and the path is safe for walking, though an interest is lacking. There is music in all the shade trees in my father's yards, songs from mocking birds manifestly in love with the green earth. The night before, after a date with Halma, I had heard them, and I knew that they were then in love with one another. That is the difference between their day song and their night song. In the daytime they sing for love of it all, because it is their nature and their genius to sing. Then they tell their joy in varied ways. At night the song lacks so much change, but it has an intensity that is better. Then they are, as my grandfather would say, hard-pressed, and sing a greater song. . . .

At my grandfather's house, and he said, 'Why did n't you bring me some rosenears? Are they all gone? Well. Here, let's go to the river. I'm in a big way to-day, and I want to ride around some with you.'

I coasted the little hills and the old man sat up straight by my side. He looked very tall in the seat, and he wore his black felt hat.

I said, 'I want a place where I can be my own boss and tend to my own business. I'm just about as bad as Bert Prescott against being scrouged up. This place of yours, do you think much about how beautiful it is? How does it feel to own hills and hollows and river banks?'

'You better reckon I think about this land and love it. You know that without asking. But I can talk, if that's what you want me to do, my young gobbler. And I don't have to think and study what to say, either. Did you ever know me to have to do that? No, and nobody else ever did.'

He laughed and continued, 'I'm a high-toned man. I think I am. What are you laughing at, Hal? I try to be. What's the matter, kid? I could sull down and die. But no. Not this old man. You ought to be proud of me. And I know you are. You ought to marry that girl and live somewhere around me. I'll give you a home place on the gin lot, or at the cow lot, or here where my niggers live. I might build at either one of these places if I's to ever build again. You study about this. Anything that I've got that you want, you just speak for it. Thank you for the compliment. Thank you. Thank you for the compliment. Yes, me and your grannie used water out of the Old Indian Spring there the first year we's married. Then we moved up to where we are now. I'm foolish about my niggers, and I'm glad they've got the good spring so handy. If I's to ever build again I believe I'd build there. Hell, you can have it if you make up your mind for it. When I like anybody, I like them.'

Then we took out across the bumpy old fields. As we rode on he talked.

'I hold the fort where I stay and always have, my young sport. I once owned many thousands of acres of land on both rivers and several creeks. I own a few thousand acres still. Of course I've sold a lot of it, and turned some of it over to the children. Thank you for the compliment. It's the home-brew that keeps me so healthy. They try to get me to sull down. But no. That's not my style of living. When I get bothered, I go to my cellar and drink a little whiskey, and then I feel all right. What are you laughing about? Thank you for the compliment.'

By this time we had reached the foot of a small hill. The place looked as it did largely because of haw bushes, thorn bushes, and wild crab trees.

'Here!' he said. 'Stop a minute!'

He went on, 'I was a young man then, and a mighty man. I had the strength of a cedar tree or a hickory or I never could have stood what I did. I wish you could know what sort of a man your old granddaddy was when he had all his strength. I'm pretty spry yet, but the prime is not here.' His eyes and his countenance affirmed his words. 'It was right here.

'She was still young and slim and she said, "I know you're going to put your hands on me, and I wish you would n't. Why do you? You know I'll be helpless if you do." After a while she said, "I don't care if you did put your hands on me." Later on she said, "I'm glad you did." When I got on old King and rode off towards the river she caught up with me and put her hands on the saddle and said, "I've had one time in life as good as I want it to be, if I never have another." I was always good to that woman, and nobody ever did know. You don't know her name and you won't. Why, that woman would hunt a bird nest all day long. She told me

that she once found a humming bird's nest. Son, I was furnishing that woman and her husband a milk cow when she died, and I was their friend.

'If you can't enjoy yourself a little and give other people a little enjoyment, what's the use in living? Now this is one amongst a thousand tales I could tell you and one amongst a thousand places I could take you to, and you've got sense enough to know it. What I ever do this way will be with you. You've got a little sense. Your other old granddaddy was a Lisper, too, so you're a Lisper if there ever was one. Yes, I had as good a time, I reckon, as any man that ever lived. But I had hell all the time.

'It's all bosh,' he said a while later. 'There's nothing to it, no more than to a ten-year-old bird nest. I've thought it all out: and there's no more hell that burns with fire and brimstone now, and never will be, than there's a great city in the Range, or in the Drive, or on Glaze Creek right now. He ain't going to burn me up, and you've got sense enough to know it. It's just ignorance that's got up all that bosh. I'd burn one of my children up before He'd burn me up. I'm glad I put that much dependence in Him. Any man that's got getting-about sense won't believe in a hell that's hotter than any fire. Does the Bible speak of but one hell? No, it don't. Ain't we got it here? Yes, we've got it here. We have if I can see straight. I think we have, if you ask me. We've got hell here, though a good time that is a good time may be had in with it. And when a man has a good time, it's a good time, let me tell you. And the same thing goes about bad times. But we're all anxious to make an hour's good time seesaw several hours' bad time.

'And as for heaven, if that's in the way of things, — and it ought to be, whether it is or not, — why not make all along the Warriors into heaven? The situation is mighty good, and the rivers are just right for it. There ought to be lots of little heavens like that. At the Fork of the River and on the Big Bluff, where you're going to take your woman, would be a good place for one of the good cities. And one of them could be at Tuscaloosa.

'It ain't that way. And we've got so many people, and they're all so mixed up in foolish things, that it's a mess. But it ought to be that way, it seems to me. I'm afraid it ought to be. And I'm not so sure everything is for the best, not by a jugful. If it ain't all finally for the best, we're in a hell of a mess — a devil of a mess, I call it. But one thing is certain: if we ever get to a heaven anywhere, it'll be on some river. A river goes with heaven.

'I'm studying about what a long, good time we could have. And I'm studying about what a time our young wives would have briling and eating young squirrels, partridges, turkledoves, blackbirds, robins, and field larks. I'd get my woman one or two of these fine birds at a time. Would n't that be some way to make love for a long time? She could eat a robin briled and let one sing to her at the time. I'm studying about how happy and satisfied a woman could be with just the right man to tend to her on and on. My woman would want a turkledove every day. I think somewhere, sometime, things ought to be like this. We get a swaller of it here and that's all we do get.

'Well, sir, this world and the way we are in it, and what it's all about, caps anything that anybody ever will hear of or witness. It caps a hundred worlds and all that's in them. That's just exactly what it does, if you want my opinion. And if this world ain't in a mess right now!' . . .

My grandparents were eating supper. Would I join them? I had had supper with Raymond. The old man said, 'Just wait on the front porch. I'm about done. We're enjoying our meal pretty well for two old people. I try to get Cindy to let me keep a cook, but she won't do it. She's smart-boned.'

Soon he joined me on the front porch, and we sat in two good chairs like the one I had borrowed from him. Our feet were propped on the banisters, and he said, 'Don't you hope you can live as long with that girl as I've lived with my woman? Yes, of course you do. I hope you can, and I'm glad you've found one that suits you.'

The katydids were at it good and proper.

'Do you like to hear the katydids?' I said.

'Yes, I like such as that all right. I like to hear everything like that. I like all sounds in the woods but a scrootch owl's. When I hear a scrootch owl, it makes me think the world's coming to an end. At other times I know it ain't. But when I hear that noise, it sounds like the world is at the jumping-off place. One night I sparked a girl by a big log fireplace in the winter. And outside in the chimney corner an old scrootch owl hollered all the time I's there. . . .

'God A'mighty,' — he shrugged his shoulders and batted his keen eyes, — 'when I used to get out early of a morning I'd hear what seemed like a hundred owls, mostly these big old whoo owls. Me and Bill Reed killed five one evening around the house here. Now did n't the Indians live with them? We killed one at the gin lot. Right after that I killed another one in the same tree.'

The katydids and the old man contested for my first interest.

'I'd leave Cindy here of a night the first week we was married. I was a hustler, a real hustler, then. Don't forget but what I was. But when I quit work, I quit. I ain't hit a tap in fifty-five years, but I've run around enough in my river kingdom to have killed a weaker man. Anybody'll tell you that. But I was using my brain. When we was first married I'd plough till after dark, and then come in so tired I did n't care about hugging her. Boy, you don't know the tenth part.' He worked his lips against each other and made his eyes keener. 'You don't know the tenth part — not a thing do you know about how we used to do, sir.'

My grandmother joined us, and I said, 'Do you like to hear the katydids?'

She said, 'Yes I like to hear them.' She spoke through a smile. 'They certainly don't lose any time. Now it will be ninety days from the time the first one hollered till the first light frost.'

I spoke with admiration for a night-blooming white flower near the gate.

The old man said, 'I believe I like them better than any flower I ever seed bloom.'

She said, 'Oh, they are just as pretty as a body could want anything to be. They're just too beautiful for words. I wish I did know the name of them. Somebody in a car last night stopped, and I heard a woman takin' on over them.'

It was late dusk. We looked to the Glaze Creek sink in the woods and along the river lines at the point where they fork. I did it consciously that dusk, though I would necessarily do it, consciously or unconsciously, by merely looking out from the old man's front porch. They, I suppose, did it unconsciously, though they were, when it was done, conscious of it.

III

I was in love with a girl and two rivers, and held to my grandfather.

I was kept tempered to the go of the two Warriors, the dart of the redbird, the songs of the katydid and the mocking bird, the talk of the old man, and the being of Halma. The slender, dark-haired girl in control of my senses and my spirit shaped my response to the green woods world and its rivers. I met this world and its above world with the mastery of the darting redbird. And, too, I had been brought into a loafing-on-horseback mood. Every time I saw the Warrior it seemed that I had made a great discovery. Sometimes I had to catch my breath, reminding myself that I had not. When I kissed Halma, some particular spot of this Warrior world became alive as a living thing. These spots had passed and were passing over into my imagination and my soul. Her father's home place had, as my grandfather would say, become too sweet to talk about.

I stopped my Ford under an elm tree, and soon I was on a front porch, surrounded by elms, talking with Lella, a slender, brown-eyed, dark-haired girl.

She said, 'I'm mighty glad to see you — happy that you stopped. I wanted to see you, and I got out of helping in the garden.'

Did I stay at my cabin much of the time?

Yes.

Did I fish any?

I had only rowed twice for Davidson, my brother-in-law, to use his fly.

Oh, in a case like mine, she would spend all her time fishing and swimming.

She continued, 'I heard that you and Halma were really going to marry — that you two were right ready to get off.'

'We may be,' I said.

'I stayed all night with a girl who knows Halma well the other night, and she said you and Halma were ready to marry. We were just talking of people in a general way. Hal, you'd better not marry without telling me. I wish you'd let me know, for I'd like to show you and Halma how I can appreciate you two. She's a mighty sweet girl. Bring her around to see me.' . . .

I said, 'I heard you were about ready to get married.'

'That's what people say. I seldom have a date. I sometimes think I'll teach on and not marry at all. . . .

'I've been wanting to see you all summer,' she went on, 'and now we're here alone.' . . .

Her eyes were brown, wonderful and deep, as they had always been. They dominated her figure and her intelligence, and their brown was the brown of the hazelnuts I gathered all afternoon one Sunday long ago on the banks of a small creek near the Warrior.

'You know — too well you know, Hal — the one person on earth I could have really loved. I would have given my life for him.' . . .

Her human substance had always reminded me of the bird substance of the brown thrush—the brown thrasher, as it is locally called. That morning, in the old run-down house among the elms, I thought of the hundreds of times I had seen these brown thrasher birds in the spring when hunting bird nests in the thickets, hunting them in order to visit them daily, or in the early summer when picking blackberries in the old fields and along the branches. For years I had associated the thought of Lella with the thought of these brown birds. She was above all other girls I knew the embodiment of all I had been able to gather from and feel in the world of this particular bird.

I was deeply touched, and I did not speak to her of this association in my mind.

Later, when she had drawn fresh water, we stood together in the hall, she

standing against the wall, I drinking.

'You know, Hal, I told you once I'd tell you somebody that would suffer worse than death for you if you wanted to know. But you never would ask me. And I know it's too late now. And, too, I'm satisfied Halma loves you that way from what I'm able to judge. . . .

'Hal, why don't you write poetry or prose, or something? I know you could do it. I think you could be a great novelist or poet or something. In fact, I suspect that you will be.'

I looked into her large deep brown eyes as she said her words.

Lella was not enough of the dusk. She lacked the stuff that I found in the dusk and dark world of the katydids, in the dark and dusk world of the whip-poorwills. When she was compounded it was mostly lacking. She had nothing analogous to this spirit and substance that I had rather not live than do without. Nor could I compare the feeling her being cast over me to that thrown through my being by the early dawn. She affected me as the good broad daylight.

In tenderness I did tell her how she brought to me the very attar of the world the brown thrasher alone inhabits. . . .

'I know,' she said, and raised her brown eyes to my gray, 'that you are the sweetest person on earth, even if I'm not getting you. I've always known that you are the finest. Now I know you are the sweetest. . . .

'This has been a day for me,' she went on. 'Nothing can ever take it from me.' . . .

I drove to Hueytown.

IV

I would have my words like the Warrior Rivers — like their woods, too. And I would here have them like the whir of a partridge's wings, the flight of a turtledove, the dart and the song of a rooster redbird. Then I can tell what a trip to the river with Halma resembled. My grandfather on his horse and in his prime never went about with more contemplation.

We were on our way somewhere, but she did not know where, except that it would be on or very near the river. I had kept her in suspense, saying that it would be one of the main trips of the season, and she of course had been feeling herself seeing the Warrior in some way. She knew that we would stroke and touch the things of calm and peace, of beauty and fervor. We were in the midst of a definite portion of my grandfather's old realm, and we were traveling through old fields and above great ranges of woods. The earth and over earth began to get grand, an earth with its above ground full of hallelujahs. The Little River swings through the woods out and below on the right-hand side; the Big River line is to our left as far as the eye can follow up and down its course.

At the top of the greatest hill in a road in my grandfather's old realm, the Cook Hill, I locked the wheel, left the Ford standing in the woods, and we walked down the long, steep hill, holding back all the way, into a hollow of great beeches.

We walked uphill, hand in hand, keeping to an old wagon road of my grandfather's old domain, a roadway for the most part covered with beautiful shade trees, trees about sixteen years old. She was wearing a splendid summer dress of redbird colors splotched with black, and I was leading her to our future home. Almost on top of the bluff, and in danger of seeing the Big River, I said, 'Shut your eyes.'

Then, under the elms and oaks, the wild plums and maples and the ashes, and among large, moss-covered rocks, I said, 'Now open your eyes and look.'

'Oh, Hal, I like it! I've never seen anything like it, to compare with it. There is no one like you for making a girl's life worth living. How can I ever pay you back for all these things?'

'Live here with me. That will pay back and give besides. I have the promise of this place from Grandpa. He says not to bother my head, for he'll treat me so nice and so good about it that it'll make my head swim. He's already using remarks about the Land's End bluff where he used to raise cotton and corn and where I'm going to build a cabin for my woman.'

'He had this place tended! This place! The trees would n't indicate that. He must have been, as you say he says he was, trying to tend Jefferson County. Well, the woods are back natural, though near the foot of the hill there is old-field land. I will live here with you. I want to. Does that please you? And this? I could live here a thousand years with you. I knew by the way you talked that it must be a place extraordinary as your grandpa is a person that way. But I had no idea that it was my future home. Why, Hal, this place is like heaven. It's my idea of heaven, and I've never seen another place exactly that way, though I have approached it on other trips with you. There's no way of knowing this place until you stand here and feel it and see for yourself. The old man must think a world of you.'

She pulled wild plums and held them in her mouth, and she leaned back against a clump of maples.

'It's a marvel, Halma, that such a place can be near so many people and so completely unknown. Grandma has never been up here. It's only known to the special inhabitants of Grandpa's old domain, and an occasional, straggling person besides, a hunter or a woods wanderer.'

'But it will be world-famous in time, I think. And I'm thinking that you belong with it. And I'm glad I belong to you.' . . .

'Now I'm going to show you where I heard that redbird singing that day I told you about. It was right there in that little elm at the edge of the bluff.'

We walked to the elm. I held the bole of the elm in my hands, and Halma fixed my tie and held my hat. She ran from me.

'Oh, look what I've found! A redbird feather! Look!'

I clasped it in her dark hair with her hair clasp.

She held to a hickory tree, loved its strength and firmness, and occasionally swung herself around my way, and I held to an ash within reach and leaned toward her.

'You're in with the rivers, Hal. And you've found a place to be in with. And the rivers are in with the place. And I'm in with you. I want to take my part in the whole affair all I can. No one needs to go to Switzerland with such a place as this. And this place and down there, or up there, yet under us, where the camp is, was an Indian heaven as Tuscaloosa was. Now Tuscaloosa is a beautiful little city and old, and this is only a part of your grandpa's old realm. What a background for you to work on, for us both to live in!'

She leaned against a large rock covered with hard, gray moss, and I leaned against the other side of the rock, and we faced the river, sometimes turning our heads towards the Fork.

We walked, and the river, both rivers were clear, and overhead was blue splotched with summer white. At a hundred views we looked, and kissed again and again. And time and again we matched the touch of form

against form with the green, the blue, and the purple of the wooded hills, bluffs, and hollows along the great warped Big River line above and under or against our eyes. And by merely turning around we could see a similar sort of green, blue, and purple informed by the Big River in another way. Finally, by sidling further in the other direction, we could follow the Little River the last mile of its way and see a similar yet very different informing of the green, blue, and purple. In truth, according to the maps, we had the bird's mastery, from a hundred standing or sitting points, of three rivers: above us, the Mulberry Fork of the Black Warrior; above us and around us, the Locust Fork of the Black Warrior; under the bluff and downstream, the Black Warrior. The Locust Fork is, to the natives, the Little River, the Little Warrior; the Mulberry Fork and the Black Warrior proper are together the Big River, the Big Warrior. The Warrior River means any one or all.

At the lower end of the bluff, among the spruces, the pines, the cedars, the oaks, and mountain laurel, we walked on ground covered with pine knots. They were small, somewhat round, and hard as bone, and Halma did not know what they were.

'You see,' I said, 'I told you I was your woods and river boy.'

'And you're making me your woods and river girl. I know plain pine kindling when I see it, but these are like flint rocks.'

'And they are full of fire and rich as flint,' I replied.

'I'll be glad when we can start fires with them.' . . .

Two redbirds flew from larger elms behind us, and darted into the steep green of the bluff side under us. They paused in a wild cherry tree, and the rooster redbird gave the impulse of his being in song to his mate.

Driving from the rivers, over the old Taylor's Ferry road toward the big main road, was like meeting the presences of the green woods world going to the Warriors, going there in a berrying or nutting mood. It was good to meet things this way; but it was better to run along to the river with these presences. Going there with them, as we had done time and again, all things of the woods world were ours and belonged to us as a man on a horse belongs to another man on a horse when they are riding slowly the same way on a shady road. This road we especially noted for that. . . .

I entered a small store.

'Have you got two good cold dopes?' I asked the old man.

'Y-y-yes,' he answered.

'Well, give me two.'

'A-a-al-all right,' he said and fumbled in his ice box.

'It's been a fine day, has n't it?'

'It sh-sh-sh-shore has.'

Halma said, 'This coca-cola habit I got from you.'

I said, 'Mine's good and cold. Is yours?'

'Yes,' she said.

'I like these little country stores,' I said.

'I have found that out,' she replied.

I left the bottles on the store porch.

'C-c-co-come back a-ag-again, Hal,' the owner said.

'I will,' I replied.

As we rode on, keeping the main river road, she held the redbird wing feather in her mouth.

(To be concluded)

'THE MOTHER EVERLASTING'

BY ERNEST POOLE

I MET her in Paris, late one night in April 1920, in front of the Café de la Régence. The big café was a hubbub of noise, and even the tables on the street were filling fast, as the crowds poured out of the great theatre close by. I caught glimpses here and there of gorgeous cloaks and evening gowns, I heard the laughter and the hoots of taxicabs and limousines; lights from all about the square threw a rich glamour on it all. Then she came slowly up the street. She came in a huge two-wheel cart, with a great shaggy horse of Normandy, his clumsy and enormous hoofs making a slow clop-clop on the pavement. The blue-painted cart behind was piled high with heads of lettuce, chicory, and *scarole*, in symmetrical array; and up on the wide driver's seat, beneath the low blue canvas hood, she sat with the reins in her lap, fast asleep — a powerful woman of middle age, a strong clean splendid specimen of the best peasantry of France.

On an impulse, I rose and paid my bill and followed her to the market place. I found it filling with carts like hers, ranging themselves at the sides of the square. Her own did the same, the huge horse moving to his place without need of guidance, for he had done it all his life. He stopped, and the woman opened her eyes. She sat slowly up and caught sight of me; I smiled, and we talked for a little while. I asked her what she had been doing that day, and in her deep quiet voice she said: —

'This morning I left here at five o'clock and drove my cart out to my home. I reached it at nine. I slept for a little, then ate my lunch and worked all through the afternoon transplanting lettuce and chicory. At six came my supper. After that I harnessed my horse, loaded my cart, and started for town. And here I will stay until five o'clock, when again I will return to my home. I have done that every day since I was young. And my father and my grandfather — every day before I was born.'

'May I come to your garden tomorrow?' I asked. 'I am an American writer, and I should be interested to see one of the market gardens of Paris. I have heard of them, even in my country.'

'Yes, you may come,' she answered. 'And since you are a writer, I will tell you, if you like, a story of the war, and my son.'

I went out to her place the next afternoon. On the broad southern slope of a great low hill overlooking the city were some of its market gardens, the world-famous *jardins maraîchers*, in which, with incredible toil and care, all summer and all winter too, salads and other green things had been raised for the most luxurious homes and cafés of Paris, London, and Berlin, and even of St. Petersburg, in its grand days before the war. The garden I entered was like the rest, about an acre in extent and surrounded by walls to keep out the wind. In the open, and under glass frames, and again beneath hundreds of *cloches*, — huge

bells of glass which concentrated and increased the heat of the sun, — were nearly a hundred thousand heads of chicory, lettuce, and scarole, from full-grown plants to tiny sprouts just peeping through the warm rich soil. Each plant had a story of labor to tell, for every one of that hundred thousand had to be transplanted by hand three and four times during its growth! And she had but two helpers there, a lean young man and a nice-looking girl, who were working silently at the other end of the garden, while the woman talked to me.

'I will tell you about my son,' she said. 'As I was trained by my father from the time when I was small, so I trained my little boy. I suckled him while working here; and as he grew older his father and I taught him how to know the soil — with his mind, with his eyes, with his hands, with his tongue. He could taste that soil and tell you what it lacked, if it was wrong. And the little boy ate hungrily and slept without dreaming and grew strong — strong from his life so close to the Earth. He drew life from her breast as he had from mine. Closer and closer I brought him to her. For she is the mother everlasting — she would be here when I was gone.

'But then came the war and took my men. My husband was the first to go — and two months later he was killed. Three years passed, till my son was eighteen; and then him, too, they took away. They took him far! What luck was mine! In the winter of 1917, the Russians made peace with Germany; a few French regiments were sent to enter Russia from the north; and among those few, my son. He was carried far up into snow and ice, and there he was taken prisoner and lost for me like a leaf in a storm.

'Of Russia, I had known till then only that salads had gone from here to the city of St. Petersburg, to the tables of the rich. A country of grand dukes and slaves — and the slaves had risen in revolt. In the newspapers I read how the crazy workingmen were plundering and slaughtering, and how plague and famine were quickly spreading over the land. And I read how they hated the French. What chance to live had my poor son, shut up in some prison camp, and slowly but surely starved to death? Months passed, and life was hard for me. But I worked, and my work was quiet here. For hundreds of years we have been like that, we who live upon the land. When trouble comes, we work all day, from dawn and on into the dark, till we can barely see our hands. And the Earth draws all our sorrows down into herself, and buries them. "Now my son is dead," I thought. "The pain is all ended. He lies in the soil."'

While she was speaking, her limbs had relaxed; and on her big face a smile appeared, and grew slowly brighter. She was looking at the lean young man and the girl at the other end of the garden.

'But then he came back to me,' she said. 'He came like a ghost, while I was at work; and when I looked up, I was afraid. But he spoke, and I saw that he was alive — and though fearfully thin, he was not ill! He was well, and had come home!

'What happened then, I need not say. But when it was all over, the foolish laughter and the tears, piece by piece I learned his story. It began as I had dreamed. Caught one night in a forest, half blinded in a storm of snow, he had been captured and taken down to somewhere in the South of Russia and thrown into a prison camp. Wounded, ill, and starving, he could remember little of that; for he had been wounded on the head, and under the privations he soon became like an

imbecile, all power of thinking taken away., "I can remember nothing," he said. "I was like a man who is dead."'

A slight choking in her voice made me look quickly up at her, and I saw tears streaming down her cheeks.

'But then, monsieur, but then,' she said, 'what happened is difficult to believe, unless you have led a life like mine. But then it is the simplest thing that can happen on the earth. My son's whole mind was now asleep — but something deeper than his mind came back to life and saved him there. Ever since he was a little boy I had trained him, as I told you. I had trained his hands and eyes and even his tongue to know the Earth, the mother everlasting. And in that vile prison camp, when at last for lack of all food they turned the prisoners away, although his mind was still so dead that he remembers nothing now, his feet led him back to the soil — a little neglected piece of land on the edge of that small Russian town. And there his hands, his tongue, and his eyes took up by long habit the work they had loved. They cleared away the refuse and built a north wall to keep out the wind. They found an old spade and tilled the earth. Then every little lump of soil was crushed by hands and fingers not like those of common peasants, but like those of our family. They studied that soil till they knew what it lacked, and then they went searching everywhere until they found a little lime. They found some seed and planted it; they toiled from daylight until dark. And all this they did so amazingly well that those great idle stupid Russians saw that idiot boy transform the land into a garden there!

'They watched him and wondered, they took what he raised, but they fed and sheltered him as masters will nourish a valuable slave. Months passed. His mind woke up one day, came out of its long heavy sleep; and then he looked about him and saw what his hands had made. At first he thought it some strange dream. "What am I doing here," he asked, "in this strange and dirty land?" But memories came of the war and of me; and then, as he worked quietly on, he began to plan how to get back to his home. To his garden Russian soldiers came, for most of them were peasant boys who wondered at that miracle. Though he had learned but a few Russian words, my son taught them with his hands, and some of those young soldiers began to make other gardens close by. They grew more and more friendly to my son and asked him to join their soviet. But he replied that he wished to go home. He told them all his story — and, having good hearts, those peasant boys felt the justice of his case. Grateful to him for all he had done, they forced the officials to give him a pass. And so at last he came back to me.

'And here we are as we were before, except that in place of my husband, now you see the wife of my son. She comes of a family of gardeners which is almost as good as mine. She loved my son before the war, and worked and waited for his return. As though the Earth had whispered, she vowed she knew he was not dead. So here they are married and starting their lives. Always they will work in this place. But for to-day she has worked enough.'

In her deep low voice she called to the girl, who stopped working and went toward the house. The big woman watched her with a smile of quiet hungry tenderness.

'For she is soon to have a child, — a boy, I hope, — another one of us,' she said.

A bit later I left the mother and son, side by side but working in silence, bending low over the warm rich soil.

IN THE TIDAL MARSHES

WHITE above the afterflare
The moon rides up the brimming air
Singing in minor key the theme
Of light as music in a dream.
Lovers lying on the dune
Turn from each other toward the moon
And feel a tide far mightier
Than mortal love mount up to her
Who drowns in her magnetic flood
Mere urgencies of flesh and blood.
This is the hour the dying pass
Without a sigh to mist the glass,
So gently the translation made
From shadows to the world of shade.
So one who walks alone will stand
With love and death on either hand
Invisible companions, who
Though cunningly disguised as two
Yet in reality are one,
Love the flesh, and death the bone.
He walks and feels the spectres glide
Along with him on either side,
And closer draws, to ward them off,
His cloak of loneliness, the stuff
Of pride, the pattern of control,
To hold them from his naked soul.
The long boardwalk lies dim before
Across the salt marsh to the shore.
My brother Sea, how tide on tide
Your waters shift, while you abide;
From wave on wave, lost in each other,
Your undiminished voice, my brother.

My sister Moon, how ray on ray
Is woven your unearthly day;
From ever-changing gleam and glister
Your constancy of light, my sister.
My father God, how thought on thought
Your undiscovered mind is wrought;
From love whose end is death you gather
Your everlastingness, my father.
This is the hour the heart discovers
How love is mightier than lovers,
And this the hour the dying pass
Through death and know not what it was.
And one shall stand upon the shore
And he shall ponder them no more
But dive into the sea, and swim
Far out, and peace shall go with him.

ROBERT HILLYER

DELINQUENTS AT WHOLESALE

BY LILLIAN BRAND

I

DON, who had committed murder, was again showing his homicidal tendency. He picked up a chair and tried to brain me when I corrected his variation from the standard multiplication table. Fred, eleven years old, saved me that time. He has committed sixty-nine robberies in his day, and been much advertised as the 'baby robber of the state.'

But, robber or not, Fred is a very affectionate child, and much devoted to the primary teacher at State School. Naturally he seized the table raised against me, gave Don a vicious punch in the stomach, and the fight was on.

I commanded, but in vain. I pulled, but in vain. Then clumsy, good-natured Frank came to the rescue with his powerful, overgrown body. He gave Fred a disentangling pull and shoved Don into his chair, with this judicious admonition, 'Mind the teacher.'

'If Frank would only follow that advice himself!' I sighed, as he went about the room waving a rope, hitting all those who happened to be in the way. Fortunately this did not start another fight, as Frank was thirteen,

and powerful even for his age. He was not vicious and had no intention of hurting the other children, but to his dull mind it never occurred that rope waving in a schoolroom was dangerous.

I asked Frank to get a broom and sweep for me. He beamed from ear to ear. In all the world no joy like this of sweeping during school hours!

'Oh, what a drag!' groaned three or four small voices.

'What a drag!' in State School parlance meant 'What favoritism!' Frank was not the only one of my boys who preferred sweeping to more intellectual pursuits.

This brief battle upset the whole roomful of nervous, overemotional children. They ran about, upset the bookcase, talked, threw spitballs, or made for the windows. No, not to run away. They were all of them having too good a time where they were; many of them were having the time of their young lives. My juniors left running away to the older boys.

They merely wanted to climb out of the window to see how their new teacher would meet the situation, or to have a little walk about in the sunny courtyard. I did n't blame them. The air was fragrant with orange blossoms; there were birds outside, and snails.

I knew the two boys nearest a window would go out anyway, so I said, 'Conception and José, will you kindly go out the window and get some snails for our nature study? . . . While they gather snails, the rest of us will go with Sinbad the Sailor.'

There was some grumbling about how much nicer snail gathering and room sweeping were than Sinbad the Sailor. But, as most of the boys admired the adventuresome old hero, they finally stopped grumbling and took their seats.

Quiet, relatively speaking, reigned in my schoolroom. For relativity applies to schoolrooms as much as to interstellar space, and a relatively quiet room at State School would be a relatively noisy room elsewhere.

My first hectic day at State School is unforgettable. After the principal had introduced me, she left me to my fate. Never again were the boys all seated at the same time for the rest of the day. Spitballs, erasers, pencils, books, flew about the room. Fred, often the target, found it necessary to build a barrage for his protection. Snug in the corner, with his table turned over in front of him, Fred proceeded to do some good work; for he is my only bright child.

While I was trying to get the others to stop throwing things, to sit in their seats, to stop melting crayons over the steam heater, to quit fighting, to stop tipping the tables around at a rate unprecedented in any spiritual séance, my smallest, John, climbed up to the chalk shelf. By crawling along the shelf he was able to reach the pictures above the blackboard moulding; down came Little Miss Muffet, the Pieman and his wares, and Humpty-Dumpty repeated his great fall — no, I could n't even keep the pictures on the wall my first day at State School.

On succeeding days the pictures stayed on the walls; but a room full of delinquents will never be a peaceful spot. I was thankful when in looking over the place it seemed to be inhabited solely by soles. The boys had a way of humping down in their seats, their faces hidden by their tables, and their feet, in the large, lumbering shoes furnished by the school, exhibited on those tables. When I saw the feet thus I knew the children were in their seats, not breaking up the furniture, slamming books about, or trying to murder other children with a pair of scissors.

Nicknaming was another pursuit of my boys. Roland was oversensitive

and had a quaint dislike for his nickname, 'Rolling-Pin.' When the boys discovered this the room resounded with calls of 'Rolling-Pin! Oh, Rolling-Pin!'

This was such an innocent name compared with those usually given at State School that I tried to teach Roland not to mind it. 'A rolling-pin is such a useful article. I should be happy were I as useful as a rolling-pin.'

'Yes,' piped up several small voices, 'Maggie found the rolling-pin useful to throw at Jiggs.'

Nicknames often started fights, as did many other trifles: a piece of string, a bite of stale cake, a kite stick, a cross-eyed look. I had to use force to separate the boys, although the force was only a vigorous pull.

We are never, under any circumstances, allowed to use corporal punishment in State School. Several excellent men have lost their positions for indulging in light slaps. I hope I shall never lose mine for hanging on to Don's shoulders; otherwise the rest of us would all be killed in his passion for throwing chairs and tables around.

Every time I go near him he shrieks out, 'You'll lose your job if you touch me!'

No State School teacher ever has a chance to forget the penalty for striking a boy. The boys keep us reminded of it, in season and out.

Magicians we must be to handle twenty or more wild ones with tact and discretion, teaching them reading and writing when all former teachers have failed, remaining calm and poised even though told to 'go to hell' — followed by a string of vulgarity.

Institutional régime prevents our keeping the boys after school, so our only comeback is Lost Privilege Cottage. Here the boys miss out on the weekly movie, swimming, the Harmonica Club, and other student-body activities. The older boys do rough work about the campus, but as most of them prefer it to school work, it is no great penalty.

My boys are the babies of the school. They can do no work, and so are not wanted in Lost Privilege Cottage. Therefore they gayly proceed to do exactly as they please, knowing there are no punishments in all State School for them.

My youngest boys are supposedly eight, the lowest legal age for entering State School, but some of them look and act much younger, so I suppose their parents, not knowing what to do with their unruly offspring, lied about their ages in order to have them off their hands. I have the first four grades in my room, but almost half are first-graders who can neither read nor write. They know nothing, and they want to remain knowing nothing.

II

Glancing over their home records, I do not wonder that my boys are vicious and ignorant. The wonder is that they do so well. Some improve remarkably after a few months at State School, away from the miserable environment in which they were born.

John is the youngest of a large family. His mother is dead, murdered by his father, who is in the penitentiary under sentence of hanging. John's brother is in prison for burglary, one sister is in an insane asylum, another is a prostitute, and some of the family have disappeared. John roamed the streets, blacking boots for a few cents whenever possible, and, when business was dull, stealing for his food. With a few pennies he could get a cup of coffee from a cheap restaurant, 'and grab a lot o' scraps' from the plates of other less hungry diners.

John enjoyed the insecurity of his

vagabond existence, free from every restraining bond, free from such irksome details as lessons. For John loathes study above all things. He wanders aimlessly about the schoolroom, thinking deep thoughts about things miles from classroom activities. He is a badly undernourished youngster whose body has to be built up before he will be strong enough to learn. He has extra milk mornings and evenings, chocolate bars from the faculty members, and plenty of the oranges which grow on the campus.

John's laziness may be overcome as his body is built up. He is not vicious, mean, and cruel, as are some of our children from better homes. He never bites or pinches the other children, nor does he cut up live cats with scissors or sear dogs' eyeballs with heated pins. For these horrors, which would nauseate the average child, merely give an added thrill to our little epicures in terror.

Then there is Dave, whose mother lived in a house of prostitution owned by his grandmother, who was also a practising abortionist. Father unknown. Dave was not wanted, but lived just to spite them all. He was thrown around for anyone to care for who would, and lashed unmercifully if he became too meddlesome. His relatives tried to ship him off to State School two years before the legal age, and the day he was eight Dave arrived in my primary room. He knew nothing. He still knows nothing.

I gave him bright-colored pictures, blocks, toys, and building sets in order to interest him, but in vain. As a class we have made kites, boats, airplanes, cut paper dolls, decorated our room with patriotic paper chains in red, white, and blue, and worked on projects making our tiny stage illustrate the lives of the cave twins, the lives of the Eskimo twins, and the lives of our Chinese cousins. But Dave's interest has never been roused. It remains to be seen whether he is in a shell as the result of his terrible environment, and needs to be brought out, or whether there is nothing to bring out. I am inclined to think that a home for the feeble-minded will settle Dave's life problem.

Conception's father is a minister of some strict and austere sect which believes in no earthly joy. Conception had no toys, and no place to play except a tiny grassless back yard, and no one with whom to play except his tiny half brothers and sisters. When his zeal in caring for these waned, he was punished by being placed in the baptismal font.

In these pre-State School days Conception regularly gave the excuse of 'staying after school to help the teacher' and spent the time so gained in roaming the streets with a mangy cur, stolen from a neighboring storekeeper. Walking became tedious, so Conception stole a bicycle. Bicycling, with Gyp, the dog, following after, became such sport that Conception — never bright at school — played hooky for a few days. Then one starlight night he forgot to return home, and spent the night cuddled up with Gyp in his arms.

In the morning boy and dog were hungry, and Conception had either to beg or to steal. He saw no convenient chance to steal, so, with tears in his eyes, he told a dramatic tale about trying to return to his aged and sick mother, and as he did so he held out one grimy hand for a penny. He was bountifully remunerated, so it seemed to him, for he had never had any spending money.

Life looked gay to the young man, when the school attendance officer appeared on the scene. The bicycle and dog were returned to their rightful

owners, the truth about Conception's truancies discovered, and Conception placed in State School until he mended his ways. Conception does not wish to mend his ways, for he prefers State School to home.

Fred came from an auto-park home, tended by his old grandmother. His mother, whom Fred idealizes, ran off when he was a little fellow and has never been heard of since.

What with her rheumatism and Uncle Herbert, who 'snitched Grandma's money for booze,' and what with her grandson, who had a natural child's cravings for sweets, dogs, and cats, cinemas, and soda pops, the old lady had a lively time. Uncle Herbert cursed and kicked the boy when drunk, but when sober gave him spending money from his stolen gains; for by now Uncle Herbert had discovered that burglary was more profitable than thieving from Grandma.

Suddenly Uncle Herbert disappeared from the scene altogether, regretted by no one except little Fred, who was out of pocket money. Grandma took sick and Fred had to care for her. How? Where was the money coming from? Fred stole, and gave his grandmother the food she needed. He lied about the money, saying Uncle Herbert had sent it to him. No, he did not have the letter with him. He had lost it.

Fred's thieving became remunerative, as he was clever, and therefore not so easily detected as most of our boys, whose stupidity causes bungling errors that nip their crime careers in the bud. Fred found lots of things to do with his money. He fed all the hungry cats and dogs in the neighborhood, gave pocket money to poor little boys who had never had any before, enjoyed the cinema nightly, and drank plenty of ice cream sodas. The police were suspicious of his affluence, but at first could not actually catch him. Then came Fred's raid on the oil station, his arrest, the discovery of sixty-nine of his previous robberies, and his trip to State School as the most successful baby robber in the entire state of California.

Fred says he 'won't steal again when on the outs.'

José informs him, 'That is what you think now, but when on the outs you will want to steal as badly as ever. My brother did, and he is back again.'

José's father is a bootlegger with nine children, and his third wife — at least, we hope it is his wife. Four of the children have been at the State School. Two are here now, and the younger ones we expect as soon as they are old enough. Apparently even bootlegging does not bring in enough to feed nine hungry children and pay their doctor bills. All the children need medical care when they arrive, which is rendered by the State School medical staff, and all the children are undernourished. José gained three pounds during his first month at State School.

The father is an uncouth, stormy, violent man, and the children are much frightened when at home. Consequently they seldom go there, preferring to roam the streets, seeking convenient pockets to pick, tempting bakeries from which to pilfer, old men to tease, and cats to abuse. José states that 'he kept the cops jumping up and down.' He turned in false fire alarms, burned buildings, played truant, and stole everything from pennies to automobiles, and did anything he could think of for a 'thrill.'

He is very artistic, so one day I suggested, 'José, could n't you possibly find thrills enough in art work, so you would n't have to pester people for blocks around in search of excitement?'

'All right, Miss Green,' he answered. 'Tame me down if you can' — grinning at the impossibility of such a thing.

José is very proud of his misdeeds, and this is characteristic of our boys. We try to drop a curtain over their past, but they love to tell or write — if they can write — of their wayward acts, decorating them and gleefully concocting more of them.

Don, the murderer, is more reticent about his past than the others. He was terrified when the policeman came along as he was trying to bring Tony, a corpse, back to life. Tony and Don had been in swimming together. Tony teased Don, who, with his ungovernable temper, threatened to strangle him unless he stopped. Tony continued, and Don carried out his threat, holding Tony under the water until all gasps ceased. He has, I believe, sincerely regretted it ever since; but unless Don can control his temper he will murder again.

III

These are just some of my problems: Frank, the feeble-minded; Dave, the idiot (I believe); Fred, the baby robber; John, the lazy; Conception, the truant; José, the thrill seeker; and poor tempestuous Don.

Besides these there is Juan, who looks like a misplaced, brown-eyed angel. He arrived at State School with teardrops hanging from his eyelids. Some visitors asked him why he was here. 'Oh, fer nothin' at all,' the little cherub sobbed. 'I only swiped from three stores, and filched an automobile.' The visitors gasped. Could it be true? Juan, so young and innocent-looking!

There is Jack, generally conceded to be insane, but too young to commit; Howard, an inborn recluse who loves to scrub floors during playtime in order to keep away from the other boys; Sam, the Negro who likes to act the clown, particularly during arithmetic time; and Ralph, who whistles and sings in school and out. No, he has no musical talent; he merely thinks he has. Several of our boys have illusions of talent.

These and other delinquents I have by the wholesale. Like most others of their kind, they are nervously unstable. They get excited, they laugh, they weep, they love, they hate, all over nothing. One day they hate that which they loved the day before, and vice versa. This emotional instability seems characteristic of delinquency.

And, after State School, what happens to these children, often dull, and emotionally unstable, all of whom received so poor a start in life? About 18 per cent of our boys end in various institutions: homes for the feeble-minded, insane asylums, and penitentiaries of the country. The other 82 per cent become law-abiding, hard-working citizens.

These 82 per cent deserve great credit, for they persevere in ditch digging, hod carrying, piano lugging, or in other forms of manual labor. They have no chance for the thrills their overemotional natures crave, as the majority are too dull to enter more creative lines of work. They plug away, resisting numerous temptations to enter the more exciting life of crime. How many of us could do as well under the circumstances?

A 'PETITE PREMIÈRE' IN THE MONT BLANC MASSIF

BY ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

I

A POUNDING on my door dragged me to consciousness. '*Merci*,' I murmured sleepily, and reached out to snap on the electric light. Three o'clock of a cold black September morning, and I must pull myself from sleep, leave the gracious warm amenities of my soft bed, haul on heavy clothes, collect rucksack and ice axe, and set out for a climb.

I reflected, not for the first time, on the superior advantages of starting from a climbing hut. There one has passed the earlier portion of the night without enervating luxuries. In a long row of guides and tourists, one has lain fully dressed and wrapped in blankets, on a narrow mattress covered with prickly burlap and inadequately filled with straw. One has slept fitfully and uneasily, in the close air of a room with the windows shut, among the frequent disturbances of comings and goings, footsteps and lantern lights, heavy breathings and stentorian snorings. After a few such hours, it is almost a pleasure to shake off the frowzled closeness and get out into the fresh quiet night.

But among the comforts of civilization, how different it seems! However — I ran to the window to look at the weather. Yes, the stars were out bright and thick above the black needle of the Drus — an auspicious sky for the start.

My nailed boots were in my hand when I finally crept downstairs, for I remembered a notice commonly seen in climbing hotels, once rendered into English as, 'Guests are forbidden to circulate in the boots of the ascension.' Tea with bread and butter and jam awaited me in the deserted, dimly lighted dining room, and Camille the guide and Georges the porter were already packing rucksacks and ropes and filling the candle lantern.

Outside, the night greeted us coldly clear and starry overhead. But toward the mountain foot, where Chamonix lay, some thousands of feet below us at Montenvers, all lights were blotted out under low-hanging autumn mists. I trudged slowly on, behind the flickering light of the candle lantern, and recognized one by one the familiar details of the path as it reveals itself to the night, details entirely different from those of the daylight return. Here was the pebbly upslope, grotesquely roughened by the long, black, clear-cut shadows of stones. Here the light flashed on the gnarled roots and trunk of the well-known night pine — I have never yet noticed that pine on the way back. Here the candle rays picked out the edges of the great fantastically shaped boulder which hides itself completely among the innumerable masses of rock that one clatters by at full speed, coming down. Most of the distinguishing features, and even the total individuality, of any mountain route at night are things strange and secret to the night, unknown to its daytime incarnation.

Slowly my mind settled into the delicious semi-comatose state of the climbing before dawn. Different climbers

have different ways of handling this pre-daylight period — when the vital forces are at their lowest ebb, the body moves slowly and mechanically, and the mind, if not summoned to deal with any serious difficulties, swims in a drowsy torpor, somewhere between normal wakefulness and the sleep from which it has been reluctantly and untimely torn. As for me, I generally try to get hold of some idea with a pleasant emotional content, and let my brain float dreamily about it, in a state between feeling and thought. Sometimes I compare the charms of different friends, or suck the full flavor from some past adventure. But my favorite subject for before-dawn meditation is, 'Why do we climb?' Every morning, to the slow rhythm of my plodding feet, I evolve a new reason, reasons ranging from the most obvious and cheerful to the most grimly cynical or subtly philosophical or psychological. And since the greater number of these fine-spun reasons are promptly forgotten when the sun comes up, every day I start again afresh.

This particular morning, however, my thoughts were on a more immediately practical matter — our chances of success on the first ascent ahead. It is a rather exciting thing, a first ascent at Chamonix. The world's best climbers have for so long gathered there that it is not easy to find a possible new route or an untouched pinnacle. Some *premières* there are, long and difficult, that have defied for many years all the strength and craft of the attacks of parties organized against them. When at long last they fall before a combination of skill and fortunate chance, they furnish the really great Firsts. Others, humbler but still worth while, are offered by the many apparently unclimbable pinnacles that bristle along the main ridges of the big mountains.

Such a near point was our objective to-day, a brief trip of twelve or fourteen hours, well fitted for the short autumn daylight. In five or six hours, going slowly, we should be up the Nantillons Glacier and on the Col de Nantillons, at the foot of our rocks. Then an hour perhaps on the Blaitière ridge to the bottom of the final pitch, two or three more to plan and launch the attack, and, victorious or defeated, we should be back for tea.

Even a short First like this, however, is not to be too much despised. At Chamonix there is hardly a virgin point without her wooers, and our little pinnacle had already, I was told, turned two strong parties unsuccessful away. The route up the glacier was a common one, the rocks from the snow up to the very foot of the pinnacle were not noteworthy, though sufficiently amusing. The crux of the matter came when it was necessary to *lancer la corde* (throw the rope). The last forty or sixty feet, the pinnacle proper, were, it seemed, sheer and unclimbable, and could be scaled only by throwing a rope over the top, directly up from a small convenient ledge, climbing around the point to the other side, catching and securing the end, and finally mounting hand over hand.

Of the other parties, according to Camille, the first had hardly done more than spy out the land. But the second, forewarned of the difficulty, had gone elaborately forearmed with weapons of conquest. My understanding of French is not always sure: was it crossbows and arrows with thread attached that they carried? Or some sort of blowgun? Or — in any case, it was, I gathered, something new, ingenious, and interesting. And in any case, I also gathered very surely, the weapon, for all its ingenuity, had not worked. But Camille had, he assured me, much practised throwing the rope, and he put complete confidence in his own right arm.

II

This was my last climb of the season, which gave a special tenseness to our expedition. Succeed or fail, I must go on, the next day. There would be no other chance. And how well, I could not help thinking, some future large-scale map of the ridge would look, with a name on that point which I had given to it!

So the first and most vital question to occupy my thought was the weather. 'The barometer is not falling,' Camille had said at breakfast. But I had noticed that it was not rising, either. Still, the night seemed gloriously clear, and all the first part of the path glittered in bright dreams of success. Then, as we rounded a corner of the mountain, 'I am not,' said Camille, 'too much pleased with that bank of clouds in the west.' The porter grunted his assent. Black gloom immediately descended on our caravan.

Gradually my torpid mind swung from dark thoughts of the future to consciousness of the present. The night was crisply cold. We had left mild early autumn in the valley, but it was winter here on the heights. The earth of the path under the lantern light showed brown, cracked, and parched, all its cracks embellished with a new growth of frost crystals. As we turned the shoulder beyond which one sees Mont Blanc, its great mass gleamed more spectral white than usual under the starlight, bright with the first winter snows.

We passed the night landmarks one by one, and our steps slowed doggedly for the sharp pull up to the glacier. Soon we should reach the little spring. When the light shines on its trickle of water crossing the path, it is a signal for the first halt on the long upward plod. But the ground rang continuously hard and dry under our nails and ice-axe points, and we swung on without a pause. The spring was frozen up for the winter.

The path ended at the Nantillons Glacier, and we started up the gentle slope of ice. On summer mornings many streams rush noisily down their channels in its mounded surface, but to-day everything was quiet. Winter had silenced the voices of the upper ice.

Our boots gripped pleasantly up the hard rough surface. Far above, we watched another little light climbing slowly with the advance of another party. Day was drawing near, and our lantern paled. We felt on our faces the cold wind that rises with the dawn. We reached the beginning of the steep and badly crevassed part of the glacier, and stopped to extinguish the lantern and to rope up.

Camille tied the rope around my chest to the tune of our standardized conversation.

'You're pulling it too tight. I cannot breathe.'

'It must be tight, or if you fell off, and your arms were up, it would slip off over your head.'

'None of my other guides ever pull it so tight. And I *have* fallen off. And it has been secure. Why, once —' I tell this tale with all the dramatic emphasis of which I am capable. I have told it many times, and each time I fancy I tell it better. 'Once I was climbing an almost new route. I had both my arms above my head, pulling myself up over an overhang. And one of my handholds — oh, a huge slab! — broke, and I fell off, and swung in the air on the rope. And the rope was secure. That is a true story.' Camille only hauls the knot a little tighter.

'Then,' he says conclusively, 'then you did not fall off *comme il faut!*'

Or sometimes he condescends to persuasion. 'Come,' he says coaxingly,

'be a good little girl.' (I am older than he.) Or to anger. 'I am *bon garçon*, but this is *too* much. I will not go a step farther with you if you will not have it so.' But whatever his method, the rope is always too tight.

I have now come to yield with a protest that is only formal. (Camille would be suspicious if I made none at all.) For every guide has something about him which the tourist would wish different. So I accept the tight rope as Camille's contribution to the imperfection of human — and guide — nature, and loosen it a bit after we start.

We now moved up and across a very steep ice slope. Ahead of us we could see in the gray light the party whose lantern had led up the glacier. 'It is well,' said Camille; 'they will cut our steps for us.' And we balanced with speed and ease along the neat nicks that the swinging ice axe of their guide had made.

The route we followed takes one to various ascents, and earlier in the season many parties pass over it every day. It was my own sixth trip of the year, so my feet went almost of themselves. Here was the place where one sat on the side of a crevasse and reached one's feet down on to a ledge cut out of its wall. Then a stretch and stride across the chasm, to climb the ice steps hacked out of its other wall. Next came the twists and turns and ups and downs over the great ice blocks that had fallen from the towering séracs above, a place where you must hurry your best on the warm afternoon return, lest new blocks melting and tumbling off should land on you, but where you may loiter as you like at dawn. Finally the narrow snow bridge across the bergschrund, which leads on to the rocky outcrop of the Rognon.

Tradition rules the climbing craft as rigidly as any other craft with an apprentice system, and it is hard to conceive of a guided climb that would not stop half an hour for second breakfast by the hut at the top of the Rognon. So here, on the flat rocks that are known as the 'Salle à Manger,' we found the other party just finishing and moving off. We exchanged greetings, and ourselves sat down to eat, on the same spot where every great climber, coming to do the classic Grépon, or to seek new routes among the other peaks, has partaken of his second breakfast, since first rock climbing began.

We were on the top of a rock islet, in an amphitheatre of glacier. Below our feet, in the direction from which we had come, the rocks dropped away almost perpendicularly out of sight down toward the Chamonix Valley, with the low bare range of the Rochers Rouges, now ruddy in the first sunshine, beyond. At our left and behind us, ice and rock towered up to the high black ridges of the Blaitière, whither we were bound. At the right, over the tall splintered peaks of the Charmoz, in whose shadow the whole amphitheatre lay, the sky was still glowing with the last sunrise gold.

'How does the weather promise now, Camille?'

'It looks very safe, very good.' And my earlier mood of depression drifted away and vanished over the ranges.

III

It was bitter cold, as we sat munching tough bread and cold meat in the dawn shadow. Our breaths steamed up, spectacularly visible against the sunlit valley, and a drop of lukewarm tea, spilled as I poured it from Camille's canteen, froze on my coat in a thin crackling film before I could wipe it off. While we ate, Camille sorted over the food, and, after consultation, some of the heavier articles were left beside the hut for our return.

Now we stood shivering, ready to start, but he held us yet a moment to point out to us our pinnacle and goal. Up it rose ahead, bold but tiny against the distant sky, where the steep glacier sweeps up to the Blaitière ridge. From the long rock line of the ridge it projected like a stony finger, crooked at the end, beckoning us on to conquest.

'Not so bad, is it?' said Camille, with proprietary pride.

It was good to get in motion again. We followed in the steps of the other party along the steep hard ice just above the Rognon.

'Notice well,' Camille instructed, as we crossed an ice slope dropping spectacularly out of sight beside us, 'this is a place to be very specially careful. For if one should slip, one sees where one would go.' As a matter of fact, that is just exactly what one did not see! But one could imagine.

Soon we came up with the other party, where the little French girl, their tourist, was teetering in hesitation on the hither end of a narrow snow bridge across a sufficiently wide and yawning crevasse. My tastes happening to be such, I peered with interest over the edge, and enjoyed the exquisite clear blue shades of the icy depths. But she felt differently.

'Oh,' she cried, '*j'ai peur, j'ai peur, j'ai peur!*' And it was a long time before the reassurements of her guides, plus the absolute security of the rope held taut before and behind her, could persuade her to cross.

'Why,' meditated Camille, as they moved on ahead, 'do such people climb? They cannot enjoy it. For they say always, "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur!*"'

'But surely,' I remonstrated, 'there cannot be many who climb who are afraid.'

'Oh, but many, many!' Camille assured me. 'Always they go over the mountains saying, "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur.*"' And he reminded me of some we ourselves had recently seen. The most striking was a gnome-like little man who told us he had been at the climbing game for over twenty years. And although he was moving up a steep glacier much faster than we, we would overtake him at every negotiable crevasse. There he would hang, trembling miserably on the brink, while his guide counted, 'One, two, three, *leap!*' And we would climb far ahead, still hearing behind us, 'Come, come, monsieur! It is easy! It is narrow! One, two, three, *leap!* Only have courage, monsieur! One, two —'

'Truly,' I admitted, 'it is amazing.'

'Perhaps,' suggested Georges, 'they climb for the glory.'

'Yes, that may be it,' agreed Camille. 'When they get back, they will talk much about what they have done. I have heard them. And then all the world will admire them. It is pleasant to be admired thus.'

'Or perhaps,' I contributed, 'they enjoy being afraid.' And they agreed that that also was possible. But to be *always* afraid. It would seem excessive. All in all it was very odd. Again I was faced with that eternal riddle of the mountains, 'Why *do* we climb?'

We were nearing the top of the glacier, and again we saw the other party close ahead. They had halted before the problem of the bergschrund. The bergschrund, where the top edge of a moving glacier yawns away from the stationary snow field or rocks above it, is generally the most difficult of all crevasses. This one ran true to form. It was large, and the upper lip, as is usual, rose in a wall above the lower, which had sunk as it drew away. One could here stand close to the foot of the wall, as the crevasse itself was bridged with a lid of snow. But this position only enabled one to see more plainly what was ahead — a cliff of rough

snowy ice, some twenty or thirty feet high, rising practically perpendicular, and bulging here and there into definite overhangs.

The French girl's guide had quested to both sides to see if there were any easier place, and now was standing back, planning where and how he would cut steps to take advantage of all irregularities. Having decided, he set manfully to work.

It was a slow long job he had ahead. First, swinging the axe downward, with his hand almost at the end of the shaft, he hewed out a large step for his foot in the hard gray ice. Then, reaching above his head, with the axe held close to the business end, he picked and hacked away a little hole, over the edge of which a mittened hand could hook. Mounting into the step on his left foot, and clinging to the hold with his left hand, he swung the ice axe down again, to make a place for the right foot diagonally above the left. Another handhold hacked out. Another step. The ice axe chopped tenaciously, while his body clung humped against the wall. It was a difficult and wearisome advance. The ice wall was in the shade, and a chilly wind breathed across it.

After watching a long time, we stepped back shivering into the sun. I felt tentatively of my face.

'I think,' I said to Camille, 'that my nose is frozen.'

'It is indeed a little yellow.' And a welcome diversion was furnished by rubbing it vigorously with snow.

Still the guide continued methodically his snail-like progress. Photography suggested itself as a profitable pastime. I took everything in sight — the view, the wall, the guide cutting, Camille and Georges, and finally our pinnacle, which towered almost directly above, really imposing-looking on nearer view.

IV

And now at last the guide had finished his task. He stood at the top of the ice wall, above the diagonal row of steps he had cut, holding the rope, ready for the little French girl to come. Its other end was attached to the porter, who stood ready to pay it out behind her.

She started timidly up the route. Both guide and porter were shouting directions at her, which must have been most confusing. She advanced four or five steps. A handhold was small and slippery, the rope was pulling. Suddenly she swung off her holds, and hung helplessly on the rope.

In this real, though very minor emergency, all her former conspicuous fears seemed forgotten. Unless, indeed, she was struck dumb with terror. For not a sound did she make.

The porter ran forward helpfully to drag her back to the left, to where she could get into the steps again. He reached up, seized a dangling foot, and pulled. The leg, of course, yielded somewhat, but the body still hung heavily motionless. The guide, holding the rope above, danced up and down with impatience.

'Pull her over by the rope, you fool! Not by the leg! The rope!'

The porter gave another tentative tug at the foot, and yet another, and another — all equally ineffective. The little figure swung back and forth, patient and helpless.

'The rope! The rope! Idiot!' The guide was becoming frenzied in excitement. He embellished his speech with strange and vicious-sounding swear-words. 'Not the leg! Oh, fool! fool! *Not* the *leg!* THE ROPE!'

Camille and Georges by now were rocking back and forth, convulsed with silent, delighted laughter. A guide's sense of humor is often a little

primitive. I was trying to control my own smile to ladylike proportions. A tourist's sometimes becomes primitive, too.

At long last, the porter did seize the rope, and was able to pull the girl back to where she could get into the steps.

When it was the turn of our party, and Camille, having reached the top, shouted for me to come, I moved very, very carefully. I did not care to furnish another moment of comic relief. And I realized better what the difficulties were as I felt the bulging irregularities trying to push me and the taut rope trying to pull me out of balance.

Stepping over the top of the ice on to the snow of the col, I looked up at the point just above me. Now at last the known part of the route was almost ended. I felt like an explorer, with a new world before him, or even more like a child, just arriving at a party. Now, the fun was going to begin!

Then, suddenly, comedy transformed itself into the ultimate tragedy.

'It is no use,' said Camille. 'To-day is too cold. We cannot make the climb.'

'But —'

'Up here, you see, there is a very strong cold wind. Before I could climb fifteen or twenty metres hand over hand up the rope at the top, my hands would be too numb to hold.'

'But by the time we reach the ledge where you throw the rope, it may be warmer. The wind may stop. Let us go on, and see.'

'No, it is no use.'

Georges had by now joined him. They were both thoroughly chilled from the long wait at the foot of the bergschrund. Their faces were reddish purple. They were shivering and stamping.

Georges gloomily confirmed Camille. 'It is no use.'

I looked again at my pinnacle — with what different eyes! The rock below the ledge was frosted with new snow. I could imagine how icy this part would feel to bare hands on delicate holds. And the ledge itself was in shadow. The wind would sweep about it bitterly. One would not get warmer there. No, it was no use.

There was a glorious view over the other side of the col, — an immense sweep of glaciers and peaks, — silver ice, black rock, white snow, gleaming and glaring, leading the eye on and on, all the way over to where at last a deep-blue sky bounded the whiteness, on the Col du Géant that leads to Italy. All this magnificence seemed almost an insult. What were views to me? I turned my back on it.

'To get down, I will make you a *champignon* (mushroom),' said Camille, with the affected enthusiasm of a grown-up trying to divert a child's mind from a lost treat. 'You shall see! There are very few guides in Chamonix who can make a champignon!'

At the top edge of the bergschrund he started in. First he cleared away the layer of three or four inches of soft surface snow, then in the solid ice he began to cut with swift strong strokes. Georges joined him, and soon they had cut deeply down in, leaving a mushroom-shaped mound of ice a foot or more high. Around this they doubled our extra rope for the descent, as if around a point of rock. We twisted this rope about us so that its friction on our clothes might act as a brake, and slid down it hand over hand, walking with our feet down the perpendicular wall of ice, just as we had so often done down a similar rock wall. Yes, it was an amusing bit of ice technique. And convenient. But what, after all, were champignons to me?

Standing at the foot of the bergschrund, we looked back up at that impudent pinnacle, rearing its pointed head high above us in the sunlight.

'It is a great pity!' sighed Camille. 'But, at any rate, you have made some very fine photographs.'

V

June of the next year, and I was again in Chamonix. This time in the rôle of motorist, speeding from one hotel de luxe to another, over the map of Europe. We found in Chamonix the usual gay streets, smart shops and tea rooms, and crowds of tourists, and it was decided to stay two days.

From the hotel garden I looked up at my tiny point, just visible on the far sky line. Was fate giving me another chance?

I rushed to the Bureau des Guides, before it should close for the night. Was Camille engaged? Yes, he was off on a climb that day. But he was returning that evening.

Next morning the stately concierge gave me a well-known greeting, 'Good morning, mademoiselle. Your guide awaits you,' and I saw in the distance a familiar, tall, roughly-dressed figure and good-natured sunburned smile. I could hardly wait through the proper formalities of greeting — is there anyone more ceremonious than a guide!

'Has our pinnacle been climbed yet, Camille?'

'Not yet.'

'Is there too much snow to try it now?'

'No, the rocks are dry and good.'

'Could you go up with me to-day and climb to-morrow?'

'Yes, mademoiselle.'

'How does the weather look?'

'Very sure.'

'I have no ice axe with me.'

'I can get you one.'

'Then I will get the provisions, and we will meet this afternoon at the train for Montenvers.'

'Very well, mademoiselle.'

I leaped into my climbing clothes, brought without hope, simply because I never travel without them. I bought dried apricots and prunes and raisins, cakes of chocolate and lumps of sugar, canned cherries and pineapples, bread and butter and cheese, crackers and a tin of foie gras. I was too much excited to think properly, and went feverishly over and over the list, for fear I had forgotten something. (And in fact I had — a candle for the lantern. But we got it at Montenvers.)

At the train I met Camille, and he handed me the ice axe.

'It belongs to an Englishman, an Everest man,' he said. 'He left it last summer on the top of the Drus, and asked me to get it next time I was up, and keep it till his return.'

I felt honored to carry an Everest man's ice axe. I swung it in my hand. It balanced a little differently from my own, but how good and how natural it felt! I thought with a smile of the days not so very many years ago when I had first held one and it had seemed about as unwieldy as a telephone pole.

Next morning, as we swung along the path in the darkness, I had no need to bring to mind my favorite question, 'Why do we climb?' For the answer seemed obvious. It was all so tremendously good.

During a long climbing summer, custom is likely to blunt the edge of appreciation. But I was coming back to it fresh, and everything carried for me its full weight of pleasure. I was delighted to see again the lights of Chamonix sparkling in the black valley far below, and to think of that whole town full of sleepers, all resting unconscious of us watching them from the mountain side above. Do burglars, I wondered, know this realization of the charm of their working hours, and the sense of power and pity with which one awake and active looks down on those who, unknowing, sleep? The lantern

flashed alternate light and darkness, revelation and mystery. I was amused to discover my feet moving to the rhythm of a moral poem taught me in childhood and forgotten till now: —

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they while their companions slept
> Were toiling upward in the night.

I did not even trouble myself with thoughts about the weather, except to notice that it appeared perfect, starry and cloudless. But everything appeared perfect. I embraced the cheerful fatalism of the mountains. Things would decide themselves — favorably, one hoped — in their own way and their own time. Meanwhile, I was enjoying the moment too thoroughly to bother about the future.

The way was the same, yet not quite the same, like the face of a friend whom one has not seen for a long time and then meets in different surroundings. In the cold air which last September had held the threat of winter was now the fresh sweet smell of spring, with everywhere traces of the arctic season just past. Drifts of old snow smoothed out the hollows of the path. The glacier wore a new and fairer face, its dirty summer ice covered with crisp snowy whiteness. Shod with the long iron spikes of crampons, we crunched quickly and gayly up steep slopes that had been a matter of infinite step cutting the year before. All our old landmarks of crevasses were gone, and others had formed — much smaller, not yet having met the summer's thaws. The Rognon, and second breakfast on the Rognon, seemed almost the same. But even there was a difference — the shelter was all but buried under a winter drift. Above it, snow slopes led quickly to our pass. No bergschrund problems this time — only a little sunlit steepness to remind us of our former delay.

At the foot of the rocks, where we had turned back the previous autumn, we stripped ourselves for the conflict. We left there all but one of our ice axes, and a fat rucksack that contained most of the food and — how deeply did I later regret it!—all our extra wraps. And the climbing began.

At first, as we followed the regular Blaitière route, the going was easy. We moved more or less together, up gullies and cracks, mostly bare rock, but occasionally filled with solid old snow. Our pinnacle now rose right above us, its top bent over to look down at us, very tall and gray and arrogant. I looked up at it with an equal arrogance. 'To-day! . . .'

We must traverse to the left to reach its foot. Camille was watching for a good route, and now he had us wait while he tried a hopeful-looking place. He wriggled up a crack between two huge blocks, and vanished over the top of one.

'Come on.' The porter and I followed, one by one.

Camille now made his way along a sloping snowy shelf under an overhanging rock, where one must move crouching deeply, and at the end from hands and knees reach out across space to good holds on uptilted rock beyond. The porter held the rope and paid it out with care as Camille slowly moved, and I watched him with interest.

We had reached the sort of climbing of which the sensationalist loves to write, 'A slip would be fatal!' I could indeed see out of the corner of my eye the gulfs of bright air below me, and was subconsciously aware that an object starting to fall would not stop for a very long distance. But I also subconsciously realized that Camille knew to the fraction of an inch the limits of climbing possibility, and would always move, comfortably, well within the margins of those limits. Short of some

most unforeseeable event, no slip would occur. And even if there did, the rope, an unusually strong and heavy one, could be counted on for a good deal.

So I watched Camille's gymnastics with no more fear than one watches a person descending a flight of stairs. My interest, though intense, was purely technical. On this passage there were no great difficulties, but one or two tricky spots, and the snow was not absolutely firm. How was he managing that low overhang? I must n't forget to use the clever hold he had found under its edge. How much was he edging his feet into the snow? Off which knee was he starting to swing across the crack?

Beyond that traverse we turned upward again, and followed simple cracks and ledges for some distance higher. The climbing was just hard enough so that we moved one at a time.

Then there came a moment that furnished me with some interest, and Camille and the porter with great amusement. It was a question of pulling one's self up on top of a block, almost entirely by one's arms. To a strong-armed guide, such an incident is of course not even noticeable. No delicacy, no danger — he raises his arms, pulls, and arrives, as he might raise his foot and step up a step. It gives Camille an ever-fresh surprise and joy to find that so simple a process is to me quite another story. Here, I put my arms up and hauled. I raised myself slowly and painfully part way, while he grinned at me.

'But come on! There is no difficulty there.'

My strength gave out completely, and I let myself back down, to a chorus of chuckles.

'Why do you go way down again? You were almost up!'

I panted a while, took a deep breath, and another start. The voice came merrily from above, 'Shall I pull a little?'

'No! No!' A desperate effort — will, nerve, and muscle clenched. My strength just held, and I arrived over the top, worn-out but triumphant, under my own power.

'See, mademoiselle! Did I not say it was easy?'

The air swept clear around. The sky was blue above. The rocks, as we moved on upward, were firm and rough under hand and foot. Living and climbing were very definitely jolly things.

VI

Now our steady advance was checked. The pinnacle, though not visible, must, we knew, be just over us, the ledge not more than thirty or forty feet above where we were. At last we were actually nearing our goal. But there were difficulties to conquer, between. Ten or fifteen feet up from where we stood, the wall of rock broke up and closed into a deep cleft that seemed to promise some sort of climbable chimney from there on. But to get up into this cleft there was no obvious way — nothing but a smooth wall, with a vertical crack too small for toe-wedging or even finger holds.

Leaving me waiting just below with the rucksacks, Camille called the porter up on to a narrow ledge where the crack began. While the porter clung precariously, Camille mounted his shoulders and felt with his hands over the almost imperceptible irregularities of the rock. He found no usable hold. He slid carefully down from the porter's back. I held up his rucksack, and he took from it his ice axe. Then he climbed again on the porter's shoulders, and on to his head. Standing there on one foot, he raised the ice axe and wedged its pointed head into the crack far above him. He pulled and

shook vigorously at the ice axe, to be sure it was solid. Then, grasping its shaft as high as he could easily reach, he lifted his body slowly on his arms. At last it was high enough. He let go with one hand, and, hanging on the ice axe with the other, groped up blindly for a good hold inside the cleft. Soon he found one, and hauled himself up.

The problem having been thus prettily solved, there were, beyond it, only a few minor pulls and wriggles. Soon we found ourselves on the final ledge.

This was indeed as scenic in location as it had seemed when we had twice looked up at it with longing from the glacier. Cut out into the edge of the ridge, it gave views in both directions — glacier, snow field, and rock peak, hundreds of square miles of them, lying below our feet. And just above our heads, smooth and sheer and high, rose the unconquered final needle of our pinnacle.

Things were now becoming rather exciting. The successful end of a year of desire might be very near.

Camille got out his equipment, three or four separate coils of strong cord, with at the end of each a lead weight somewhat smaller than an egg. He untied the first, saw that its coils were ready to run loose, and, holding the cord, twirled the weight a few times around his head, as a boy swings a sling shot. Then he launched it, straight up. High into the sky it flew. Surely it would clear the top. No, it hit just a little low, and came tumbling down. We dodged, and it lay at our feet.

A wind, which we had not noticed before, was rising. Camille launched the weight again. A strong gust came and blew it off to one side.

'We can do nothing,' he said, 'if this wind continues.' We waited anxiously. The wind would die down a bit; then, just as he was ready to throw, it would rise and roar against us, and almost sweep us from our perch. The sun shone so brightly, the sky was so serenely blue, the mountain heights stood so calm and still around, that I could not help feeling this wild wind as something inconsistent, a peculiar perversity of nature, which at any moment ought to vanish as unaccountably as it had come.

We waited, braced against it. As soon as its ferocity had lessened a little, Camille threw the weight again. We held our breath and watched it, soaring up and up, and then, actually, over the top! It looked like victory at last.

'It will be safer to have more than one,' said Camille, and tried another. At his third throw this weight did not return. A second cord lay straight up the rock and over the summit.

'Now, mademoiselle,' said Camille, 'the porter and I will go down and up the other side of the point, to attach the rope to whichever cord we can best reach. You will hold the two of them thus, one in each hand. When I tie on the rope, I will tug the cord three times, and you will notice which, so we may know to which cord the rope is attached.'

He got out his extra rope, doubled it over a point of rock, and he and the porter vanished quickly down it. I was left, holding a cord in each hand and waiting for the tug, like some fantastic fisherman fishing upward in mid-air.

I waited a long time. The two voices calling directions to each other died away into silence, then by some odd trick of echo came clear again, mounting on the other side of the pinnacle. The wind was blowing stronger and stronger, and it was growing colder and colder. Before my eyes were all the kingdoms of the High Alps outspread for my gazing, but before my mind were only two images. Those two held my undivided attention, and on them I concentrated an agonized intensity of longing. One was a vivid mental pic-

ture of my heavy, dark green sweater, which lay in the rucksack on the snow far, far below me, the other an equally vivid anticipation of the feeling of three tugs on one or the other hand.

The voices mounted very slowly now, and anxiety began to darken my expectation. Now I could hear them for a long time, coming from one spot, about level with where I stood. And no tug yet on the cord. The outlook seemed to be growing more and more gloomy.

Then at last the voices moved. They were descending again, the way they had come!

I tried to account for these manœuvres not too unfavorably, to invent pleasant reasons of one sort or another. I clung desperately to the very last straws of hope. But in my heart I knew. I knew very surely that for some reason — I did not yet know what — the pinnacle would not be conquered by us that day.

And slowly, very slowly, as the voices vanished, and then again mounted, coming nearer, I began to realize that I did not after all so greatly care. The autumn before, I had been intensely disappointed, and often during the winter and spring the thought had come to me of that pinnacle, rearing its proud head, waiting for a conqueror. Then this summer chance had seemed to favor me, against all likelihood, step by step — my unexpected presence in Chamonix, Camille's being free on my one day, the rocks not too snowy, the weather perfect, the throws successful. Step by step, chance had helped me on, until victory had appeared to be actually within my grasp.

Now that it was snatched from me — well, it mattered, but it did not matter so much, after all. I waxed philosophical on my mountain peak. Success or failure, what were they but words, anyway? I could already hear in imagination Camille's stock consolation, 'At any rate, we have had a fine day in the open air.' And I knew that it was true, gloriously true. For the rest — well, the mountains had won. They often do. But what a pleasant fight it had been!

When Camille arrived, he discovered for us a small consolation prize.

His gloomy face, as it rose over the edge of the platform, well confirmed my fears.

'Yes, it is impossible. I think it can never be climbed. The weights thrown from here can in no way be reached. Where they fall is on another wall of smooth perpendicular rock, with no ledges or cracks. It is impossible.' The porter nodded gloomily beside him like a Greek chorus.

'Yes, it is impossible.'

Camille hauled in the weights in silence, and they thudded at our feet. Then he looked down. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he became a little more cheerful. He took my arm and pulled me to the end of the ledge.

'Do you see that small point just below?' Yes, I had seen it often on the sky line, as I had looked up at our pinnacle. It stood some fifteen or twenty feet high, perhaps, jutting up from the side of the other, slender, pointed, and perky, a tiny imitation of its bigger brother.

'Let us go down and climb that!' said Camille. 'I am very sure that it has never been climbed before. For it can be reached only from this ledge, and the other parties who attempted this descended the same way they came. So, you will have a *petite première*, after all!'

'A *toute* petite première!' I smiled rather ruefully.

'Ah yes, perhaps,' agreed Camille. 'But,' his voice brightened, and he seemed quite his happy self again, 'anyway, we have had a fine day in the open air!'

FULL AND BY

A Kanaka Voyage

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

In the early days of the Spanish occupation of the Philippines, galleons sailing to South America beat for months against the easterly trades. Scurvy visited these ships, the water became foul, and often only a handful of those who had sailed lived to reach the coast of America.

Men died in the Philippines rather than attempt the return passage. Then a monk, who was about to make the voyage, turned his long and sagacious head to shortening it. He calculated that there were westerly winds to the north that would carry a vessel far to the eastward, after which it could sail south to Valparaiso with a fair wind. He induced the captain of the galleon which was to carry him to sail north from the Philippines, when his destination lay to the south of east. The result was that they ran into the northwesterlies and made an incredibly rapid passage.

Nowadays, ships sailing from the South Seas to San Francisco follow the old monk's precedent. They do not hope to sail within four points of their true course; and even the compass is of little use, for the course is 'full and by the wind' for three thousand miles or more, until the cold weather sets in north of the latitude of San Francisco. Then there is a day or two of varying winds before the northwesterlies thunder down on them. The yards are swung over, the ships wear round, and they sail down their easting with the wind howling over their quarter.

This was the course of the schooner *Tagua*, sailing from Penrhyn Island to San Francisco; covering six thousand miles of open sea between ports three thousand miles apart.

February 20. — This morning the schooner was ready for sea, the firewood and provisions were aboard, the hatches battened down and the sails bent. I started the engine at half-past eight and steeled myself to stay in the engine room with the roaring, clashing, back-firing, murderous thing. Soon Captain Thomson gave the signal to go ahead and we were off, steaming through the Penrhyn lagoon, out of the passage into the open sea. We kept the engine going until we were three miles from land; then dropped the pilot, hoisted all our sail, and with a brisk northeast trade laid our course, full and by on the starboard tack — a course we expect to hold until we are over a thousand miles to the north-northwest of the Hawaiian Islands. Then we will wear around with the first of the westerlies, and sail down our easting to San Francisco. Already we are fifty-six days out of Rarotonga; but we expect to make the coast of California in sixty days more.

February 22. — I have just come in from my eight-to-twelve watch on deck. The night is glorious, with a

fresh easterly breeze; the schooner is holding up to north-by-east with her sails full, slipping through the water at about five knots. I paced the midshiphouse deck for an hour; then lay on the weather side of the deck to glance up at the sails blocking out the stars, and at the gesticulations of the topmasts in the sky. The full moon shone on me with a benign yellow light; the wind blew over my bare arms and chest, insinuating a sensuous pleasure, making me aware that it is good to be alive.

Lying on deck, I could check up on Six-Seas' steering by watching the shadow of a rail stanchion beside me. When he was on his course it lay nearly athwartship. When the shadow changed its angle in relation to the ship I roared aft at him, and in a moment the shadow had swung back to its proper position.

These last two nights the sky has been striped with a peculiar cloud formation; long round clouds, not over one hundred yards in diameter, stretch for miles from east to west, losing themselves in conical points that dip below the horizon. They give the impression of parallels of latitude drawn upon the sky; of Gargantuan loaves of French bread falling like manna from Heaven. They are sombre overhead, and when we pass beneath them the wind is killed and the sails boom back and forth; but once beyond their shadow, and the wind howls down the cloud-fenced lane. Where they touch the horizon it appears that it has risen to touch them, and that we are sailing over a concave sea. This gives a perspective of vast distances.

February 26. — The sky is changing to a paler and more delicate blue, and the ocean is losing that profound ultramarine of southern seas. Perhaps this has something to do with the Equatorial Current that brings cold water from the Horn by way of the Humboldt Current. Though we are close to the equator, the temperature has dropped to seventy-three to-night, and I find a sweater comfortable during my watch on deck.

Captain Thomson tells me that on one voyage, while trying to make Malden Island, the Equatorial Current set him to westward seventy-two miles in one day; and when he was sailing as mate with Captain Williams they beat against the current for over twenty days, trying to make a distance of sixty miles! At the end of three weeks they were farther from the island than when they started, and, as the water was giving out, they had to return to Penrhyn. The next time they sailed for Malden they made their easting in lower latitudes, then sailing down on the island with the current.

This led to Malden Island and stories of the many ships that have been wrecked there. The island is not visible from more than seven miles at sea, for it is only a low bank of sand and guano; at night it cannot be sighted five hundred yards away; probably many a ship has touched its reef before land was made out.

'Two ships were piled up on Malden within nine days of one another,' the Captain related. 'But the story does n't start there; it starts two or three months before the war, when Palmer, the owner of Malden, went there with a German chemist named Bach, who had given up his profession, for some mysterious reason, and wanted to get away from the world. There are plenty of that kind of people in the South Seas; they are a good set to keep away from. After they had been on Malden six months a ship came to load their guano and bring provisions. This ship brought news of the war, which greatly upset the German chemist.

'A few months after the ship sailed, dysentery broke out and several of the labor boys died. Then one night, when Palmer was down on his back with the sickness, Bach came tramping in with a shotgun to his shoulder. His eyes were blazing and his face flushed with fever. Pointing the gun at Palmer, he yelled: "You're a damned Britisher! I'm going to kill you!"

'Just then Palmer did n't care whether Bach shot or not, or whether he was a Britisher or a German. But in a moment or two the chemist changed his mind about killing Palmer immediately. He cried: "I'll let you live if you cheer for the German Empire and shout: 'Hoch der Kaiser!' "

'Well,' the Captain continued, 'the owner told me that he shouted everything Bach told him to. He could see that the German was in a high fever and that he did n't know what he was doing. Bach was satisfied and left, saying that he would make the whole gang cheer for the Kaiser, shooting anyone who refused.

'After that Palmer saw no one for eleven days. The first two days he had nothing to eat; but he managed to crawl to his water bottle and bring it to his bed. On the second day, while he was wondering what had become of his house boy, and whether the German had shot all his labor gang, a hen came cackling into the room. She made a nest in a basket of clothes and laid an egg. Palmer did not disturb the egg; but when the hen came back the next day and laid another, he crept to the basket and ate it. For nine days the hen came, each day laying an egg. On these, and the gallon of water in his bottle, he lived.

'On the twelfth day the house boy returned with a story about how the German had chased the gang to the other side of the island, shouting meaningless words and firing at them. When Palmer asked the boy why he had not returned sooner, he fell into a stubborn silence; when he asked what had become of Bach, the boy made the evasive reply that he had disappeared.

'It is not known what happened to Bach; but Palmer believes that the laborers killed him, put his body in a canoe with the shotgun, and shoved it to sea — the canoe and the shotgun were missing when Palmer was able to get up and take stock of things. The alternative is that Bach put to sea in the canoe, with some wild fever-born notion that he would raid the high seas for the Fatherland.

'The dysentery passed, leaving a wretched set of men, starving and baking on that bank of sand. No ships were seen for ten months, their own schooner having been piled up on the North Island of New Zealand, and their Colonial office being too bankrupt to charter a ship at the high rates shipowners were asking during the war. The food supply ran low; then the loneliness of the place started working on their nerves until they doubted if there had ever been any ships, or any lands outside of Malden. In their soberer moments they conjectured that Germany had won the war, and that they had been forgotten in the confusion of forming new colonies.

'One night Palmer sat on his verandah in a despondent mood. He was worn to a skeleton with sickness and starvation; the solitude was palling on him until he was on the verge of insanity; his nights were sleepless and horrible. There was nothing but the sand and the sea — the monotonous, maddening rumble of the breakers on the reef. The labor boys had long since refused to work; they lay in their bunks in a state of lethargy, and even Palmer's house boy had refused to cook his meals. He told me that it was very still that night. He was sitting upright

in his steamer chair, his body too tense with the ever-increasing terror of solitude to allow him to relax. He was listening to the silence, gazing into the darkness, as he had been doing for months; waiting, expecting, hoping to hear or to see something, — something unnamable but expected, — something that would break the terrible tension he was under.

'And suddenly that something came. The darkness was broken by a white flame that filled the whole sky with a seething mass of fire! The clouds, the island, the houses of the laborers were illuminated brighter than day; and the next instant, from that great stillness that had not been broken for months except by the low rumble of the surf, there came an ear-rending explosion. The island shook to its base, the houses swayed, windows were broken. Then, from the sky, came a rain of iron and wood that crashed through the tin-roofed houses and strewed the ground with wreckage.

'Palmer jumped to his feet with a scream; he believed he was going mad. His laborers were running from their houses, shrieking with fear. One had been killed and several injured, and his house boy had run to a corner of the verandah, where he crouched down, whining like a frightened animal.

'The sky closed above them and instantly it became pitchy dark. The last piece of wreckage fell to the ground. With their ears numbed by the explosion, it had become deathly still. For a few moments no one moved. Then, out of the darkness, came a straggling line of panic-stricken castaways. They were the crew of the first ship to touch Malden for ten months! She had been loaded with twelve tons of dynamite on top of a general cargo including a thousand cases of gasoline. When she struck the reef the crew had piled overboard, swum ashore, and rushed inland. A few moments later a topmast had broken loose and fallen through the main hatch, exploding the dynamite.

'Now Palmer had to feed this lot, and he did not have enough for himself. There was nothing to do but catch fish and kill all the poultry — only the hen that had fed him he refused to kill. But in nine days a second ship ran on to the reef. From her a good supply of food was salvaged, as well as two longboats. One of these boats was sent to Penrhyn and the other to Fanning Island. The Penrhyn one met with the *Vaiite* in port, and she put off to Malden and rescued them.'

February 28. *Midnight.* — We have been holystoning decks to-day preparatory to oiling them. In order to keep both watches working all day, the Captain has decided to give them the entire night below, and he and I are standing watch and watch alone to-night. The wheel has been lashed since early this morning, and we find that the *Tagua* sails better than if there were a man at the helm.

The Captain took the dogwatch from six to eight and called me at one bell (ten minutes to eight). When I went on deck it was quite dark, for the moon had not risen. I could hear Andy at the pumps; a moment later they sucked, he climbed over the break of the midship-house, wished me a pleasant watch, and went below.

I was alone; there might not have been another soul on the ship, on the sea, or on the earth. A disquieting impression of estrangement from the world came over me when I glanced across the dark undulating water, then up at the towering sails shimmering mysteriously in the starlight. The sailing lights burned feebly, casting a colored glow on the water when the ship lay over; a ray from Andy's lamp shone

through the skylight, throwing a patch of glaring whiteness on the mainsail. It vanished suddenly; my feeling of loneliness increased as I stared at the emptiness of the sea, at the old schooner moving noiselessly through the water like a phantom ship.

Presently I lay on deck with the midshiphouse skylight for a pillow. By imperceptible degrees the windward shrouds became more distinct; the halyards and lifts stood out more sharply against the dimming stars. Then a milky light, tenuous and illusive, paled the east, and the moon rose, blood-red and enormous, over a bank of clouds. The wind freshened with the moonrise, the schooner lay over gracefully, and there came a musical ripple of water along her sides and a soft churning under her counter.

Romeo, our ship's tomcat, appeared, walking pompously like some well-groomed steamboat captain showing off his chest and mustachios to the lady passengers. But when he was beside me he forgot his dignity, rubbed his head against my arm, and purred. Then he became frolicsome, playing mouse and cat with the ends of the handkerchief tied around my neck, springing from side to side, leaping on one corner of the handkerchief to shake it and then jumping back to a crouching position and staring at me with round glowing eyes. Before long he tired of this play, crawled on top of me, and squeezed his head between my sweater and singlet. The warmth must have been pleasant, for soon his shoulders and front paws were under; then the whole cat was beneath the sweater, curled comfortably and purring. But soon the purring ceased; Romeo was asleep.

For a time I watched the stars; then I also dropped asleep, flagrantly leaving the old schooner to the treachery of the sea.

I woke with a start, jumping to my feet before my eyes were open. Something terrible was happening. There was a caterwauling going on *inside* me! My alimentary canal seemed to be doing handsprings and contortionist's feats! Romeo was in the throes of a nightmare. He scratched my chest, clawed my sweater, and yowled rabidly. With a snapping of buttons and a rending of cloth I managed to pull off the sweater. Romeo dropped to the deck; the next instant, with a flash of red eyes, his shadow weirdly elongated with tail erect, he raced across the deck and was gone. Again peace settled over the ship.

But Romeo did me a good turn, for when I was able to look about me I saw a black squall racing toward the ship. In a moment it had hidden the moon, and already the wind was freshening. I ran aft and took the lashing off the wheel. A moment later the squall struck us with a blast of rain, keeling the schooner far over. I laid the wheel hard alee until we were running with the wind abeam and the *Tagua* had straightened on to an evener keel. She was a beautiful sight charging through the rain and spray, her lines taut, her sails bellying, the foam fanning out thirty yards from either bow.

Captain Thomson poked his head out of his after port. 'All right, Ropati?' he called.

'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Just a little squall. We're in the worst of it now.'

'Keep her full!' he called back. 'I woke with a feeling that something was wrong; but I knew you would be keeping a good lookout, so I did n't go on deck.'

'Thank goodness you did n't!' I muttered to myself.

Shortly after the squall had passed I heard the clock in the Captain's cabin strike eight bells. I must have slept over an hour! I called Andy, pumped the ship, and then came to my

cabin to write my journal and meditate on my perfidy.

March 1. — We ran out of the southeast trades into the doldrums this morning. Now, in the first dogwatch, we are within twenty-five miles of Fanning Island; but, as it is an atoll, we have not sighted it.

What a change is made by the cessation of the southeast trade! Gloom has settled over the little schooner; the sailors talk about their wives and sweethearts in a remorseful tone, wondering if there is the slightest hope that they will be faithful. Most of the men are sane enough to realize that there is no hope. Captain Thomson is gloomy, and there is a sarcastic bite to his words. Neither of us sleeps well, for we are in constant apprehension concerning our masts, wondering if they will stand. We go to sleep thinking about them; at the slightest unusual noise we wake with a start, our nerves tense, believing the masts are going by the board.

March 2. — This is the second sweltering day. The sea heaves in oily undulations under a cloudless sky; the schooner's sails hang limply, billowing intermittently with a cannonade of flapping canvas as the schooner lies over, scooping up the still air in the hollow of her wings. Blocks rattle, shackles grate on traveler irons, lines strain and slacken; the yards groan against the masts until Captain Thomson or I come on deck cursing to set up the tackles. Each morning the sun rises on a cloudless horizon, ascends to the zenith, and blazes down implacably. From noon to sunset a haze gathers over the sea, blotting out the horizon so that the gray of the sea mingles with the scintillant blue of the sky. It gives a fantastic illusion, limiting the schooner to a smouldering pool of sea in the midst of a blazing void.

Decks are washed down every few hours, but it does little good, for the water evaporates as fast as it is thrown on, leaving the tar to boil in the seams, scorching the bare feet of the sailors. Yesterday there was relief in jumping over the side, to lie for hours in the tepid water; but this morning a great tiger shark smelled us out and came to lie under the counter. From then on, if a sweating sailor jumped over the side the shark woke with a lazy flap of his tail that sent him hurtling through the water and the sailor scrambling back on deck.

Only he who has been becalmed in a sailing vessel can appreciate the weariness of these blazing days. The sea, the wind, the sun, the very air, are somnolent and enervating. Each day brings a rehearsal of petulance and suffering, pacing the deck, cursing the calm, unceasingly watching the horizon for the promise of a breeze.

March 3. — Last night at eight bells Captain Thomson told me to start the engine, for a northwesterly wind had sprung up and he wanted to bring the ship on the port tack. I descended into the bowels of the ship not only with misgivings but with actual panic. The ridiculous thought flashed through my brain: 'Who knows? Perhaps I shall never come out alive.'

'That is absurd! Don't be a coward!' I shouted to myself.

'Absurd?' the little voice mocked. 'You will know how absurd it is when the ship goes up in flames!'

This was the first time I had been in the engine room at night. By the light of my electric torch things assumed an unfamiliar appearance. As I walked around the engine a great coil of spring with a red knob on the end of it caught my eye. I knelt down to examine it; never had I noticed it before. It occurred to me that something was broken. That would be an excuse for

not starting the machine — but no! The thing had always been there, probably — I hoped so, at any rate. A rat ran squealing under my nose. His eyes gleamed red and malevolent. Turning my flash light on the leaky fuel tank, I noticed that around the tap it was damp with gasoline.

'That's where the fire will enter,' I muttered; 'but I shan't know the difference; there will be just one great explosion, and my troubles will be over!'

I opened the sea cock, primed the cylinders, and turned on the switch. Then I pulled the wheel over gingerly. The engine started at once, racing at a mad rate. There was a back fire — bang! I jumped back, my whole body atremble, struck my head against the iron ladder, and dropped my flash light.

Jet blackness!

The engine was racing at a terrific speed, and now and then the room was illumined by a flash of blue flame through the carburetor flues. The flash light rolled against my feet; I fell on my knees and groped for it. Just then the flame of a back fire ignited some gasoline on the base of the machine. Instantly the whole room seemed to be in flames! With a yell of horror I jumped for the fire extinguisher and frantically pumped it into the flames. They subsided as quickly as they had risen.

The telegraph rang with a clarion sound. By this time I was as nervous as an old hen with her brood, and the sound of the bell made me jump a foot from the floor. But in a moment I had better control of myself, so I threw in the clutch and turned to the throttle and spark. The latter was far advanced, for I had forgotten to attend to it before starting the machine. I retarded it, the back-firing ceased, and the engine chugged away at a more reasonable rate.

Presently the stop signal sounded. I turned off the switch, the gasoline, and the sea cock; then climbed on deck. Edging up to the Captain, who was bellowing orders to the sailors, I related my troubles. It was several moments before he found time to answer me.

'Oh, well,' he said with an expansive sweep of his hand, 'you'll have to get used to that kind of thing, my son.' Then he went into his cabin to forget my alarming experience while reading an unexpurgated volume of *Arabian Nights*.

At twelve I had to start the engine again, for the northwesterly wind had died as soon as we got the ship around, and now a squall was forming on our starboard beam. I do not know why I have this absurd fear of machinery. I have read of no such phobias; but apparently such a one exists, and I am one of its victims. I have not been aware of it before this voyage, for a person living in the South Seas does not come in contact with machinery more deadly than a phonograph or a typewriter — but even with the latter I have had moments of apprehension lest I inadvertently jam my finger in some of its mysterious mechanism.

March 4. — Still in the doldrums. Strong current setting us to the southwest.

I have just finished reading Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native*. While trading in Puka-Puka I read *The Mayor of Casterbridge* with great pleasure, and years ago equally enjoyed *Life's Little Ironies*. A year ago, when sailing from Puka-Puka to Tahiti, I stole a copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree* from Harrison of Rakahanga. It turned out to be one of the stolen fruits that are not sweet — an empty, cheap love comedy of uninteresting yokels, without even a plot to add a little spice to it. *The Return of the*

Native was better, but that is about all that can be said for it. The reader has no sympathy for any of the characters except the villainess, Eustacia; he is repelled by the ones Hardy (presumably) wishes him to sympathize with — such as the meddlesome Mrs. Yeobright, who, after wrecking her niece's life, must dabble her pragmatical fingers in her son's affairs with an equally disastrous result. And one is bored by such a moon calf as Clym, the hero, who has not the slightest appreciation of his delightful wife, the villainess. But the reader does sympathize a little with the terrible Wildeve, though he finds the gentle Thomasin quite empty. And the rest of the characters are hackneyed stage property: Christian Cantle, the village idiot; Grandfer Cantle, the lively old man; the mysterious reddleman who always turns up at the opportune moment to take charge of the fates of all the characters. Only Eustacia lives and is adorable; but even she is tinged with a certain cheap romanticism — a juvenile Meg Merrilies. Hardy certainly is an uneven writer; I remember reading one of his poems in which he previsioned the effect of his death on his friends. I thought it the most exquisite piece of work I had ever read.

March 5. — We are in the northeast trades at last; but they are boisterous winds, sombrous with heavy rain squalls that keep us busy day and night, letting go the main and jib halyards when the wind freshens, and hoisting the sails when it lightens. 'Carrying on' is impossible on this crippled schooner. I keep the main halyard coiled on deck, ready to run free, and one of the sailors standing by it when the wind freshens. A lively sea is working up, but the *Tagua* rides it handsomely, hardly wetting her decks.

To-night I sat on the skylight with Six-Seas while Ropes was doing his trick at the wheel. I showed him the North Star pointers, telling him that we should see Polaris soon, and that it would be our guide all the way to San Francisco, rising higher in the sky as we sailed north. Then I pointed out the Southern Cross, and asked him if he had noticed that it was nearer the horizon than formerly. He told me that all the sailors had been watching it. They thought it strange, but had decided that it was all right, and that presently it would return to its old place.

'Perhaps it means a strong wind or rain squalls,' Six-Seas ventured.

I expressed my doubts; then changed the subject to America, and began telling him of the wonders he would see. Before he left to take the wheel he offered to wash my clothes in the morning; all of which demonstrates that it is worth while being civil.

March 6. 9 P.M. — At dawn the sky was stippled with high mackerel clouds, giving it the appearance of an inverted choppy sea. Lower down, long mare's-tails veined across the higher clouds, stretching from the eastern horizon to the zenith. They were an awe-inspiring sight, refulgent with the opaline flush of dawn. Captain Thomson's face clouded when he came on deck, for mackerel clouds and mare's-tails are a sailor's infallible sign of heavy weather. Throughout the day we watched the barometer. As it remained steady, we took in no sail; but we kept our reefing gear on deck, ready for an emergency.

At the beginning of the first dog-watch the sky was murky, but there was no sign of a squall. It was my watch below, so I went into the Captain's cabin to talk to him while we waited for our dinner. But there was no dinner for us to-night. I had not been below a half hour when a screaming

gust of wind struck us, canting the schooner far over on her beam.

'My God! The masts!' Andy cried. Thrusting his head through the porthole, he yelled to Seaside's watch to let go the main halyard; but before anything could be done the second mate shouted aft that the foresail was going.

Captain Thomson and I rushed out of the cabin. The wind was strong enough to sweep a man from deck, and the schooner keeled so far over that we had to catch hold of the taffrail to keep from sliding to the leeward side. We pulled ourselves on to the midship-house, and from there saw a rent in the foresail, between the first and second reef point bands. The Captain yelled to Six-Seas and Food to stand by the peak and throat halyards; but before they could cross the waist the rent broke through the reef bands, and with one great rending of canvas the sail was gone, leaving only long streamers of canvas whipping from the boltrope. One by one these were torn off and carried a hundred yards across the water before they fell; within a few moments there was hardly a yard of canvas left.

Rain poured down and the wind increased until it was blowing at hurricane force. The flying jib had been taken in at the beginning of the dog-watch. Now we managed to tie up the jib; but when we tried to lower the mainsail so that we could run before the wind without forestaysail, with all hands on the downhaul we could not budge it. As it was impossible to lay the schooner off from the wind without more headsails, — or less after sails, — we were obliged to make the best of it.

All hands, the Captain working harder than the rest, jumped on to the wreck of the foresail, unbending the boltrope with its half-dozen strips of ragged canvas. It was heavy work with the rain lashing against us, the wind blowing so fiercely we could not stand without a support. When we had the yards clear he heaved and strained, pulling a new foresail out of the lazaret; then we went to work bending it on. A description of such a task would mean little to a landsman; suffice it to say that when we were through our fingers were bleeding and our muscles ached. Still we had to double-reef and hoist it, and, when that was done, swing the schooner off from the wind so that we could lower the mainsail and reef it. By nine o'clock the schooner was as snug as we could make her.

It is my watch below. I lie back in my berth, listening to the rain pouring on the cabin top, the high-pitched sustained screaming of the wind. At every lurch of the ship I feel my heart jump and my muscles become tense; I cannot forget our crippled masts, and the fact that if they go while we are on this tack they will fall directly over my cabin. It is marvelous that they stood this evening! When the foresail blew out of her boltrope the Captain said to me: 'That is the only thing that saved our masts! If we had been wearing a new foresail, and she had held, no power on earth could have saved us.'

Later. — I went on deck at midnight to stand a watch of four galling hours. The rain soaked through and poured down the neck of my oilskin; the schooner rolled so violently it was impossible to warm myself by pacing the deck. At three in the morning the sky cleared; but again high mackerel clouds stippled the sky, and long mare's-tails stretched from the horizon to the zenith. I wonder if they mean the end of the storm or another one brewing?

March 7. Noon. — I turned in at 4 A.M. Ten minutes later Seaside called me. When I came on deck he pointed to the east, where miles of jet-black clouds were rolling up. During the ten

or fifteen minutes I watched, I could see the storm approaching us at an appalling rate, probably no less than ninety miles an hour.

I called Captain Thomson, then returned to my own cabin, intent on sleep no matter what happened, for I had had no sleep since the night before. For ten or fifteen minutes I slept soundly. I was wakened gradually by the wind shrieking over the ship with a greater pandemonium than the night before. I seemed to be consciously forcing myself to sleep on, while the noise was forcing me to waken. The latter won. When fully roused I jumped out of my berth and ran to the after companionway. Captain Thomson stood at the helm. His face was drawn; the muscles on his bare arms bulged as he threw his whole weight on the wheel. Glancing beyond him, it seemed to me that the whole sea was a mass of foam tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. The sky was partially obscured by ragged clouds, rushing past a crescent moon with incredible speed.

'My God! This is terrible!' Andy cried; then, in native tongue: '*E matangi teie!*' A moment later he saw me and shouted: 'How do they stand it? It's unbelievable!'

I knew he was speaking about the masts, for we could think of little else during a storm. We were under short canvas, but still the *Tagua* tore through the water, heaving her bows into the air and plunging them into the sea with a mad burst of spray. The water roared and churned under our counter, and at times our lee rail would be buried three feet under.

In half an hour the Captain turned over the wheel to Second-Return, and we both went into his cabin, it being on the weather side, in less danger should the masts go. Lying on the floor, I tried to sleep, but it was useless. At six o'clock the storm had passed. Then the wind fell so light we had to turn out both watches, shake the reefs out of the sails, and hoist them to steady the ship, for she was rolling madly, putting the masts in greater danger than before. By the time the reefs were shaken out and the sails set the cabin boy had brought our breakfast, and when it was eaten eight bells had rung, and it was again my watch on deck.

Midnight. — These squall storms seem to come shortly before sundown and sunrise. A third one swept over us this evening, like a small hurricane, lasting a little over an hour, blowing at eighty to ninety miles an hour. We were prepared for this one, and both of us were too stupefied and exhausted from lack of sleep and the hard work to care how hard it blew.

At 8 P.M., when I went on deck, the sky was clear and the wind blowing at its usual force; but the seas were too high and choppy for the schooner to make any headway against them. Andy paced the deck with me, tired but elated, hoping that we had weathered the last of these hundred-mile-diameter squalls. He gave me his views on why sailors seldom desert the sea for other vocations, once they have been through the pleasure and pain of a deep-sea voyage.

'It's the contrasts that give a man a zest in life that landsmen can never know,' he explained. 'See what gusto we get out of a night like this! Our spirits are exulting, singing as though we were full of fine champagne. And if it had n't been for the horror we went through in those storm squalls we should n't be able to appreciate this fine weather. A man living ashore does n't know what it is to look up into a fine clear sky and feel his spirits shouting for joy; to feel the trade wind blowing fresh against his face, singing

in his ears in tune with the singing of his own spirits. Curse of Satan on a landlubber's life! None of it for me! I'd rather be at sea in a rotten old schooner like this than living in a palace ashore. And when a sailor does go ashore he can enjoy wine, women, beefsteaks, and an easy life, as no shore man ever dreamt of enjoying them. Yes, sir; you have to go through misery and misery on top of misery before you can appreciate the good things of life!'

March 8. — To-day Captain Thomson and I discussed old sailor parlance, the subject having been suggested by my whistling after dinner.

'There you are!' he cried. 'A man would take you for a Mississippi steamboat mate! When we get past the "fairlyones," and anchored in Frisco Bay, I'll buy you and the cabin boy a tin whistle each.' He then started in on a deep-water yarn about how the mate had caught him whistling when he was a boy aboard a square-rigger, and how he had boxed his ears.

'But old Jackson, the mate, was n't such a bad sort,' he went on. 'He explained to me later that whistling is especially disagreeable to Saint Anthony, the patron of sailors. During Anthony's life he had been pestered by small boys whistling behind him, and ever since he took charge of the sea and sailing ships he has brought bad luck to vessels that have allowed that kind of music aboard. On one of the old square-riggers a man would be hazed by the whole crew if he was caught whistling.'

Andy was silent for a moment. Then he continued: 'Funny things, these sailor superstitions, if that's what you're pleased to call them. There's Fiddler's Green, for instance.'

'It's some sort of a paradise for dead sailors, is n't it?' I hazarded, remembering that Captain Viggo often referred to it and Barney's Bull.

'Yes,' said Andy. Then, with a burst of erudition, he explained: 'It's much the same as the Viking's Valhalla, or the Indian's Happy Hunting Ground, or the Moslem's Paradise. The Vikings reckoned that the nearest thing to bliss would be a place where they could fight all day and drink all night — blood and meat were their idea of a fine time, so they filled their Valhalla with them. The Indians imagined plains covered with buffalo; the Moslems built a paradise with palaces, and gardens full of plump women, and fountains gushing wine and milk and honey. Only the Christians made a mess of their hereafter by leaving the pleasant sins of the world out of it. Sailormen would never accept a Christian Heaven, even though they might go to the church with their girls when ashore. They decided, long ago, that the only fit paradise for a sailor is Fiddler's Green.'

'Suppose you stop beating about the bush and tell me something about Fiddler's Green. We may all be there before long, and I'd like to know something about it.'

'Hm!' the Captain said, giving me a hard look. 'Just shake her up in the wind, my boy, and be patient until I come alongside. Now, this Fiddler's Green is a place where every morning a man wakes up on a ship that's homeward bound. He's coming into port, — into the Golden Gate, let's say, — the weather's fine, the sky clear, and there's a spanking fair wind. On all sides of the bay the hills are covered with green grass, flowers are scattered here and there, and some fine old white oaks with doves cooing among the leaves, and squirrels doing handsprings on the boughs. And all along the bay, and all around Angel Island and Goat Island and the rest of 'em, are rows of saloons with girls dancing on the grass

before them, to the music of fiddlers dressed in green pants and coats with brass buttons!

'Well, in no time at all the ship is tied up, the men paid off, and the mate strides out on deck with a smile, and says, "That'll do, boys!" Then, more'n likely, the crew thrash the mate for all the hazing he has given them on the voyage, and then tumble ashore. When they get there they naturally carouse and fight, and whichever way they turn there's always a fine saloon with a mahogany bar, and brass spittoons, and plenty of free lunch, and dozens of fiddlers playing, and girls dancing before it. When night comes they sit down to drink and tell long yarns; and everyone can talk at once, and hear everyone else at the same time — fine place, eh? By and by they turn in, and roll off into a happy drunken oblivion.

'But the fine thing about this Fiddler's Green is that when they wake up they are coming into the Golden Gate again, on a homeward-bound ship, with the clear sky and the spanking breeze, with the banks all covered with grass and flowers, and the saloons and the fiddlers and the girls dancing for all they're worth. So, you see, death becomes one glorious homecoming after another!'

March 11. — At noon to-day, while taking a meridian altitude, I observed a large sun spot. This is disquieting.

Killed one of the pigs. Andy and I are slightly ill from overeating. My aversion to port has suddenly disappeared; the reason is too evident to mention.

March 19. — This morning, at 4 A.M., a fresh breeze sprang up from the southeast; we took a deep breath as we eased off the sheets and let the schooner run free. This is the first time since leaving Rarotonga, eighty-four days ago, that we have been able to sail within three points of our course to San Francisco. We are passing far to the leeward of the Hawaiian Islands. This morning we cleared the Frost Shoal by five miles, with Nihoa Shoal to windward and Becker Islet out of sight to leeward. Navigating through these shoals is delicate work, but, having fine weather, we can take sights both day and night. It is my week navigating. I expected the Captain to check up on my sights with observations of his own, but he seems satisfied with my work, only watching the course I plot on the chart.

We picked up our first California gannet on the sixteenth; this morning five more joined us. They will have poor pickings in the wake of this hungry schooner.

It is appreciably colder. Our Manihiki sailors wear sweaters and coats during the day watches, though the thermometer has not yet fallen to sixty. I seem to be acclimating myself remarkably well.

We are approaching the northern edge of the northeast trades. One of these days when a cold blast comes howling down from the northwest; when fog banks roll down on us, insinuating their clammy fingers through our clothes; when the sun is lost for weeks at a time behind high curtains of clouds that shadow depression and despair on men of the sea; when storms raise their ugly heads, blowing icy spray in our face — then we may well cringe and wish ourselves back in the warm tropics. . . . Nonsense! When these things come we will show the elements how much manhood there is in the crew of this schooner!

(*The 'Kanaka Voyage' will be concluded in October*)

WHY I SHOULD FIND IT DIFFICULT TO BECOME A ROMAN CATHOLIC

BY REVEREND WILLIAM ORCHARD

I

THE statements in this article are by its very title advertised to be personal; therefore no apology is needed for the intrusion of the personal element and the emphasizing of the personal point of view. The writer's position is not merely personal, it is intensely individual, and is perhaps quite isolated; for he speaks for no one but himself; he has no organized Church behind him, nor party which he represents; indeed, he sometimes wonders whether, even in the vast modern variety of Christian belief, there exists one other person who accepts so much of the Roman Catholic position and yet remains a non-Roman. Therefore, I have been careful to head this personal contribution so as to discriminate my exact position from the outset: 'Why I should find it *difficult* to become a Roman Catholic.' For I could not write under any such title as 'Why I could never become a Roman Catholic'; I could imagine many conditions under which I should find it possible or necessary to do so. Neither should I feel comfortable writing under the title, 'Why I am not a Roman Catholic.' It is conceivable that I might become one before I come to the end of this article; which confesses how near to becoming a Roman I often feel I am, though the 'little less' may be 'how far away'! I often wish that I had been born a Roman Catholic in a predominantly Roman Catholic country; for I was not — I only know that I should find it difficult to make a change. I am well aware that, among the difficulties, pride and cowardice may play their part, even though I might find no trace of either. Nevertheless it is possible to state, with some assurance of sincerity, that I am sure I should n't find it difficult to *be* a Roman Catholic, but only to *become* one. I have thought about that possibility hundreds of times, and have read every Roman apology I could lay my hands on. I rarely read anything on the other side; I find Protestant polemics even more unsatisfactory. I know, too, that I myself should find it much easier to be writing on the Roman side. The passport of power and strength that would be gained is always most alluring. Why, then, do I remain where I am?

It has been suggested to me that the real reason why I do not become a Roman Catholic is either that I am one of those eccentrics who rejoice in taking up a peculiar and isolated position or that I am too personally involved in the work I am doing, and am unwilling to relinquish the position it gives me and sink myself in a wider communion. I need hardly answer anyone who understands what it means that my present position is far too lonely and difficult for me to rejoice in it; but I admit that there is considerable truth in my wanting to continue at my present work. For many years I have been convinced, and I have been endeavoring to persuade others, that there is no insuper-

able barrier between what is essential to Catholicism and what is vital to Protestantism. I believe that an unnatural divorce has taken place inside the Christian religion, and although it has been pushed to extremes by controversy, both sides are standing for something true and vital, but complementary rather than contradictory. I strive so to interpret Catholicism to Protestants as to show them that Catholicism enshrines and protects all that is vital to real evangelical faith, and this has often had considerable success with sincere and single-minded lovers of our Lord. I have had far less obvious success in persuading Roman Catholics that a great deal in the position of Protestants is due not only to ignorance, but to genuine fears, which Roman Catholic authorities could remove without violating a single one of their principles. If I became a Roman Catholic I could do this work no longer. Moreover, 'conversions' only further exacerbate an embittered situation; and particularly the fact that they are called 'conversions,' for this word has a widely different annotation on the opposing side.

Even if the hope of reconciliation that I am pursuing is chimerical, there are, however, wider aspects of my work which I fear I should also have to surrender if I became a Roman Catholic. I am naturally impressed with the primary need of persuading this generation that there is a God, that Christ is divine, and that some kind of Church is even a human necessity. The great majority of our people to-day are far away, not only from Roman Catholicism, but from Protestantism, and they have a good deal to accept before they can even come in sight of the things that divide us. Further, I am convinced of the need for confronting the vague religiosity, in which so many others are content to remain, with the claims of personal religion and the call of Christ.

If I were a Roman Catholic, these three main concerns of my ministry would be brought to a close. If I may judge from most Roman Catholic sermons I hear, I should have to confine myself to a much narrower set of concerns. I should no longer be able to address myself to the hostile, the indifferent, or the half-convinced; the very fact that I was a Roman Catholic would make it impossible for me to get the hearing that I have hitherto been able to obtain. This may be due to the mere prejudice of the majority of my countrymen, but I have to take them as I find them.

II

I am well aware that no consideration of the work one is doing, or supposes one is doing, should settle the question whether one should or should not become a Roman Catholic, and I am not giving this as a sufficient reason for remaining where I am.

There are, however, other consequences of crossing which I should find more difficult to reconcile myself to than a restricted audience on a narrower platform. I find no difficulty in accepting the whole of Roman Catholic doctrine, as defined, including the infallibility of the Pope. Nevertheless, I am compelled to distinguish between the statements of defined doctrine, authoritative teachers, and saintly mystics and the statements which I often hear in Roman Catholic pulpits or read in the popular books of devotion and propagandist tracts. The general religious attitude which seems to prevail among considerable numbers of the Roman Catholic laity I find a great stumblingblock; and it seems to me to be fostered by the emphasis placed upon the formal acceptance of doctrine and the performance of ex-

ternal practice, and the absence of a sufficient balancing insistence upon the interior apprehension of faith and the need for its expression in personal and social life.

Perhaps some instances should be given. I find no difficulty in the Tridentine definitions as to what takes place in the consecration of the bread and wine in the Mass; but I very much doubt whether the popular understanding preserves the Tridentine balance which, in its main statements, is careful to insist that it is the *substance* of the bread and wine which is changed, and this becomes the *substance* of the body and blood of our Lord. If 'substance' were omitted on either side, I take it we should be presented with an entirely different explanation. I therefore welcome the doctrine of transubstantiation, because it relieves us from any idea that in receiving the Sacrament we shall be consuming the accidental qualities of Christ's flesh and blood. But the very word 'substance,' even when it is carefully insisted on, is unfortunately liable, because of its modern connotation, to crude and carnal conceptions. It is because of this that transubstantiation is so feared and hated by Protestants; the term 'substance' is entirely misunderstood by them. But I am not at all sure that all Roman Catholics understand it — which thus leaves room for gross and misleading notions.

Again, I find no difficulty in accepting the theological definition of the position awarded to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Our Lord, and this right up to the declaration of the Immaculate Conception, which, I understand, really only involves that something was granted to her by anticipation similar to what Christian baptism bestows upon us all — namely, freedom from original sin. I think it is impossible to exaggerate the position she has among the saints who now intercede for us in glory, who was chosen to be the Mother of Him who is Very God of very God. Nevertheless, I should find it difficult to use some of the prayers addressed to her, which seem to me to pass beyond the asking of her prayers and to become petitions addressed to her, and sometimes apparently with the idea that they have more efficacy when addressed to her than if addressed to her Divine Son. I do not feel very comfortable in joining in the Litany of Loreto, when that is recited before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for worship. I trust I am not grudging or envious of the theological position given to the Blessed Virgin; indeed, I am gratefully conscious of the elevation of our humanity involved in her exaltation; but I am jealous for the honor and place given to our Lord himself. I do feel, in the popular devotion to Mary, something which not only enters into competition with the Divine, but even threatens to eclipse it.

Again, I do not find any difficulty in the definition of the infallibility of the Pope. Unless the Church can lay down what is of faith, I do not see why I should listen to her, any more than to any other statement of opinion; and when this is solemnly confirmed by the responsible head of the Church, with the full conscious intention of speaking on behalf of all Christians, I find no difficulty in believing that special protection is given to prevent any such statement leading to error. I do not even quarrel with the closing words of the Infallibility Decree, that such statements are irreformable 'of their innovation and not by reason of the Church's consent.' I want at least some statements to be irreformable. Unless some can be so regarded, there would be no prevention that the Church might not attempt to lay other foundations than those which are laid.

Further, only an irreformable statement could give those guarantees which are needed not only for the security of the Church, but for the safety of the world. I should feel much happier if the decree itself laid down what is, I believe, recognized as a practical necessity — namely, that the Pope first consult the Church before he promulgates a decree. And I hope that the 'irreformability' of doctrine does not mean that the doctrine could not be better stated in the future, when changing language or further understanding made that necessary. I am naturally anxious to know what Papal statements infallibility actually covers, and particularly that it does not mean that certain attitudes of the Church taken up in the past are beyond question and can never be repudiated — such as, for instance, the blessing of the Crusades, the methods of the Inquisition, or the wisdom of some excommunication. I am anxious, in short, that infallibility should not be pressed to include what is virtually a claim to the impeccability of the Church.

There are questions of atmosphere in which I should find it perhaps a little difficult to breathe freely. I love the regular services of the Roman Church, — the Mass, the Offices, and such popular devotions as Benediction, — but I should say good-bye with great regret to the freer services of Protestantism, in which preaching, open conference, and the free utterance of prayer by anyone have a larger place, for I regard them as necessary instruments for reaching the populace or for giving to the laity sufficient self-expression. In addition, I am afraid that I should find what I feel is the prevailing political atmosphere of the Roman Church at least slightly oppressive; for I cannot but feel it to be not only predominantly conservative, but conventional, and even worldly. I am by way of being both a socialist and a pacifist, and while I am prepared to define those terms in a way that does not conflict with the allowance of a place for private property and the natural right of anyone to defend himself, his goods, or his country, I feel the general attitude of the Roman authorities to these ideals to be indiscriminating, and the general impression and positivist effect created lamentable, ultimative, and reactionary.

I should feel equally unhappy about the attitude of the Roman authorities to Biblical criticism. I recognize how anarchic and irresponsible Protestant criticism has become; but I feel the Roman attitude to be timid, too much tied to doubtful traditions, and insufficiently governed by the Scripture itself.

III

These difficulties might, in certain eventualities, have to be put up with, for of course I should only accept what I had to and believed I was accepting; but there would still remain what I at present feel to be the greatest difficulty. If I were to pass over into the Roman Communion, instead of that bringing me into closer union with all my fellow Christians, which is what I most earnestly long for, I should find that I had only secured communion with one part of Christendom at the expense of separating myself from all the rest. For, according to the rubric for the reception of converts, I have to declare that I believe the 'Roman Church to be the one true Church established on earth by Jesus Christ'; and this would, in practice, necessitate that I must repudiate all who are not in communion with Rome as having no part or lot in the Church of Christ. I was once told by a well-known Jesuit that this is not what the rubric really entails; it would only mean admitting that Rome was the one Church which had kept the

true faith. I had to confess that if that was its meaning it would go far to remove my greatest difficulty. But I questioned whether this was not his private interpretation of the rubric, and with his usual frankness he admitted that it probably was. Even if I could read into the rubric that meaning, by any private judgment that it would be legitimate for me to adopt, I know I should have to show by my actions that it meant very much more.

I know that it is authorized Roman doctrine that there is a mystical as well as a visible Church; that the mystical Church is the ultimate source of salvation, and that many souls outside Rome and even outside the explicit confession of the Christian faith may belong to it. But in practice I should not be allowed to have any Christian fellowship with them; I must never again take part in the worship of other Christians. If I entered an Anglo-Catholic Church where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved, I must refuse to make my obeisance to it; and I must treat all other organized Christian bodies as apostates, pretenders, and enemies. If I was to be of much use in propaganda, I should have to spend a lot of my time pouring scorn upon the Church of England and treating Nonconformists as something almost beneath Christian consideration. Now, despite the fact that a good many of my fellow Christians outside Rome already refuse me communion with them and treat those with whom I am in fellowship much as the Roman Church treats them, and although some of my Low Church and Nonconformist critics will not thank me for remaining where I am, and I fear will only be contemptuous when they learn that I do it for their sakes, nevertheless I cannot bring myself to purchase communion with one half of Christendom only at the price of separating myself from the other half.

It may well be that at this point some acute Roman Catholic reader will exclaim, 'This man is really more of a Protestant than any of his fellows; he may accept Roman doctrine, but he accepts it on his own authority; he exercises the right of private judgment rather than the mind of the Church in the interpretation of Roman doctrine, and this final objection only clouds the one clear issue that has to be faced — namely, that the Roman Church claims to be the one true Church of Jesus Christ. If he rejects that, he rejects everything else.' I am well aware that this is the issue; but is it as clear as all Roman apologists imagine? In the first place, I very much question whether any infallible decree can be pointed to which declares the Roman Church, at any rate, the one true Church; Rome has not yet altered the Nicene Creed to read, 'I believe in the One Holy *Roman* Catholic Church.' It is certain that the Roman authorities cannot and will never attempt to decide who belongs to the mystical Church. Can they decide, and have they done so infallibly, that they know precisely where the boundaries of the true Church can be rightly drawn? I am perfectly willing to admit that historical considerations establish at least the lineal descent of the present Roman communion unbroken back to the primitive Church and the apostolic foundation. I am willing to allow that at the great Schism the Greeks were at least more in the wrong than the Romans; that the Orthodox Church in its present attitude to the Papacy gets back on what the Eastern Church once held. I am not moved by any consideration that the Greek Orthodox Church is to be preferred to the Roman Church. I am under no delusion that the Reformation reformed the Church,

or that the Elizabethan Settlement settled anything. The 'establishment' of the Church of England has only resulted in a separation from itself of many of its most earnest members. The fissiparous tendency that has manifested itself in Protestantism, on whatever basis it has tried to build, the general doctrinal confusion of the Church of England, and the debilitating vagueness consequent upon the rejection of all doctrinal authority which now afflicts Nonconformity, all speak for themselves. Meantime the Roman Church persists, and is perhaps the only Church that is making a real advance, both in numbers and in prestige. Nevertheless, this is not the whole story.

It is admitted by many Roman exponents and apologists that the abuses which preceded the Reformation were of the most scandalous and reprehensible nature; others will admit that the persecutions which repressed heresy in Spain, were unsuccessful in Holland, and have left in England an embittered opinion on both sides, have only bequeathed a heritage of suspicion, fear, and hate that cloud the issues for thousands of souls. I am under no delusion that Protestants have not persecuted. Even after physical persecution was abandoned, they repressed Roman Catholic worship and profession in England, with heavy penalties. If some of the more extreme Protestants still had their way, I would not guarantee that they would not persecute again, or at least see that Roman Catholicism was either hampered by distressing legal restrictions or altogether prohibited. Nevertheless, while most intelligent and illuminated Protestants now repudiate persecution as principle, it is not so certain that Roman Catholics do. I find in Roman Catholic books on Toleration and tracts on Persecution an apology, timidity, and reservation on this subject which leave the doors open to the possibility of its worst revival.

It is not, in my judgment, sufficient to apologize for the persecutions of the past by saying that they were part of the accepted policy of the age. The Church of Christ surely ought to be in advance of the spirit of the age, and not give in to popular hate and fear. It is no excuse to say that Protestants were just as bad, and to object that, if Rome issued a decree that persecution must never be resorted to, Protestants either would not or could not give any equivalent promise. That distinction would surely only be a proof of the practical and spiritual superiority of the Roman Church.

Nor is much weight to be allowed to the suspicion of some Roman Catholic apologists that the modern objection to persecution is due partly to sentimental reasons, which put physical security before the integrity of faith, and partly to the giving up of belief in any definite faith and maintaining that one kind is just as good as another. Such opinions may be found, but the opinion of the present writer, and of many others, has nothing whatever to do with such considerations. There are even worse things than being put to death, even by being burned alive. It is not a question of the injury done to the body, but of the harm done to faith. It is not the people who are put to death for heresy, but the people who embrace orthodoxy to save their skins, that I am concerned about. It can surely be maintained that the dogmatic decision of a Pope that faith is not to be coerced is contradicted by recourse to persecution.

I find I have a divergence between Roman principles, which I can accept, and Roman policy, in which I cannot allow it to be thought that I acquiesce. This consideration leads to the ques-

tion of abuses. They ought not to have led to schism; but where does the responsibility for that error even then really rest? Surely partly, at least, on the side of those who not only tolerated these abuses for centuries, but allowed them to become so firmly entrenched in the practice of the Church. No Church can prevent wolves from getting in among the sheep, but there must surely be something wrong with a Church when wolves not only get into the fold by the simple device of wearing sheep's clothing, but manage to get themselves elected as chief shepherds of the flock. If only a Pope, in calling Christendom to unity, would sorrowfully admit that some of his predecessors in that office had at least put a terrible strain upon unity, what a difference it would make! We are not raking up the abuses of the past in order to discredit the Roman Catholic Church, but to ask that the abuses of the past shall be officially admitted, their scandalous effect allowed for, and more guarantee given against their recurrence. For instance, one of the obstacles to accepting the Papal supremacy is that it has been used in the past to make quite other than spiritual claims over individuals and nations. This was, of course, due to entanglement of the spiritual claims of the Popes with the exercise of temporal power. It is quite possible that the recent settlement between the Papacy and the Italian State really puts an end to the temporal power; but when the event is hailed on the placards of Catholic papers with the announcement 'Pope and King,' one wonders if it is not regarded by Catholics themselves as a regaining of temporal power. If there could be an infallible declaration concerning the purely spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope, prejudice would be undermined and the fear that still remains removed.

IV

The comparison which has been sometimes drawn between Catholic and Protestant populations has often been made as if financial prosperity, industrial progress, and external cleanliness were sufficient indications of divine favor, of democratic liberty, or of approximation to godliness. All such comparisons are sufficiently ruled out the moment New Testament standards are surrendered to. But even with these qualifications in mind, and perhaps with the admission that whatever balance there was against Catholicism is not only being redressed, but being reversed, on such issues as intellectual integrity, commercial honesty, and sexual purity, there is still a widespread opinion among traveled and not obviously prejudiced people that in ethical standards, personal responsibility, and personal intelligence Protestants are manifestly in advance of Catholics. The Roman Catholics that I myself have been closely acquainted with, chiefly monks and priests, have been of a very high order. I have also a wide circle of acquaintances in the Anglican priesthood and a great number of friends among Nonconformist ministers and laity, and I can testify to the sincerity, earnestness, piety, and consecration which I believe are their prevailing qualities. As regards the general average produced by Catholicism and Protestantism, I have no means of judging beyond common observation. It is unfair to take the highest Protestantism can produce and contrast this with the worst that disgraces Roman Catholicism.

I am forced to admit that Roman Catholicism is capable of a sanctity which I very much question whether Protestantism could ever produce; and I should maintain this even though feeling that sometimes Roman Catho-

lic canonized sanctity is of too exotic and cloistered a type, and while at the same time recognizing that Protestant sanctity is left uncanonized and is more exercised in social service, though there often with a disinterested aim and an extreme of sacrifice which really deserves canonization. But there is something about Catholic canonized sanctity which bears indisputable marks of being supernatural; Protestant sanctity more often bears the marks of ordinary ethical attainability. I very much question, however, if the worst that Protestantism has produced is quite equal to the worst Roman Catholicism has sunk to. I still remain doubtful whether the ethical and intellectual level of, say, Mexican, Italian, or Irish priests is on the level with German Evangelical, Scottish Presbyterian, or English Nonconformist ministers. Something, no doubt, must be allowed for racial characteristics and the opportunities for education; but have not the last four centuries of the differing types of Christianity some responsibility for these comparative conditions? A Protestant friend of mine always puts in an argument at this point on behalf of the Roman Catholics, however: that the Roman Church has to minister to ignorant, common, and degraded peoples. I willingly admit that Protestant congregations tend to be eclectic. But the comparison I would press here as valid would instance the converts of the Salvation Army. There are many things about the Salvation Army that do not win my entire approval, but its workers do go down to the lowest people, and do not leave them where they are. If I can trust to general observation and contrast the Catholic and Protestant quarters in Liverpool or Glasgow, I find considerable room for perplexity.

To sum up the comparison as charitably as possible, I do not find a general superiority of Catholic over Protestant such as I should expect if Rome were the one true Church and Protestants were altogether outside it. I am persuaded that whatever differences can be traced have nothing to do with Catholic doctrine, are not chargeable to the teaching of the great Roman doctors or the example of the great Roman saints; but I believe there is a danger in every form of Catholicism, Roman, Greek, or Anglican, which accounts for what I still believe to be a disquieting balance on one side rather than on the other, and it is something which I believe could be reversed. The Catholic system is always in danger of making too much of external expansion, and too little of interior demand. This applies in my judgment both to doctrinal demands and to sacramental devotion. I entirely recognize the need for a well-defined doctrinal faith, and I regret that in Anglicanism this is so often repudiated and in Nonconformity so widely abandoned. But the maintenance of the necessity for doctrinal fidelity can be so pushed forward that it comes to be regarded as sufficient to believe certain doctrines, or just to accept in general what the Church believes, as if that ensured one's salvation. Added to this there may be encouraged a pride in orthodoxy and a contempt of all others, which makes this attitude a positive danger. Moreover, it has to be said on behalf of those who not only have drifted away from orthodoxy, but have taken up a prejudiced attitude toward it, that it is often the way it has been preached and expounded, and the unlovely attitude with which it is often combined, which go far to explain their reaction to the extreme position that dogma is dangerous and doctrine is unnecessary.

And this brings me to what I am persuaded is a very serious weakness and cause of difficulty to much present

Roman argument. The fact that I accept Roman doctrine because it appeals to me as philosophically sound, and faithful to Scriptural teaching, exposes me, as I know, to Roman condemnation that I am merely relying on my private judgment, that I do not believe on the authority of the Church, and therefore that what I possess is not faith at all. My position would surely be inadequate if I rejected the authority of the Church altogether, or believed merely on my own judgment; whereas the putting forward of faith as merely belief on authority, which is the point so stressed in Roman Catholic exposition, is surely quite inadequate. This difference of opinion, I am well aware, goes back to the Reformation controversy, when the Reformers stressed the idea that faith is an assurance that one is forgiven — or, as modern Protestants would put it, faith is due to a religious experience which cannot be doubted.

Surely what is wrong here is that Protestants and Catholics are maintaining between themselves two essentials of faith. I take it that it is orthodox Catholic doctrine that some things are believed on the basis of reasonable argument, that other things are believed on the authority of the Church; but, since it is admitted also that saving faith is a supernatural gift, that must be something different from belief established on argument or belief on the reasonableness of trusting the Church. Now it is surely this supernatural gift of faith which the Reformation stood for as a necessary completion if it was to become the faith that saves. This is included, I take it, in defined Roman doctrine; but is it not often forgotten, in pressing for belief on the authority of the Church? And is not the emphasis on this one point, apart from the other essential elements, likely to have a dangerous effect? When one is asked to believe simply on the authority of the Church, does it not tend to produce a carelessness about the experimental confirmation in a personal experience of grace, and the need for expressing our belief, not only in creed and devotion, but in character and social life? Further, does it not breed a tendency simply to say, 'I believe what the Church teaches,' without being too careful to inquire what exactly the Church does teach?

I am the more moved to press this point because I can find Roman Catholic admissions to the effect that the doctrine of faith has not yet been very fully worked out. And is it not just this essential element in faith — namely, of going on to an experimental knowledge — that Protestantism in general, and Evangelicalism in particular, in however one-sided a way, have insisted on? I am convinced that it would make a great difference if Roman Catholic teaching insisted more upon the rationality of belief in God, which modern Protestantism has so come to reject; and if the necessity of an interior experience and some other confession than a credal one were more emphasized, not only would difficulties be removed in the way of accepting the general Roman Catholic position, but the whole life of Roman Catholicism would be lifted above its present level.

A similar distinction needs surely to be drawn in the way in which Roman Catholicism insists upon attendance at Mass. It may seem a fortunate circumstance in these days that Romanism has something to hold people to worship when everywhere else worship is being neglected; but is it sufficient to secure that true and spiritual worship is being offered by those who attend? I believe that the Mass is the highest form of Christian worship, and I believe that no Christian who really understood what the Mass was could

do anything but joyfully assent to it. The often poor exposition of what it is, however, is responsible for its being so feared and disliked, and the insistence merely upon attendance leaves many Roman Catholics able to infer that attendance is enough, when surely what conditions acceptable assistance at Mass is that one really enters into some degree of communion with the Sacrifice of Christ. Now it is precisely this that Protestantism, while neglecting the sacramental representation of Christ's death, has nevertheless so much insisted on, as its hymns and preaching sufficiently testify, for in their own way they are a proclaiming of the Lord's death.

V

I should conclude, therefore, both from the way in which Romanism and non-Romanism divide Christendom and from the elements which Catholicism and Protestantism respectively emphasize, as well as from the complementary virtues and defects which Catholics and Protestants exhibit, that the two systems have managed to divide Christianity roughly in two, each appropriating simply one half. It is the whole that I, and I believe so many others, crave. 'I believe in the One Holy Catholic Church' — not in half of one. I cannot merely exchange one half for the other with any sense of gain for myself or for the whole Church of Christ; I cannot repudiate half my fellow Christians to placate the other half; and therefore I maintain that my present position, Protestant though my Roman brethren may declare it to be, is a protest on behalf of Catholicism. I go further and believe that I am true to the best Roman teaching; and I do not want to be unfaithful to that by appearing in the sight of the world, or of my fellow Christians, to accept a system which is bound up with so much of the past unrepented of, and even with so much in the present that is a confusion or a contradiction of the vital and necessary things for which Rome stands.

This position does involve, I know, the acceptance of the idea that the Church of Christ has become outwardly divided. The very tenor of the apostolic exhortations and of Christ's prayer that it should be one does not, to my judgment, exclude the possibility that such a disaster might happen. But while our Lord's prayer does not involve that this could never happen, it surely involves that it need not continue. Moreover, while feeling quite unable to admit that the Roman Catholic Church is coterminous with the whole Church of Christ, or that to be, temporarily, out of communion with the Roman See means that one does not belong to the Church, I find no difficulty in believing that the Roman See is the heir to the promise made to Saint Peter, 'Upon this rock I will build my church.' I can find no other adequate historical fulfillment of that promise but in the Papacy, and I look to the Roman See yet to bring about the reunion of Christendom by such admissions, explanations, and promises as would detract nothing from her past definitions or future dignity, and to construct some way back to communion with her that shall not entail repudiating other Christians who cannot as yet take that way. So upon her threshold I stand, waiting for the door to be opened, not to me as much as to others for whom I am concerned. If, in taking that position, I am adjudged as thus only condemning myself to exclusion from the true fold of the Church, then if I may, without irreverence, take words of Christ as defense, I can only say, 'Other sheep He has, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring.'

THE COMING OF THE LAMP

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I

THERE was only one lamp in our candle-lit part of the town. The Wilsons owned it. They had owned this sign of social superiority a year before it became a vital issue with us.

The Wilsons lived on the front street; we lived in an alley near by. My father and James Wilson had been shoemakers when shoemakers made shoes. But a machine had arrived somewhere, and, instead of one man making a pair of shoes in his own house, forty men and a machine made one shoe in a factory. When somebody told my father that they were making shoes by machinery he said it was a fairy story. It took some years for the influence of the machine to reach our remote part of Ireland, but when my father found himself a cobbler he thought perhaps there might be some truth in the story. Wilson was my father's chief competitor and occasionally made a pair of shoes. Some of us had an idea that his good luck was due in some part to the fact that he had a lamp.

'Why don't ye get a lamp?' a customer would ask my father.

'They 're too dangerous,' he would reply, 'an' they say if ye dhrapped a match in the oil ye'd wreck the house over yer head.'

'Och aye,' my mother would say, 'an' if the sky fell we'd all have larks!'

Continued suggestions were not without their effect. From the day the Wilsons installed their lamp my father had taken a stand against 'this high-falutin' notion of imitatin' our neighbors.' But one night he had occasion to visit the Wilsons, and saw for himself the difference.

One day Mrs. Wilson came into our house, and my mother drew her out on the comparative values of lamps and candles. Even if the candles were cheaper, Mrs. Wilson avowed, they would never go back to them. I think my mother staged this colloquy.

'If there was anybody here who could work the damned thing!' my father said when Mrs. Wilson had left.

'The Wilsons had to learn, dear; have they such an awful amount more brains than we have?'

'We've no place to hing it.'

'Hing it in yer mind first, Jamie, an' see how quickly ye'll find a nail an' a place.'

'Och, woman, give yer tongue a holiday. It's "Wilsons, Wilsons, Wilsons," from marnin' till night — ye've got them Wilsons on th' brain, Anna!'

'Dear knows it's just yerself I have in m' brain. I don't want ye to wear yer eyes out at a ha'penny tallow dip when ye might just as well have a nice white light, an' more of it, for th' same money.'

We had n't thought of Jamie's eyes. We were engrossed with the prospects of a sensation. Down there at the bottom of the world we owned one mark of distinction: we had a singing lark. My father once built a pigsty against the gable of the house, as we hoped to have a pig some day. It

never turned up, but long after the sty was used as fuel the hope remained. We were strong in hopes, even though they seldom did boil the kettle. The sty was n't wholly a matter of waste, either. One night a beggar-man occupied it, and my mother said that in the mysterious providence of God that must have been its main purpose, anyway.

Like the proverbial dropping that wears a hole in a stone, the continual hammering at Jamie's obduracy wore down his resistance. When he said that we might inquire the cost of the cheapest thing that could be called a lamp, we knew the battle was won.

No sooner had we heard this note of surrender than down we went to Vance's store.

'We're goin' t' have a lamp!' I said to Bill Gaynor.

'Why don't ye go in fur gas?' he said with a sneer.

Sensation of this kind had a way of spreading in our quarter. I told every boy and girl I met on the way. All of them were slaves to the rush-light. We were just emerging, and I was the chief bell ringer.

When we returned we were furnished with all the information the town afforded on lamps, wicks, and oil. Later, Jamie confessed that he knew all about such things, for one day he had sneaked into Vance's unbeknownst and inquired. The next consideration was one of finance. Here was the real difficulty. When the decision was made the house began to retrench and save. I was selling papers at the time, and for the first time really began to care whether people bought papers or not.

When the great day arrived Jamie went for the lamp himself. We were ordered to stay at home and threatened with the strap if we did n't. Well, if we actually at last got the lamp, the strap would lose its sting. We followed him — at a safe distance.

It seemed to my two sisters and me that never in all our lives had we waited for anything with such nervous anxiety and impatience as we did for Jamie to come out of that store. He was only in there a few minutes, but as we stood at the church gate with our eyes riveted on Vance's door it seemed hours. Finally he came out with the bundle under his arm, and we moved toward Pogue's Entry, casting furtive glances backward to watch his movements.

Never was the Ark of the Covenant carried with more care and reverence than Jamie carried that lamp. When he arrived at Darrgh's blacksmith shop the neighbors were at their doors. Not all of them — I had not had time to alarm the whole of our part of the town. He was puffing lustily at his short cutty pipe, just to look as unconcerned as possible. When he came within fifty yards, we ran and told Anna.

'Whisht, dear, keep quiet,' was all she said; but we knew she was just as excited as we were. Before the bundle was opened, the neighbors were discussing it at the mouth of the entry. Some of the more familiar and brazen ones ventured over the doorstep just to pass a few remarks on the weather.

Coming calamities were casting their shadows over the event. Anna, always the gentlest and kindest of souls, grasped the situation and, taking the whole thing out of Jamie's hands, carried it into the bedroom. Then she returned to entertain the visitors while Jamie struggled with the lamp. When he came to a point when he could go no further without her, he came back, sat down on his bench, and began to work. We were irritated, but a look at Anna's face told us the whole story. We were content to wait.

II

The amenities down there, at the bottom of the world, were rather crude. Our front door was like the gate to a public park — anybody felt at liberty to come in at any time. What our neighbors lacked in this respect they made up for in others. They had keen intuitions, and read my mother's kindly face as readily as we did. On this occasion they did n't need to be asked to go — they just went.

When the house was cleared, Jamie shut the door and *barred* it. We gathered around the mystery.

'Be careful of that chimney,' Anna said.

'Oh, don't be nervous,' my father said. 'I handled half a dozen of them in Vance's jist fur practice.'

'Did they show you how to light it?'

'No.'

'Why?'

'I was lettin' on I knew all about it.'

Carefully the parts were laid out on the table. A piece of wick was stuck in the burner, and the burner screwed on the reservoir. Jamie struck a match to light it.

'You've forgot something, dear.'

'What?'

'Oil.'

Jamie scratched his head and smiled.

'Ay, ye're right fur oncet,' he said; and then, looking at her, he continued in an abstract sort of way: 'Will ye iver forget the first box of matches we iver seen?'

'I mind it rightly.'

'Ha, ha!' he laughed. 'They got wet and we put them close to the fire to dhry, an' off they went! Ha, ha! Well, well, well —'

'Oil, Jamie — oil, dear! We can't keep that door barred all day, ye know.'

Oil cans were discussed. Wilsons, of course, had one. We did n't know the exact price of them, but we knew that the exchequer could not at that juncture bear the strain. Being most fleet of foot, I was dispatched with a jug for our first pint of oil.

It was with difficulty that I squeezed through the neighbors who crowded the narrow entry. Everybody knew my mission. I told them. Two pals, favorites, were on the street. I took them along.

Down through the town we sped for the oil. I could have gotten it at Farren's, a few hundred yards away, but, as Jamie would say, we had Vance on the brain.

Jamie had overestimated the price of oil. I had a penny too much. Bob, one of the pals, suggested a stick of barley sugar. I hesitated. Vance might have undercharged and would demand the penny later, and my pantaloons were thin. I stoutly resisted — not because of moral scruples, but because I knew Jamie.

As we came up past the church a lad named Scott stepped in front of me and wanted to settle an old score.

I could n't settle. I had n't a marble in my possession.

'Fight 'im!' said Bob. 'Go on! I'll hold the oil.'

I thought of the barred door and the waiting family. A scrap was a tame affair compared with the lamp, and I demurred. As I moved on, Scott held his arm up and spat over it. The Irishman never lived who could refuse that most aggravating of all challenges and live it down! I handed the oil to Bob and mixed it with Scott. A crowd gathered and egged us on. We were both winded and spent when someone shouted: —

'Skip! There's a policeman!'

'We'll be at Pigeon Hill th' morra afthernoon,' said Bob to Scott, as I wiped the blood from my nose and ran uptown.

'What the devil kept ye?' said

Jamie impatiently, as he opened the door.

'The shop was full o' people,' I said in a tone of injured innocence.

'Which of them tore yer shirt, dear?' Anna asked, as she looked me over critically.

Happily for me, Jamie was too much engrossed with the lamp to notice the remark. He was filling the reservoir. That done, he wiped his hands behind the front of his trousers and screwed on the burner. Anna lit it, and he adjusted the chimney. Somebody knocked.

'Let them dundther!' said Jamie, as the flame shot up through the glass.

Something went wrong. The thing smoked. We were all excited. The chimney must be removed. Instinctively we all saw that at the same moment.

Jamie took the chimney in his hand. He did n't hold it long.

'Phewt!' he exclaimed. 'I've roasted m' hand off!'

And the chimney dropped in fragments on the mud floor.

'Here endeth the first lesson,' said Anna, as she picked up the bits of glass and threw them behind the burning peat. Jamie turned down the flame. Nobody said anything, but we all saw clearly that if he had done it sooner he would have saved himself and the chimney.

'I knew it — I was sure of it from the start,' he said. 'I'm goin' back t' candles, an' stick t' them till I die!'

Our hearts sank within us, but Anna, always the champion of hope, always the discoverer of silver linings, revived our drooping spirits. Jamie abandoned the project. He sat down at his bench and went on with his work. Anna whispered something to Mary. I did n't hear what it was, but Jamie seemed to know, for he arose from the bench and raised his voice in protest. That raised voice always made us shiver — not because it meant anything in particular, but because it could be heard outside, in the entry.

'No, no!' said he. 'Ye will not ask Misthress Wilson, nor Misther Wilson, nor Misther Vance aither, t' come in here and examine our ignorance. If ye do, jist as sure as gun's iron, I'll take the whole damned prakus an' dance on it. I will that!'

'As ye had a little practice in handlin' them, Jamie, maybe ye'd like a wee bit of practice in dancin' on these bits first.'

'It's no laughin' matther.'

'No, dear, nor dancin' matther, aither.'

III

Jamie lit his pipe and smoked as he hammered. Anna gathered up the lamp and removed the activities to her bedroom. She opened the front door and let those who were burning up with curiosity venture in. She then went into her room and shut the door. We followed.

Instead of proceeding with lamp arrangements, she took the money out of her little leather purse and looked at it. She did n't count it. She knew how many pennies were there. They had n't increased. She was just swithering what to do. We saw the problem on her face, and were already voting for the chimney.

Jamie was pretending to be in high dudgeon, but he knew in his heart that the problem would not end where he left it. In a few minutes he joined us in the bedroom and shut the door after him.

'Well,' he grunted, 'are ye still crackin' yer brains over bein' quality an' havin' a lamp, jist because th' Wilsons have one?'

'No, dear,' Anna said. 'We have decided that. We are jist tryin' to

make up our minds whether we'll have light for supper — or porridge.'

'We'll have porridge!' said Jamie.

'I think we'll have light, dear!'

'It's a mortal pity there is n't an extra pair of trousers in th' house; ye might put them on jist to show yer authority,' he replied tartly.

'Shure, it's brains and good sense we need, Jamie, an' if trousers don't give them to you they would n't be likely to give them to me, aither.'

'Egad, it's quare what odd notions women do have these days,' he answered, as he went out and resumed his work at the bench.

'What have ye in yer pockets?' Anna asked me.

'A peerie and sthring, an' four marbles an' a catapult,' I answered, with some curiosity and alarm.

'Lave them all on that window sill an' run to Vance's for a new chimney for the lamp.'

The news that we had failed got noised abroad in the entry somehow, and as I came out, with my face aglow and eyes sparkling with excitement, the curious eyed me critically and followed my movements until I was out of sight.

While I was gone, Anna performed a miracle. She persuaded Jamie to hammer a stout nail in a rafter of the roof — just over his bench.

'It's not that I'm givin' in,' he said, 'but jist because I know that when a woman makes her mind on somethin' her tongue keeps waggin' on't like a wheel without a cog — ay, that's it; now ye have it.'

But he took care that it was the right kind of nail, and that it was so driven that a lamp could be safely suspended therefrom. I had left the house under the impression that the supper money had gone into the lamp chimney, but Anna had resources that often baffled us. When I returned she was preparing supper. Of course, it was n't the regular ration, but it was supper.

In the twilight Jamie got his old candlestick as usual and arranged the big penny candle in it — a sort of notice to the family that he was determined to hold out to the last ditch.

The parts of the lamp, with the new chimney, were laid out on the bed, and we were ordered out of the bedroom, and the door was closed. Operations were suspended until the neighbors who still hung around got tired, and we had our evening meal.

Hardly a word was spoken that night at supper. We children were excited still — full of pent-up emotion. Toward the close of this abbreviated meal hour we were informed by Anna that outside curiosity was not to be satisfied that night.

'It's no use glunchin',' Jamie said, as he watched the disappointment spread over our faces.

'Is Mrs. Wilson goin' t' show ye how t' light it?' Mary asked.

'She is n't!' Jamie said, as he glowered at her.

Here was another mystery. Jamie and Anna had evidently struck a compromise — and we had not been informed. We could n't go out then. We had nothing to tell.

When the town clock struck nine, and Sammy Cooper tolled out the days of the month, we had to go to bed — always. That night, for the first time in my memory, the hours dragged along at an aggravatingly slow pace. Jamie worked at the bench, and Anna was evidently not feeling so badly, for he sang 'Black-Eyed Susan' and 'The Old Gray Mare' that night. The world was always swinging round correctly on its axis when Jamie sang. Anna evidently was pleased. We could tell that by her face. There was nothing for us to do but grin and bear it — for the night.

As I lay on my pallet in the little half loft I became suspicious that the old folk were going to put that lamp up during the night and rob us of the sensation of being in at the start. They sat at the turf fire, talking in an undertone. From the sound of Jamie's voice I knew that the storm had passed. The forces of reform had triumphed — the lion and the lamb were comparing notes!

With but a slight movement of my head I could look over the edge of the loft and see them at the fire. There was a candle in the little tin sconce in Anna's corner, and Jamie had put on a few extra clods of peat. The *Weekly Budget* had been tacked over the window to prevent curious eyes from looking inside. The opposition to the lamp was not wholly and entirely, after all, a matter of obstinacy or dislike of change. They had their weight in deciding the question, but there was one drawback, equally recognized by both, but now slowly emerging in the confession of Jamie. He did not use it as an argument — the argumentative stage had been passed. It was an explanation.

My three brothers had gone away, one after another, to push their fortunes in other parts. They seldom wrote. Two had to get others to do it, anyway, and the third had a family and cares enough of his own. One of the gentle delusions of that far-off life in Pogue's Entry was connected with the burning candles that nightly lit up our cottage, and beside which Jamie worked at his trade.

A bright little shining spark about the size of a pinhead would occasionally appear on the burning wick. To us poor folk it was like a little star in a fairy firmament. It was always the harbinger of hope, the forerunner of good news from abroad. It was a sure sign that a letter was on the way. Anna believed it; so did Jamie; so did we all. We would as soon have doubted our very existence. Just as the rainbow was God's sign in the heavens that never again would the world be destroyed by flood, so the bright little spark in the candle was the mystical sign that after all we were not forgotten!

'I was thinkin' of it all the time, meself,' Anna said.

'I hate t' give it up,' said Jamie, 'for it's been a more sauncy comfort t' me than I ever let on!'

While it was yet dark I was awakened by the sound of hammering in the bedroom. As I listened the town clock struck three. I dared not move, of course, but next morning the secret came out.

Together they had stayed up all night and mastered, with mutual forbearance and with a good deal of childish glee, the mysterious mechanism of our first lamp. As soon as it was 'dacently' permissible, the family gathered around and exulted in the accomplished fact. There it hung, suspended on a temporary nail, awaiting full introduction to its permanent abiding place over the workbench.

Next night we were bathed in glory. The lamp was a new social status. Never had we had so many visitors; they filled the house, they peered in the window, they wondered how we got it and what we should get next! Jamie was content. Anna was triumphant. She took entire charge of it, but many a time for years afterward she would turn the lamp out after his work was done and light the candle in her sconce in the corner. Jamie would smile knowingly. It was for his comfort as much as her own!

DOLLARATURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I

COTTON was off again yesterday; wheat slumped one and a half cents on prospects of showers in the prairie provinces; Bethlehem Steel was down two points; and prime-to-fancy novels were reduced to $1.00 by a number of publishers, to enter the chocolate sundae field. Lard, we are happy to say, held its own. Unfortunately I do not make lard and I do write books.

You will say, 'Ah! But there you are, you see! They have found you out at last! The books you write are not worth $2.50!' and you will think you have me in a tight corner, but you do not know me. You don't know what an eel I am. You don't know how easily I can wiggle out of tight corners. If you say to me, 'Your books are worth only $1.00,' I shall merely grin at you and say, 'If you ask me, I don't think my books are worth six cents a crate, but what has that to do with the ghosts of William Makepeace Thackeray and William Dean Howells?' I rather think that will stump you for a while.

The $1.00 book proposition, as I understand it, is this: Run-of-the-mill novels, all grades, have been bookstored at $2.50 for quite a few years. This has made the novel haughty and insolent, because in bookstores the novels associate with Sets of Encyclopædias and Full Levant First Editions that cost almost as much as secondhand Ford cars. Although everything possible was done by the department stores in offering these run-of-the-mill novels at funny prices like $1.98, $2.14, and $2.26, the copyright novel simply would not mend its ways and associate with common citizens in the careless democratic manner of a ten-cent cake of soap, three cakes for a quarter. It remained arrogant, going home only with people with brains of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth grades, except in the case of crime mystery novels, which would go home with anybody. Something had to be done about this.

One of the first things to be done was to think of eggs. The thinker who sat down to think about eggs may have intended to think about literature, but you know how a fellow's mind shifts around. A young woman sits down to think about the soul, and the first thing she knows she is thinking about hats; you sit down to think about the Einstein theory, and the first thing *you* know you are thinking about dinner. Perhaps the thinker who sat down to think about literature did so early in the morning, and, when he had thought about literature awhile, began to think about breakfast, and that led to eggs.

At any rate it was inevitable that anyone thinking about eggs should see at once that eggs reach the consumer in two ways: (1) by letting the consumer go to the egg store and buy his eggs; (2) by sending the eggs to the consumer by mail. It was estimated that hundreds of thousands of persons — 657,942, to be exact — would never

go to egg stores to buy eggs, because they were suffering from sore feet or fallen arches. To be sure they had eggs, the Egg-of-the-Week system had been created, by which people subscribed for their eggs by the year and the egg producers selected especially fancy eggs and sent an aluminum box of eggs by mail, right to the home, weekly.

But even the application of the Egg-of-the-Week system to the book business did not solve the problem of those who were worried about the proudness of the book. It did not accomplish their desire, which was the worthy one of wishing the book to be so democratic that every citizen would buy one copy of every book published by every publisher. The cruel fact remained that nobody read books except those who read books. Even the Egg-of-the-Week plan, as applied to books, did not put books where chewing gum is.

For a while the reason for this puzzled everyone. Millions of Americans chewed gum; why did not millions of Americans buy books? Books were made with different flavors just as chewing gum was; they were done up in different styles of packages, with two or three wrappers; and books were advertised just as gum was, every novel being proclaimed the greatest ever written. What was the matter with books?

It was about this time that someone noticed the Reprint Copyright book. For years these same arrogant first-chop novels that had been sneeringly holding aloof from Mamie the shopgirl had been jumping into her arms by thousands in the Reprint Copyright editions. These same novels, originally so high-hat and snooty (as we say in the aristocracy), put out originally at $2.50, were being reprinted, after the original publishers had sold all they could and a few more, and sold in great lots at 75 cents or 80 cents, or whatever the price might be, in railway station news stands, general merchandise stores, and, what ho! in drug stores.

Well, it did not take a bright person long to see what that meant! The meaning of that was clear enough, once the fact was noticed: books had been in the wrong class; for centuries they had been kept in the bookshop class, along with encyclopædias and dictionaries and sets of Scott — they belonged in the drug and toilet-article class. The book, rightly considered as a modern merchandise, was not the companion of the $6.00 note paper and the gold chased paper cutter, but the chum of the hair remover and cough cure, and the pal of the ice cream soda and the lettuce sandwich.

The cerebration following this discovery was obvious. If a girl (hereafter called the party of the first part) who operates a typewriting machine (hereafter called the party of the second part) or clerks at Binkers' (hereafter called Binkers') gets hungry at noon and goes to the drug-store lunch counter for a Hamburger sandwich and a Strawberry Swizzle, she does not go there because they cost her what a $2.50 lunch would cost her at the Marmora. She goes there because she is not expected to spend much there. Consequently, if you want to sell a book in a drug store, it must be a book that costs less. It must be a Hamburger sandwich book and a Strawberry Swizzle book; in other words, the $1.00 book ought to be just about the right ticket.

II

How the drug-store novel will turn out as a profitable publishing enterprise is none of our business. Some of the publishers are going to try it. They are the hardy pioneers, and whether they will find the drug-store book trade a land flowing with milk and

honey, as Moses and Aaron found the Land of Canaan, or, like Peary, find it a North Pole that is mostly frost, no one can tell. Some of the books are to be bound in cloth like any other novels, and some are to be bound in boards, and some, possibly, in paper covers, thus corresponding with the shaving soaps, which can be had in cakes, jars, and tubes.

Authors will have nothing to worry about, their royalties being a percentage of the retail selling price. To the author it is all the same whether one of his books is sold at $2.50 by a bookshop or two and one-half books are sold at $1.00 next counter to the talcum. The publishers hope that three times or four times, or even more times, as many books will be sold. Publishers, I have been told, particularly the more earthly ones, do not like to do business at a loss, and the $1.00 book publishers hope the increased sales will keep their net profits neat and tidy, or even make them neater and tidier. They say, 'If you consider the overhead —' But as soon as anyone mentions 'overhead' I swim ashore and lie down on my back and put my feet in the air and whine, because I know I am beyond my depth and already licked, 'overhead' being a higher form of financial mathematical guesswork I never could understand. All I know about 'overhead' is that, no matter how you figure it, your figures are always wrong, because you forgot to take into account the Law of Diminishing Returns and the window cleaner.

In any event the drug-store $1.00 book will be an interesting experiment. There is, of course, as some of the more keen observers may have noticed, a slight difference between a toothbrush and a book, even when the toothbrushes have different-colored handles. If I buy a book, — and, little as you may be inclined to believe me, I have bought a book, — I read the book. While I am reading the book my wife asks me, 'How is your book?' and I say, 'I have n't got very far into it yet.' She says nothing more about the book then, but when I have finished reading the book I say, 'I'm through with that book if you want to read it.' 'How is it?' my wife asks me. 'Just so-so,' I tell her, 'but you had better read it. It's not so good, and it's not so bad. It is just another novel; I've read better and I've read worse.'

So my wife reads the book. She sits up an hour later than usual to finish it, and the next morning she says to our daughter, 'Jean, you must read this book; it is the best novel I've read in years.' So Jean reads it, and then Marjorie reads it, and Elsie takes it out to Port Washington and reads it, and I bring it back when she has finished it. Then my wife lends it to Mrs. Biffick, let us say, and Mr. and Mrs. Biffick read it, and the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Biffick read it and lend it to twelve friends, and the book comes back and we lend it to Mrs. Rimmel, and Mr. and Mrs. Rimmel read it, and the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Rimmel read it and lend it to twelve friends, and when all our friends and their children and children's friends have read it, and all the uncles and aunts and grandmothers and second cousins of everyone concerned, we mail the book to Miss Willup, at Goshen, and it begins another round. Hundreds of people read the book. But hundreds of people don't use my toothbrush. Even if I bought my toothbrushes in bookshops I would not pass them around for other people to use.

Although you might not notice the resemblance at the first glance, a toothbrush is more like a theatre seat than like a book. You buy a theatre

ticket and you go and sit in the seat it entitles you to sit in, and when the play is over you can't pass the seat on to your friends for the next night and the following nights. A book can be passed around, and a book is passed around. If a theatre seat is $3.50, — and that is low these days, — one person must get $3.50 in entertainment from seeing one play one time. If ten persons read a $2.50 book, the entertainment of each person has cost but twenty-five cents; if fifty persons read the book, — and that often happens, — the entertainment cost is five cents per reader.

That is one reason why I am a little doubtful whether the book can be put into the chewing-gum class by putting it in the drug store. I don't know how many packages of chewing gum are chewed each year in the United States. It may be 342 million packages or it may be 97 billion packages, but I do not believe books are going to reach any such sale merely by reducing the price and piling them on the counter next the bath salts. As a rule, only one person chews a wad of gum, or takes a pill, or uses a toothbrush, while so many read the same book that it is often hard to keep hold of it until you have finished it yourself. To be brutally frank, — and why not? — one must admit that it is not enough that books are put up in attractive packages like chewing gum, with chapters instead of sticks, or that books have various flavors just as chewing gum has; the fact remains that books are *not* chewing gum — they cannot be surreptitiously stuck on the underside of the seat of the restaurant chair and discarded. Until someone invents a mint-flavored, chewable book, or a book that has to be squeezed out of a tube, books will be passed around.

So far all efforts to invent a non-refillable book — so to call it — have been unsuccessful. I remember that when I was a boy a man invented a readable shirt bosom, consisting of a shirt with a many-ply paper dickey, or bosom, with a chapter of a novel printed on the underside of each bosom sheet, so that the wearer could read the next chapter each time he tore off a soiled front; but nothing much came of it. If a man was satisfied with the design of the imitation linen bosom he did not like the novel, and often the man who wanted a sedate novel had to wear a flashy shirt. Probably the shirt factory had a poor editorial department. The truth was, I imagine, that the literature business and the shirt business were two quite different matters, and possibly the haberdasher was not up in *belles-lettres*, for that was quite a few years ago; but the objection does not apply to drug stores to-day. Some of the best lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches are now made in drug stores, and selling a book is no trick at all compared with making a tomato bouillon that does not curdle.

III

In many ways the drug-store sale of books appeals to the finest commercial instincts of the modern American, and should lead to a much needed standardization of product in the literary field and the eventual creation of dependable novels, doing away with the present lack of uniformity. At the present time the novel may be anything from Hardy to Laura Jean Libby grades, requiring the buyer to have at least a small sense of literary values — or the aid of a bookseller — when buying, let us say, a book to give to Aunt Susan. This makes it annoying. The drug store, on the other hand, knows its trade and can indicate to the publisher what a novel should be in order to sell to all types of customers,

dyspeptic, pulmonary, and rheumatic. A safe average of book will be produced that will be salable to all, from the young person who drops in to have a frosted chocolate to the truck driver who comes in to have a skinned knuckle dabbed with mercurochrome or the commuter who rushes in looking for a rake or a coal scuttle.

This should relieve the publisher of much of the mental worry he now has in selecting book manuscripts, for he could turn that work over to a committee consisting of the drug-store clerks. I should suggest a committee of five clerks, say the clerk in charge of rubber bathing caps, the clerk selling cigarettes, the clerk handling elastic stockings, the head soda-fountain clerk, and possibly the second assistant pie cutter. I am not so sure about the pie cutter, many of them being college graduates and having toplofty ideas about books; it might be better to substitute the sandwich maker.

Such a committee would be able to gauge accurately the reading appetites of the customers, and its decisions would prevent the inclusion of anything that would be hard for the truck driver to understand. In its work, it need hardly be said, this committee would have the assistance of all the clerks in the drug stores, except the pharmacist. The pharmacist does not amount to much in the modern drug store, being kept as an ornament, like the blue and red bottled water in the windows, and figured as an unavoidable expense, like the sale of postage stamps. The remaining clerks would have much to say from time to time, as 'Only 16 per cent of my customers bought books last month; the next lot of novels should appeal more strongly to the users of Hair-Glosso,' or 'Get more of the John Henry Vispich novels; they are going strong with the humidor and briar-pipe trade.'

The committee would, also, be influential in deciding the titles of novels, and would certainly warn the publishers against such titles as *Balisand* and *Backwater* and *Cimarron*. A drug clerk is no person to ask for *Balisand* and *Backwater* and *Cimarron* if you do not want to create a lot of confusion. To go into a drug store and say, 'Have you got *Cimarron?*' would be certain to bring the reply, 'Perfume counter, over there next to the Put-and-Take tops and the roller skates,' and to ask for *Balisand* would probably send a clerk looking over the proprietary medicines among the Frecknocko and Toefixak — they all have such weird names these days. And I'd like to be standing near you when you ask for *Backwater* in a drug store. Heaven only knows what you'd get; it might be eau de Cologne and it might be arnica.

In time, I am sure, the whole system will work out beautifully, so that those who now dash into the drug stores and grab three cigars for a quarter, throw down a silver coin, and dash out again will be able to buy their books as briskly. With the splendid systematization that rules in all chain stores, the novels will be piled on the counters in classes, and the hurried purchaser need only glance at the placard that says 'Loves' and grab a book, knowing he is getting a love romance. Other piles will be labeled 'Crimers,' 'Sexers,' 'Westers.'

Outside the drug stores, pasted on the window, will be the usual announcements, 'Specials for To-day,' so valuable in attracting trade: —

SPECIALS FOR TO-DAY

Scento Talcum — 3 for 25c
Chocolate Frost — 10c
Frying pans — 22c
Cod Liver Oil, $1.00 size, 68c
Arnold Bennett, $2.50 grade, $1.00
Ham Sandwich, 10c

The trouble I see is in keeping the $1.00 novel at $1.00, when it is remembered how reluctant the drug stores are to keep the 25-cent talcum at 25 cents. Sometimes, when I feel in a despondent mood, I almost believe the reason the drug stores have had such success with the Reprint Copyright novels is because there is a belief — never, I think, promoted by the Reprint publishers — that a $2.50 novel is being had for 75 cents or 80 cents. The chain drug stores do not seem to mind being called 'cut-rate' drug stores, and I have sometimes felt that they desired people to know that they sold standard articles, such as talcum, tooth paste, shaving soap, and cigarettes, at prices lower than the supposed retail price, and I do wonder how long the $1.00 novel will remain the $1.00 novel. It is possible that it will become, in the drug stores, the 98-cent novel, and then the 86-cent novel, and presently the 80-cent or 75-cent novel. Possibly the chain stores, with their huge buying capacity, will press the publisher to reduce his price, and, if he cannot see his way to do it, go ahead and make their own novels as some of them, I understand, now make their own 'just as good' preparations in other lines.

Personally I think that when I want to buy a novel for Aunt Susan — or for myself — and the novel costs $2.50 or $3.00 or even the shocking price of a theatre ticket, I will buy it. If I am fond of Arnold Bennett's novels, — and I am, — I will buy them if they cost $1.00 and I will buy them if they cost $2.50. If the novels of Zybsko Pzmmizk, whose works I detest, sell for two cents each, or two cents a dozen, I will not buy them.

It seems to me that this attitude will be that of the present large body of buyers of $2.50 books. It will continue to buy the books it wants to read, feeling that a good novel furnishes more solid enjoyment than can be had for $2.50 spent in any other way. If some publisher offers a good novel at $1.00, this same group will buy it, and quite likely buy two more of the $1.00 books if the authors they like are among them.

Time will tell just how much need there was for the $1.00 book, and time is needed to tell. The novelty of any new thing or new price sells any article for a while, but in books, in the long run, quality is an important factor. It is true that in many cases readers have bought the books recommended by their booksellers, but I am not so sure that to have a book prescribed by a drug-store salesgirl is quite the same thing. We do say to the clerk, 'I've got an awful cough; what's good for it?' and buy a bottle of Bink's Cough Cure on the clerk's recommendation, and possibly it may be an advantage to be able to say, 'My aunt Susan has the tonsillitis just awfully bad; what book would you recommend for her?' or to ask, 'Have you a crime mystery story that would be good for a stout man of about forty-five with the liver complaint?' I don't know.

EUROPE AS A MARKET

BY FRANCIS P. MILLER AND H. D. HILL

I

BEFORE the war, American export to Europe consisted in the delivery of certain products, mostly grain and crude materials, at the ports of the Old World. Since the peace, the American salesman has come to Europe and has taken on the Continent as part of his territory. The difference is revolutionary.

Before the war, selling to Europe was a simple transaction. The classical American exports were cotton, wheat, copper, tobacco, lumber. Trade was carried on on the basis of samples, with relatively few clients on the various produce exchanges. The use to which the exports were put was no concern of the person selling them; they were practically all producer's goods, destined to undergo immediate transformation. The purpose which led to their purchase was irrelevant to the American seller; he could consequently get along quite well on a minimum of European representation. To-day this type of trade is falling into the background. Exportation of raw materials is the sign of either a colonial or an agricultural country, and the United States is ceasing to be either. Every industrial nation is seeking to control, on a national or imperial scale, as many as possible of the raw materials necessary to its economic system, and to use them within its borders. Faulty agricultural methods in the Southern States are partly to blame, but the fact that in 1929 the sales to England of American cotton dropped half a million bales, while those of Indian cotton rose by almost the same figure, is in no small degree significant.

Yet, at the very time when this change in the world marketing of raw materials is going on, the total United States export to Europe has enormously increased. The average for 1910–14 was $1,333,800,000; in 1927 the total was $2,279,800,000. Where the change has come is shown by the figures below.

The total American export to Europe in 1910–14 was divided among the four great classes of foreign trade according to the following percentage: —

Crude materials	44.6
Foodstuffs	22.5
Semi-manufactures	17.2
Finished manufactures	15.7

In 1927 these proportions had become: —

Crude materials	35.2
Foodstuffs	23.0
Semi-manufactures	15.2
Finished manufactures	26.6

In other words, while the proportion of foodstuffs and of semi-manufactures remained relatively constant, that of finished manufactures very nearly doubled. The money value of finished manufactures has almost quadrupled. The world export of American finished manufactures in 1910–14 averaged $654,000,000; that of 1929 was $2,532,000,000. Since Europe took about the same proportion of each of these

amounts, — i.e., 30 per cent, — it is clear that Europe alone is now taking slightly more of the finished manufactures of the United States than the world export of the United States in that class at the beginning of the war.

Next to ensuring a secure supply of raw materials, the chief aim of the modern industrial community is to find markets for its manufactured wares. Yet as soon as it goes in for this type of export, it is forced to face the fact that it is no longer dealing in producer's but in consumer's goods. Unlike the classical American exports to Europe, the new type of goods becoming prominent to-day are sold to their ultimate consumers in the form in which they arrive. The selling end is no longer a simple transaction. All the problems which have engaged the American producer at home — the stimulation of wants, the grasp of national psychology, the spread of mass purchasing power, and the rendering of service after sales, to cite only a few — reappear as problems of his European market. To deal with these problems it has proved necessary for the American business man to be on the spot, and, in the course of the last decade, to Europe he has come.

The most powerful single agency in facilitating the entrance of American business into European markets has unquestionably been the office of the American commercial attaché in the various capitals. There are twenty-two of these offices in various parts of Europe, with a staff of seventy-one trade commissioners, and $719,800 of the total Congressional appropriation, which for the Foreign Department in 1928–29 was $1,862,563, is spent on the European area. With their single purpose of developing trade contacts, they have been able far to outdistance what was previously accomplished by the consular offices with their multiple other functions; and while the European consulates still coöperate in industrial work, the more important trade contacts are now generally made through the commercial attachés. Though classed as attached to the United States Embassy, these offices head up, not to the State Department, but to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, and their post-war development under the Secretaryship of President Hoover bears out the first part of his definition that the function of government is to chart the channels of foreign trade and keep them open. The support of the business community is whole-heartedly behind the commercial attachés; they work in close coöperation with the Foreign Commerce Advisory Commission of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and with the National Foreign Trade Council; and at the last hearings of the Congressional Appropriations Committee they could point to requests from two hundred representatives of trades which desired to have various markets charted in their interest.

President Hoover, when laying the corner stone of the new $13,500,000 building which the Department of Commerce is erecting in Washington to be the largest office building in the world, said, 'While there may be complaints over the expansion in other directions, this Department cannot be the subject of them, for it is devoted solely to aid and foster the development of higher standards of living and comfort of our people.' It may well be asked whether this building is not the real Foreign Office of the United States. America is after all a business country, and the department whose men are forming the spearhead of the American thrust into foreign markets is very near indeed to the centre of national life.

The commercial attaché is, of course, not the only agency through which American firms establish themselves in the European market. Stories are not uncommon in Germany, for instance, of immigrant sons, grown affluent on their American ventures, returning to capture still larger markets with their old home towns as a base. Contacts made through the American chambers of commerce in European cities, chance acquaintances, or even unheralded fliers taken without any formal introduction, have all been responsible for firms getting a foreign foothold, and even the most partial list of what they are selling makes Alice in Wonderland's 'shoes and ships and sealing-wax' sound like a monotonous assortment.

II

Whatever the sources of their initial contacts, the end of the first post-war decade has seen both American goods and American firms established as a definite part of the European scene.

There are, naturally, many instances where the disposal of American goods takes place as it did before the war, where the goods come to Europe by themselves. Such transactions are usually effected through the establishment of an agency arrangement with a local firm already engaged in the line in question. In Germany there are some 1600 German agents who carry American goods, while in England over 6000 American firms distribute their products through some 3500 to 4000 British representatives. But in the more important lines American goods are sold in Europe because American industrialists are themselves at work there.

In the case of finished manufactures, the satisfaction to be obtained from a given object is directly related to the method by which it is used. American machines of all sorts, from steam shovels to electrical washing apparatus, have been modeled and remodeled to fit a given way of doing things. Possession of the machine, without familiarity with the way to get the best results from it, is only half an advantage. It is for this reason that the exportation of American machinery requires the exportation of American technique, and the exportation of American office equipment requires the exportation of American administrative methods if satisfied customers are to be procured. American firms have realized this, and have repeated in Europe the institution of the 'service man.' If a foreign firm agrees to manufacture an American machine tool under license, someone from the American factory accompanies the blueprint to translate trade terms, explain procession detail, and establish in the European shop practices as nearly as possible like those of the American factory in which the original of the design was developed. If a client desires to install an American card cataloguing system, an expert is sent to survey his particular situation, in order to give advice before sales on the apparatus most suitable to the given circumstances. Indeed, most of the office equipment concerns, such as Burroughs or Multigraph, have instituted training schools for operatives, so that not only are American appliances installed on the basis of American expert advice, but the appliances themselves are equipped with a personnel trained according to American systems.

The next step beyond the agency and the service man in the establishment of American business in Europe is the formation of a subsidiary firm, directly related to the American parent. As soon as this happens, all real distinction between domestic and foreign trade, so far as the American company is concerned, is broken down. Europe

becomes an area, differing from regional divisions of the United States such as the Pacific Coast, the South, or the Middle Atlantic States, or from Oriental territories such as Japan or Ceylon, only in the nature of some of its problems. They all head up to the same final control: a salesman from Austria is on a par with one from Alabama; the company is thinking in world terms, and in the interests of administrative economy is bent on treating them all as nearly alike as possible. When General Motors held a gathering of its salesmen at a Delaware country club in the summer of 1929, representatives from twenty-three different countries, nine of whom were Europeans, sat down to talk sales policy as a common problem.

American firms approach Europe as virgin territory; the technique of organization which they bring with them is that which has been successful in organizing their own continent; they put it to work without regard for existing practices. Where possible, they attempt to offer a *quid pro quo* which will ensure to them the advantages of certain specialties already developed in the countries concerned. In Germany, for instance, they have made a practice of offering royalties on large-scale development in return for patent rights on laboratory processes. The understanding worked out in 1929 between Standard Oil and the German Dye Trust, whereby the former is to take charge of the development of the latter's process for coal and oil hydration, is a case in point. In England, on the other hand, the trade relationships built up with all parts of Europe and the world, in the course of last century, by an English-speaking people are an advantage which incoming American firms have not overlooked. A very large per cent of the agencies for all Europe, or indeed for all the world outside America, established by firms which have not themselves come abroad, are English agencies, and London (though closely pressed by Paris) is the first choice for headquarters of American firms seeking a location for their European Division.

Where the advantages of a combination of existing patent rights and market development could be secured, American firms have been inclined to coalesce with companies already in the field. The purchase of Vauxhall in England and Opel in Germany (and rumors are persistently rife regarding Citroën in France) by General Motors is an example of this type of organization; a more far-reaching one is the current agreement between General Motors and the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft of Berlin. Their present arrangement is the outgrowth of a long history.

In 1884, Emil Rathenau, the father of the German statesman of the war and post-war period, entered into an agreement with Edison for the German rights on his patents. A mutual exchange was continued until 1929, when the present closer relationship was agreed upon. Under this arrangement, the General Electric owns 50,000,000 of the 230,000,000 marks capital of A. E. G. and has four members out of thirty-three on the board of directors. The mutual exchange of processes and technique goes on; each company has a representative attached to the head office of the other to foster this exchange, and a definite market agreement is entered into between them. The world markets are divided as follows: the American market is reserved for the General Electric; Germany, Scandinavia, and all of Central and Eastern Europe (except Poland — an exception made out of deference to the Harriman interests there) are reserved for the A. E. G.; elsewhere the two companies

compete. The A. E. G. thus acquires an exclusive market more than five and a half times the size of its domestic territory, with the right to make and sell there both all of its products and all those of the General Electric. The American firm, on the other hand, has a means of getting its products disposed of through an organization already familiar with the Eastern European sales territory, — for the A. E. G. had made considerable progress in the Balkans before the war, — and reaps profits thereon through its stock participation.

Other firms, by contrast to General Motors and General Electric, have preferred to build up their own organization from the bottom. The most conspicuous of these is Ford. If the Ford Company of Detroit can rightly be taken as the most advanced example of economic organization in the United States, the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., of London certainly merits equally the name of the most advanced example of American economic organization in Europe, in the sense that more than any other American firm there it has overcome the tendency to think in compartments of foreign and domestic trade, and is treating Europe and America alike as partial elements in a single selling field.

It began in a small way, in England just before the war and in the other European countries shortly after, setting up sporadic subsidiaries each directly connected with Detroit. But it then, in common with General Motors and a host of other companies, saw the advantages of treating Europe as a continent, paralleling the continental organization of previous experience at home. In the autumn of 1928, the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., was founded with headquarters in London, to take over the various independent companies previously set up. With a capital of 7,000,000 pounds, it now controls plants from Cork to Constantinople, from Finland down to Spain. Most of these are assembly plants and warehouses, but important factory sites have recently been acquired at Cologne and Constantinople, and at Dagenham in Essex work is well under way on what will be the largest motor factory outside America. The unified finance of this system of undertakings shows, according to the directors' report of the first year of the company's operation, a net profit of over a million pounds, and so strong is its position that the same directors' report announced that so far as the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., was concerned, the 33⅓ per cent safeguarding duty which British manufacturers in general have regarded as a primary condition of building up the motor industry could be abolished.

There are several other companies in Europe which have used a continental form of organization to get above the compartmentalism of Europe's twenty-five national units. But within the last two years Ford has taken two steps which are so far unique among American practices. He has ceased to publish any statistics of production except world statistics, and he has given the Cork tractor factory for the present the right to make all the Ford tractors required by the entire world. And through the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., he has applied to the International Labor Office at Geneva to work out a system of real wages for the various European countries in which there are Ford plants, so that the same real wage, based on the Detroit scale, can be paid throughout the entire system of production, irrespective of the geographical situation of a given plant. These two moves place him at the forefront of producers conscious of the North Atlantic area.

III

The favorable balance sheets exhibited by most of the American firms which have come to Europe in the last decade seem all the more extraordinary considering the depression from which European firms have suffered more or less continuously since the break of the post-war boom. The American firms, however, have entered the field with three important initial advantages. First of all, they have come well supplied with capital. They have been able to carry initial investments and the losses of the expansion period on the accumulated profits of the home market. They could afford to wait, if necessary, a very long time before showing a return, a very much longer time than any firm whose entire assets were involved in the new venture. Secondly, the products which they have come to introduce have in general exceptional advantages of design. The research of which they are the results is the costly kind which can only be supported by a mass market. A company producing four thousand steam shovels a year can take a minute fraction of the profit from each to develop plans for a still better model; a firm producing only two hundred cannot spare enough to make such research pay. The third advantage is the American manner of business organization. The methodology which American firms have brought with them is perhaps their greatest intangible asset. They have carried over the flexibility of structure, the eagerness to meet the existing needs of the consumer on the one hand and beguile him into experiment on the other, and the capacity to view things in the large which were bred into them by the American market. Their unfamiliarity with the difficulties inherent in a world of highly differentiated jurisdictions has made them appear at times naïve; but their innocence of such limitations has not infrequently supplied them with an optimistic inventiveness, impossible to anyone but an outsider, in bridging over difficulties at which the more informed throw up their hands.

The American business man's unwillingness to recognize national divisions has enabled him to treat Europe as a continent. Even where the exigencies of European organization have forced him to proceed country by country he has not given up the wider continental point of view. The advertising policy of a considerable number of the firms now operating in England and on the Continent is a clear indication of this.

When General Motors, for instance, decided to go into the European market they arranged with the J. Walter Thompson Company of New York to go with them and set up branch offices in each of the cities where they established themselves. Such a combination provided an opportunity for a centralized selling strategy to be worked out according to the geography and expressed in the vernacular of the place of sale. Supposing the American office decides that the key idea for a campaign should be that a certain car will appeal to young people because of its speed: under such an arrangement a cut exhibiting dark-haired youngsters climbing effortlessly up a mountain will be prepared for Switzerland or Greece, while in Holland blondes are shown impressed by quick pick-up on the flat. And the texts will not be translations of each other: Paris has more than once regaled itself over little unintentional changes of meaning when firms have tried to do that. General Motors copy is put out by the European Thompson offices in some twenty-five different languages.

The unwillingness of the American

business man to recognize social divisions is enabling him to treat whole populations as well as whole areas as a market. A very great number of the American goods now in general use in Europe began as luxury goods. The companies making them have by and large not been content with the limited, high-class market of their original appeal, however, but by persistent advertising have created a market in classes whose traditions did not include the article in question in their standard of living, and whom the native firms have never made any effort to reach. The two following texts, taken from adjoining pages of *Punch* and advertising respectively an English and an American car of well-known make, show the dynamic behind the latter's publicity: —

1. The English car. 'There are men and women whose cultivated tastes admit of no pretense or insincerity; whose trained minds judge values fairly; who demand, simply and decisively, the best. They may be few, but it is for them that the —— car is built.'

2. The American car. 'Constantly striving for the goal of perfection, never resting on past laurels, —— again forges ahead. The spirit which led to the introduction of the first Twin Six in 1915 and the Eight-in-line Motor in 1923 moves on to greater achievement. In the two new eights which have just been introduced, —— presents to the public the concrete result of thirty years of manufacturing fine motor cars. Your inspection of the new models is invited.'

The most vivid examples of the democratizing process are those in which any sale whatsoever of the given product has had to be preceded by the conversion of the consumer. The development of a market for American labor-saving household devices is a case in point. As a result of optimism and advertising, the European sales of a certain electric ice box were in 1929 about 14½ times their total in 1924 when the product first began to be pushed. Beguiling a country like England, where the domestic use of ice is rare, into the purchase of an electric ice box necessarily began with the luxury class. The earlier cuts displayed the satisfaction of the haughtiest of butlers in serving an exquisitely refrigerated repast. Then an attack was launched upon the more important butcher firms by advertisements in journals of the meat trade, stressing cleanliness, constant temperature, and the luxury of not having to come down to the shop on Sunday morning to let the iceman in. As a result, in 1929 eighty-three of the eighty-five butcher shops on a London street devoted to the trade carried the —— sign in the window. The company could then turn to the ordinary consumer and say, 'For the sake of health buy where you see our sign,' and, once this campaign was finished, urge him not only to buy where the meat was kept at a proper temperature, but to keep it that way after it came from the butcher's to his own home. The final step in democratization is demonstrated by the company's very latest advertisement, which calls upon 'lodgers, pressmen on night duty, aldermen in reduced circumstances, and all others' to urge their landladies to install —— so that the chops of their weekly board may be more palatably kept.

One of the most powerful aids to American business in its democratization of wants in Europe, an aid which is no less effective for being unintentional and indirect, is the American film. Itself the symbol of the democratization of amusement, by picturing what is at least the Hollywood version of American ways of life it popularizes a host of American goods among wide

masses of European people. The quota restrictions placed on the importation of American films by the various European countries during the last four or five years and the recent concentration of American producers on the 'talkies,' whose distribution has to be largely confined to the English-speaking market, have weakened the quasi-monopoly of the movie trade enjoyed by American companies in Europe during the years just after the war, but in 1928, 558 of the 778 films shown on the British market, 205 of the 520 on the German, and 313 of the 583 on the French were American films. In the same year, the seating capacity of the regular-run houses in England was increased 90,000 by the erection of new theatres and that of Germany 125,000. The continual vicarious enjoyment of the American type of product presented on the screen inevitably puts the European movie-goer in a mood to receive the American salesman who presents the real thing at his door. The European royalties of American motion-picture producers in 1928 amounted to $65,000,000. How much came to other American producers as a by-product of this sum cannot be estimated, but it was certainly no small amount.

IV

The establishment of the American firm as a definite part of the European scene is too recent an event to permit a discussion of its long-time consequences to the world of American trade. There are certain effects, however, which are already beginning to be discussed. Trade with Europe was started in order to dispose of the expanding margin of production on which America depends to keep prosperity on the upgrade. In other words, the foreign departments of American firms were set up to stimulate the exportation of *things*. When subsidiaries were established in foreign capitals, it was to aid in the distribution of products received from overseas. The articles so received were made in America as part of the regular domestic production; the value which they represented was distributed to different elements in the American productive system, and became part of American purchasing power. But development has not stopped there. Partly for the sake of cutting down on transportation, especially ocean freights, partly because of the lower cost of labor abroad, and partly in order to gain the good will assured to a firm offering jobs in countries carrying a burden of unemployed, the distributing subsidiaries have, in many cases, expanded into assembly or even manufacturing plants. In Germany, at the close of 1929, there were known to be sixty-four subsidiaries of American companies which had set up their own establishments for manufacturing or assembly. In England, the number was approximately seventy-three.

As soon as an article is manufactured in this fashion abroad, however, what the American firm is really doing is no longer exporting *things*, but *capital and design*. Now a great many people see this as the future of American foreign business. They point out that the possibilities of research and experiment offered by the American mass market mean that American firms will always have the advantages of improved design. And they point out that the exportation of capital is a normal process in a mature industrial country such as the United States has become. They suggest that royalties on design, taken either directly or in the form of stock participation in the foreign manufacturing company, are the desirable return from American business abroad.

Other equally informed observers see the matter differently. They point

out that American prosperity is based upon the spread of purchasing power among the widest possible number of American consumers. But, where only design and capital are exported, the American provider of raw materials and the American worker are deprived of the income which would be theirs if the thing itself were exported after being made in the United States. Furthermore, the per cent of the total selling price of the product which does return to America comes back as royalties or interest. The class to which it comes will reinvest rather than spend that money on the consumption of the goods which are the backbone of prosperity, for the simple reason that it is already supplied with all the things it can consume within the limits of its leisure. For a great many articles America excels in design at the moment, but her progressiveness is due to the fact that she has still an expanding market. Only the knowledge that the country has the purchasing power necessary rapidly to replace a given model with a new and better one makes the American manufacturer press his research. A check to that purchasing power means a crystallization of American production on its current level.

In speaking of branch plants abroad, the Committee on Recent Economic Changes says: —

> The first type of barrier, the high tariff walls erected against American products, are in some cases being scaled; but, what is vastly more disconcerting, many of these are being permanently avoided by the establishment of American-controlled factories on the other side. Thus, substantial portions of our most highly developed and most profitable industries are actually migrating to foreign countries, carrying with them not only American organization and methods but also American talent, with all the resultant loss of purchasing of American domestic products and of the stimulus to American business in general.

The arguments for and against American branch plants, however, are both based on the assumption that it is going to be permanently possible to maintain America's relative prosperity as compared with other nations. The balance of international payments between Europe and the United States conceived of by the average business man as ideal is one in which the United States should receive the principal and interest of the war debts, the principal and interest of the post-war public and private loans, royalties on all American patents used abroad, and prompt payment for an increasing total of American exports, while preserving the American market as nearly as possible for American goods by means of an increasingly high tariff. Unfortunately that is not a balance. At some point or other, in the course of the next years, it will have to be made a balance. The American tariff is maintained because foreign goods are regarded as a menace since they are made at a lower labor cost than American; because, to put the same thing quite differently, purchasing power is less widely distributed in Europe than in the States. Any move which stimulates a high-wage policy and the democratization of consumption in Europe automatically limits the degree in which European goods can undercut the American market, and weakens the case for the present tariff wall. American branch plants, especially when they adopt a wage policy comparable to Ford's, are a very real dynamic in this direction.

America's success in selling her products abroad has so far been unquestionable. There is no doubt that America wants Europe as a market. There is more doubt as to whether America wants to accept implications of her present activities, that if she wants to have a foreign market she

also has to be one. During the preliminaries to the recent passage of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, Congress treated the official protests of some forty other governments as irrelevant. The American manufacturers engaged in the export trade knew they were not irrelevant. When Mr. Ford and Mr. Sloan spoke of the danger to American commerce entailed in the revision of schedules upward to a height certain to cause reprisals, they were thinking in very concrete terms of the bills introduced last autumn in the French Chamber of Deputies whose passage would mean the closing out of the American motor industry in France. Owing to a lobby formed by all the American motor interests in Paris, under the name of the Automotive Club of Europe, and to certain negotiations by Ambassador Edge, these bills were tabled for the time being; the chances of their staying tabled in view of the new rates on various important French exports to the United States seem, however, slight.

Since last November, the automotive interests of all Europe have been working out means of presenting a united front to the American invasion; the simultaneous lobby which they plan in their respective legislatures now appears likely to find willing ears. The same applies to films and a host of other European products with which American goods are in sharp competition.

The movements whose base is larger than that of a single industry, whose aim is the creation of general customs unions comparable to America in size, are likewise using the passage of the 'Grundy' tariff as proof of the necessity of taking immediate measures for defense. Both the idea of a United States of Europe and that of an Empire Economic Union in the British Commonwealth are receiving an impetus from the erection of the new American barriers; Canada, America's best customer, has already revised her tariff upward against the United States and downward towards Great Britain.

The essence of trade is exchange; the prerequisite to sales is purchasing power. America cannot sell abroad if she does n't buy abroad; foreign countries cannot pay for American goods unless they can dispose of their own. It seems highly probable that within the next few years America may discover that, for a country at her present stage of economic development, protection and prosperity do not necessarily go together.

OUR NAVY UNDER THE LONDON TREATY

BY LIEUTENANT MELVIN F. TALBOT (S.C.), U. S. N.

I

THROUGHOUT history there has been one and only one effective method of international disarmament: salutary neglect. To go back no farther than the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was not the high-sounding idealism of the Holy Alliance or the labor of continual disarmament conferences that caused the disappearance of the huge fleets and armies, which, after a long twenty-three years of warfare, sent Napoleon an exile to Saint Helena. They melted away because of a universal revulsion against war, and all that pertains thereto. For nearly forty years thereafter one finds a comfortable ignorance and lassitude in all countries on the question of armaments. The horrors and the glories of war passed into song and story — 'and, oh, how deep the corn, along the battlefield!' Then came another Napoleon to the throne of France, the mutterings of resurgent nationalisms, and Bismarck with his policy of blood and iron. To create the German Empire he had first to create the Prussian army, which triumphed at Sadowa and Sedan. Remembering Alsace-Lorraine, France prepared for the future. The armament race was on. It ended in a surf of blood along the Belgian frontier in August 1914.

Civilized mankind is greatly resolved that we shall not tread those paths again. There are no officers in our army and navy so selfish or so blind as not to share this universal desire for peace among the nations throughout the years to be. This was the high hope of their first Commander-in-Chief, General George Washington, whose dearest wish it was to see war, 'this plague of mankind, banished from the earth.' And yet, as long as armies and navies exist, the soldier must prepare for the defense of his country. He need drink no braggart's toast to *Der Tag*, but for victory on the day of battle, if that day must come, it is his solemn duty to make ready. He therefore sees the limited success of disarmament conferences, not only in their broader aspects, as contributions to the ideal of world coöperation, but also in their more narrow and technical phases, as but halting and partially effective efforts to reach through the medium of international understandings the ultimate goal that war and the weapons of war shall some day vanish from the earth.

The protracted negotiations at London showed clearly that world opinion is a long way yet from the ideal of complete disarmament. Very substantial fleets have been left to each of the naval powers. Throughout the conference, the American delegation strove to secure on the lowest levels possible a navy adequate, in its relation to other navies, for our national defense and the protection of our commerce, equal to that of Great Britain, and yet so restricted as to promise to the taxpayer some relief from the burdens of the naval budget; and finally to keep this 'treaty navy' independent of any po-

litical commitment which might make our future tranquillity and security contingent on the action of other nations.

These were logical demands. They sum up the lines of thought along which the public has been taught to evaluate the naval power necessary for our country and to which we feel that we are rightfully entitled. But the deeper one probes into this most difficult of questions, the less important these well-known formulæ seem. Step by step, the seeker after the truth is led to the conclusion that in the last analysis they are well-nigh meaningless. There is one and only one index of naval needs: assurance of victory in the next war at sea. Power for battle is the only measure of fighting ships. The fundamental and inevitable war purpose of naval armaments was never better expressed than in M. Briand's famous disarmament promise, 'When Britain rebuilds her capital ships for the sardine fisheries, then France will redesign her submarines for the study of oceanic botany.' The veteran statesman's epigram was merely a pointed way of stating the bald fact that navies can be evaluated only by matching their fighting strength against that of other navies.

II

Remembering this simple truth, let us consider in the first place what is meant by a navy sufficient for our national defense and the protection of our commerce. Defense presupposes attack, and attack presupposes war. A navy that can merely forbid a hostile landing on our continental coasts falls far short of adequacy for victory. With New York and San Francisco safe from attack, but the Canal Zone and Hawaii invested, blockaded, and captured, we face either the continuation of a protracted and almost hopeless struggle, or defeat. Adequacy for national defense, if it means anything at all, means defense, not only of our coasts, but also of those outlying areas whose protection is vital to our existence as a Great Power.

Coming and going across the oceans of the world moves our sea-borne commerce. Nations that trade at sea give their maritime wealth a hostage to fortune. On its safety depends prosperity in time of peace, victory in time of war. But defense of commerce carries with it several implications: the safeguarding of peace-time commerce against the dangers to which it is ever exposed in distant and tumultuous lands; the vindication of a neutral's right to trade in non-contraband in the face of distant blockade; and finally the actual war function of guarding our sea-borne trade should we be involved as a belligerent.

In years of peace, commerce needs no protection beyond that which can be readily furnished by an anti-pirate police. It is for this purpose that the nations maintain specially designed gunboats on the rivers of China. But in times of civil disturbance abroad, danger to American lives and property calls for the further detail of naval ships. Cruisers and destroyers, whose normal function is to train for war as part of the active fleet, are ready. They need but oil and stores and orders to proceed. At the rumor of revolution to the south, they appear off disorderly and distracted ports as if by magic. Panicky bankers breathe freely again, knowing that their loans will no longer be dissipated in the thin smoke of chronic civil wars. Statesmen in Washington rest assured that no foreign ships, possible harbingers of international complications, will interfere. The press is relieved to know that the lives of distant traders and missionaries are safe.

But the point to be borne in mind is

that for naval ships this duty is aside from the intent of their designers. Naval vessels are designed to fight other naval vessels, and for no other purpose. When, and only when, war and the rumors of war shall forever disappear, we may put out of mind and file away in the archives of the old bad days all the really important questions over which naval officers spend their busy lives. The balance between speed, guns, and armor, the infinitely complex problems of the simultaneous firing of great guns from a floating platform — when war at sea is impossible, these questions will no longer employ the loyal service of trained experts. When the protection of commerce and interests abroad is the only reason for the maintenance of fighting fleets, the forces maintained will cease to be navies. They will merge and become an international water police, as unrelated to present naval establishments as the 'one-hoss shay' to the modern motor coach.

Defense of commerce goes far beyond this idea of an anti-pirate police. It implies the vindication of neutral rights against belligerent blockade. It involves the whole mooted problem of the just and proper relation of belligerent operations to neutral trade. In defense of our maritime rights we have entered two European wars, the War of 1812 and the World War. It is in their defense that we shall in all likelihood be engulfed in the great wars of the future, if other wars must come to burden with their useless destruction generations yet unborn. More and more, control of the sea is envisioned as the decisive factor in war. Despite the accepted phrases of international law, sea-controlling belligerents will probably employ the weapon of blockade to its utmost. In the heat of strife, they cannot do otherwise. They will seek to deny the use of the sea, not only to enemy merchant vessels, but to neutrals who would furnish their enemies with goods, contraband or non-contraband, even in neutral ships and through neutral ports. The historic rights vouchsafed under the old concepts of international law will seem even less sacred in the future if they are invoked to vindicate trading with a nation rightly or wrongly adjudged an aggressor under the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris. There can be no exact measure for a navy adequate to vindicate neutral rights against all contingencies of blockade and counter-blockade. Suffice it to say that powerful indeed must be the fleet that hopes to defy belligerent sea control, however contrary to a strict interpretation of international law, which seeks in the future to 'close the seas in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.'

Together with the defense of commerce as an index of naval needs is usually grouped the defense of foreign possessions. Here again ability to defend means nothing less than ability to achieve victory. For Germany in 1914, the defense of her Chinese and African colonies could have been assured only by victory at sea against the British Grand Fleet, or by a triumph over the armies of her enemies so complete as to vouchsafe a victor's peace. The same situation faces France today. An inferior French navy may succeed in certain convoy-guarding operations in the Mediterranean, but it will assure the final defense of the French Colonial Empire only by contributing its share to national victory. The greatest success at sea which such a navy can hope to achieve is not the triumph of smashing fleet action, but the historic Continental objective, a decisive counter-blockade. Commerce destruction has never brought victory in the past, but it has failed by only a

narrow margin. At Whitehall they remember the dark days of the spring of 1917 when the British Isles felt the actual menace of blockade. Not since a French admiral in 1779 swept the Channel in force and a panic-stricken First Lord wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, 'For God's sake get to sea,' had the Empire faced defeat and destruction. The North Sea has ever been the battleground of empire. 'Pondicherry,' wrote Napoleon, 'must be defended on the banks of the Vistula.' French statesmen to-day, in their brief for the submarine, are saying with equal truth, 'On the vital trade routes of her enemies, off Brest and off Toulon, France, if threatened, must defend her empire.'

For the United States, the protection of foreign possessions is likewise a question of naval war. The Caribbean and the Canal fall within the striking range of the United States fleet, and beyond the immediate reach of any foreign force. A navy adequate for their defense need not be a navy able to sweep the Channel and blockade the Thames. But the Philippines lie outside the sphere of action of the United States fleet and unfortunately within that of Japanese sea power. A naval force adequate to defend the Philippines must of necessity be so based and so constituted as to be able to defeat the Japanese in their own home waters. To create the overwhelming fleet and the Asiatic base necessary to assure the immediate defense of the Islands is to question the word and threaten the security of the Japanese Empire, however sincere may be our own belief in the purely defensive intent of our Far Eastern policy. At the Washington Conference we gave up the right to fortify a major base. In the Four-Powers Pact, Britain, France, Japan, and the United States stand mutually committed to the territorial *status quo*. In the Nine-Powers Treaty, with Belgium, China, Holland, Italy, and Portugal as well, we gave and received a solemn pledge that all should be free to trade on terms of actual equality in the unsettled markets of the Far East. And yet, despite these treaties, considerable naval establishments continue to be maintained in the Orient. For us to neglect a fleet able eventually to make our power felt in this armed area of chronic disturbance is completely to abandon not only our territorial and economic interests but also the international obligations implied in the Washington treaties. Adequacy need not connote instant naval superiority. But, conversely, it cannot mean absolute impotency.

To pass to the next consideration, the much discussed question of parity with the British navy, what is parity? No one really knows, for again the only applicable index is power for victory in war at sea. But the strength that makes for victory is not a function of fighting ships alone. It depends also on operating bases, repair yards, convertible merchant tonnage, shipbuilding facilities, and finally on the maritime and industrial skill and wealth on which the whole vast edifice of sea power ultimately rests. To match Britain forge for forge and dock for dock is obviously impossible. Not even were Britain and the United States to be turned over to a perfectly honest commission of omniscient and omnipotent foreign naval officers, whose ideal it should be to equalize their entire sea power, could parity be achieved. It is too fluid. It involves too many unknown factors. It is a mirage, a dream.

With the deep and fundamental factors of parity the treaty does not deal. It attempts only parity in fighting ships built and to be built. But here again the underlying principles are so indefinite that actual parity is, and will always remain, impossible of definition

and achievement. Taken singly, the fighting ship is herself a combination of three great variables, protection, striking power, and speed. Throughout the two fleets no ships actually match. And beyond these three main factors lie other important considerations: seakeeping qualities, underwater integrity, steadiness for gunfire, and, greatest of all, material and what might be called spiritual war-readiness. Let these necessarily unequal ships be grouped in two fleets, built and based, not for war one against the other, but with varying conceptions of their war purposes, and parity again recedes into the domain of pure speculation. More important still, it should be remembered that neither tons nor guns alone win naval wars. Battles and wars are won by leaders gifted with great skill in handling fleets and imbued with a will to victory that approaches the immortal. Paul Jones in the old, ill-found *Bonhomme Richard* fought and took the crack British frigate *Serapis*. Nelson went in at the Nile at sundown over unknown and treacherous shoals, 'viewing all obstacles with the eye of a seaman *determined on attack*'; went in with six ensigns in his rigging, lest, in the confused darkness lit only by the flash of broadsides, someone might think that the admiral had struck; went in with the immortal signal fluttering from his yardarm, 'Engage the enemy closer.' Who can value the spirit of a Nelson or the dash and daring of a Paul Jones? Parity is a problem of cold statistics. Victory lies in the lap of the gods. The gods fight, not always on the side of the big battalions, but ever at the right hand of the soldier most eager for bloody and decisive battle.

III

The London Treaty bids fair to end until 1936, and possibly for all time, that costly and most dangerous feature of navies, competition for victory in terms of ever-increasing fleets. The number of all combatant types, not of capital ships alone, has been restricted. By setting a limit to the individual tonnage of the cruiser, destroyer, and submarine, it will arrest the persistent tendency of designers to push up the size of ships in a vicious circle of threat and counter-threat. No longer will heavy cruisers be built solely to outclass a rival's latest light cruisers, and destroyer leaders to counter his destroyers. Neither fleets nor types can now be made better by the simple expedient of making them bigger.

Our avowed national policy of naval equality with the strongest sea power plus political isolation cannot be achieved for less than the cost of this 'treaty navy.' We must either foot the bill or abandon the policy. There is no other choice. True to President Hoover's promise, we have reduced our estimates to follow the curtailment of British 'needs' made by the Labor Government. We have even accepted a few cruisers not wholly approved by naval opinion. Parity, as far as it is possible to realize it, need not now be bought at the high levels on which the British delegation at Geneva insisted. As yet the Geneva figures were the lowest that could be offered by a hard-pressed Tory admiralty facing, not our building, but the expansion of Continental fleets. It is barely possible that, ere the race is run, we shall be compelled to follow the increase in British tonnage made to match the powerful navy which France, facing two oceans, and remembering the attack of 1914 and the rejected Insurance Treaty of 1919, saw fit to demand in the name of a sacred national security Britain and America decline to reinsure.

The treaty immediately brings the British and American battleship divisions into equality in numbers. Their

equality in fighting strength is a question so complex that even the best-informed naval critic would hesitate to give a categorical answer. We must now disarm one old battleship and scrap two, the *Florida* and *Utah*. As with all fighting ships whose days are done, their commission pennants will be hauled down. Their 'brave forgotten bulwarks' will be broken up, and they will become a name, a tradition, like those gallant ships of other days, whose adventures adorn the reminiscences of old gunners and chief boatswains. Strength for victory will pass to a slight extent from the old and trusted ships of the line to the new and untried units of the cruiser forces.

Destroyer and submarine tonnage will in the future be limited to amounts far below the totals of these classes now borne on the Navy List. Hastily war-built ships, already well-nigh worn out in service, will be retired. Those retained must soon be replaced by new and improved construction, to match the building already completed by foreign navies. The finished United States fleet will contain approximately the number of torpedo-carrying ships which naval opinion holds necessary. The proportion of gunnery ships to torpedo craft and airplane carriers is not a fixed one. Its determination is as delicate a question as the balance of brass, strings, and wood winds in a symphony orchestra. As different compositions stress different instruments, so different wars stress different weapons. Nor is it possible to foretell the war groupings of naval ships. First there must be the battle fleet, at least the equal of the enemy, an armada whose power for victory must combine and synchronize the fierce striking force of all combatant types. In addition, cruisers will be called on to attack and defend commerce on the ocean trade routes, and submarines to patrol the focal sea areas. With limited fleets, no one can predetermine the magic combination that will vouchsafe victory. 'Only numbers,' wrote Nelson, 'can annihilate.' In war any ship that can float and fight would be of some service. Of no type can either belligerent ever have 'enough.' Suffice it to say that, under the London Treaty, except for a comparative dearth of convertible merchant tonnage, our peace-time establishment will approach the ideal of well-rounded sea power.

While restricting the number of naval ships to be retained, the treaty greatly increases the cost of future building. For it must of necessity define the size of each type of combatant vessel. There is no better index than tonnage. But tonnage is a very costly measure. If in the future we must build all classes against tonnage limitations, construction costs will continue to mount. Since the introduction of ironclads during the Civil War, and the following half century's developments, during which naval vessels have kept pace with that rapid advance in the arts which has transformed the whole world and given us the Age of the Machine, no more expensive factor has entered naval building than the limitation of individual ships by weight. Formerly the military features of a ship — weapons, armor, and speed — were determined in advance. The size of the ship was dictated by the size of the hull of ordinary construction sufficient to support these features.

To-day the designer is driven to embody great fighting power in light hulls. He has risen nobly to the challenge. Wonderful and costly is his handiwork. Hull construction has been refined. Expensive experiments in welding have been carried out to test its adequacy as a replacement for the heavier riveted construction. Aluminum has been used as a substitute for

heavier and cheaper metals. Engines have lightened, and greatly increased in cost. Here the renascent German navy leads the field. At Versailles the victors dictated ten thousand tons as the maximum displacement for any new German ship. The vanquished bowed to the inevitable and signed. Ten years later they astonished the world by laying down the *Ersatz-Preussen*, carrying on ten thousand tons displacement a striking and staying power of which the Versailles naval experts never dreamed. German constructors, loyal to their country and their cloth, carried out intensive scientific investigations until they were able to produce within ten thousand tons a Diesel-driven ship carrying six quick-firing, high-velocity eleven-inch guns at twenty-eight knots on a well-armored hull. To the perplexity of their former enemies, they have evolved a new and troublesome type, a ship able to sink any cruiser that can catch her and able to elude any capital ship (except a few British battle cruisers) that can sink her.

Not only have tonnage limitations forced competing admiralties to great expense, but they have fathered types unknown before. The 'Washington cruiser,' a ship of ten thousand tons mounting eight-inch guns, is a direct outgrowth of the arbitrary figure mentioned at the Conference as the high limit for cruisers. Keen naval constructors, forbidden to build battleships, immediately set to work to see what could be done within the prescribed tonnage. Given ten thousand tons and eight-inch guns and a clean sheet of drawing paper, designers have achieved a type constructed, gunned, and engined with a skill undreamed before, and yet a type which some believe entirely illogical. To many experts, the treaty cruiser is neither a line-of-battle ship, taking her place like the battle cruiser as a fast wing in the deployed column of floating forts that give and take the hardest blows in the supreme fleet battle for control of the seas, nor yet the smaller scouting and screening 'crash-in' ship and commerce-stopping ship, which was the original conception of the cruiser's function. So lightly are these vessels protected against the fire of guns similar to those they carry (for armor was sacrificed for engines and guns in the division of the limited tonnage) that a fight between them is likely to be as quickly decided as one between fast-shooting 'two-gun men' in a frontier saloon. On the first few salvos may rest the question of victory — or utter destruction. *C'est magnifique*, like the charge of the Light Brigade, *mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

IV

The London Conference found the United States woefully deficient in these new 'treaty cruisers.' In 1921 we relinquished the trident already within our grasp. No one can realize how great a sacrifice of completed sea power we made at the Washington Conference who did not watch the acetylene torches eating day by day into the armor of fighting ships whose like the world may never see again. While others folded up tentative blueprints, we destroyed completed hulls. It was a supremely generous gesture of which we may well be proud. Since then we have lived in a world of conferences and dreams, hoping against hope that the old, costly, useless armament race was ended. We have neglected to replace our torpedo flotillas. We long hesitated to follow the quickly renewed naval competition for preponderance in the most powerful type unrestricted at Washington, the 'treaty cruiser.'

Now, under the London Treaty, we must build to match the finished post-war fleets of our naval rivals. Without

the treaty, it is possible that they might not have willingly surrendered their lead. We might have found that a stern chase was a long chase. The treaty calls an almost complete halt on building abroad while we renew and expand our fleet. This means expenditure, not saving. And as long as fighting ships exist, economy will be foreign to naval building. In war, and in the preparation for war, there is no place for the cheaper, the second best. Nothing produced by mankind is so inherently expensive as modern naval material. To-day, with limited navies, no loyal officer will rest content until his country's warships approach perfection itself. Rivalry, in the inevitable and ceaseless competition, is destined to pass from a race for quantity into a race for quality.

The greatest immediate economy is in the postponement of battleship replacements. But postponement is not of itself economy. That navy is cheapest in the end whose continued and progressive development keeps steadily abreast of the arts. Such a navy grows gradually from ship to ship, year by year discarding the old and creating the new. Its dockyards and the private shipbuilding plants that supplement them work constantly at an even and economical load, furnishing uninterrupted employment to a force of experts trained in fighting-ship construction. It escapes the pressure of politics seeking work for idle yards. It avoids large accumulations of ships built at the same time, like our destroyers and submarines laid down during the war, whose replacement must be undertaken simultaneously. If we are to have battleships, it would be far more economical to take in hand their replacement from year to year. It may yet be that in 1936 the taxpayer will rue the economies of 1930.

From time to time the press has held out the hope that the battleships of to-day will never be replaced, that the type will cease to exist and become extinct. Few naval officers, however, believe that these ships will not be continued as the central striking force of the United States navy. For, unlike other naval vessels, whose types and functions have always varied, the battleship has never changed. She is an absolute. Throughout the ages she has been the ship that can take to sea the greatest fighting power. Once as an oar-driven trireme her decks swarmed with the foot soldiers of Greece and Rome. As a galley she carried Don John of Austria to victory at Lepanto. Under Nelson she was a bluff-bowed, full-rigged ship, whose might was measured by the strength of her oaken timbers and the number of her broadside cannon. To-day she has become an armored ship firing great guns from revolving turrets to either side with uncanny accuracy up to and even beyond the range of sea visibility. Only her equals can meet her in open battle. In different forms, by internal defense or by surrounding herself with screening flotillas and aircraft, she has outlived the threat of fire ship, ram, torpedo, and airplane bomb. Naval thought cannot to-day put afloat greater striking and staying power for victory at sea than is embodied in the long gray column of superdreadnoughts. These battleships remain the ultimate expression of naval might. They exist for the same reason that all armament exists: preparation for war. If, in her present form, she be cribbed and confined by artificial treaty limitations, the battleship will reappear in some new, startling, and even more costly guise as a super-cruiser. *The road to disarmament and economy lies, not in attempting to bind by restrictive formulæ weapons which, under the pressure of competitive war preparations, overstep all limits,*

but in following a policy of international coöperation that will gradually make these weapons unnecessary.

V

In entering this international understanding on the relative size of naval armaments, what, if any, of our 'glorious isolation' have we surrendered? Into what entangling alliance have we been lured? Does the London Treaty in fact make our future security and tranquillity contingent on another nation's action? The answer to these questions lies in the realization of the historical fact that our security and tranquillity have always been, and will always be, dependent on the action of foreign powers. Safety and peace are functions of foreign relations. In no cycle of world wars, since the first white man set foot on the soil of North America, have our people maintained neutrality. If in 1812 and 1917 we could not avoid being drawn into the maelstrom of world war, it is even less likely that we can escape a major conflict in the future. Despite its rejection by the United States Senate, the League of Nations stands as a living embodiment of a new tendency towards internationalism that supplements and cuts across the groupings of the powers. Year by year the nations become more closely knit by ties of trade and finance. The life of the world has in truth become international. A breach of the peace cannot to-day long remain merely an Asiatic, a Balkan, or a Mediterranean question. It will of necessity become a world question. Of that nation which breaks its plighted word, and, by taking up arms in offensive war, lights everywhere the fires of wrath that blood alone can quench, future historians may well write as Macaulay wrote of Frederick the Great: —

> On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

On every side our affairs touch those of foreign powers. No nation can live sufficient unto itself. And many are the hostages we have given to fortune. We support a doctrine that the political life of a hemisphere is our concern, and ours alone. In forbidding entrance to those who seek to share the envied prosperity of a continent, we have used the dangerous formula of race discrimination. There are two paths along which our future may move: armed isolation, or international coöperation. Those sinister rivalries which lead to 'inevitable' wars can and will be checked, not alone by the naval power of a single nation *armée pour la paix*, but even more by the growing tendency of all powers to share the burden of maintaining world peace. If we now build to the agreed limits of the London Treaty, we are assured of a navy adequate to defend our isolation. While granting to us the inalienable right of self-defense, the very act of negotiating the treaty invites us to further coöperation. Lest we rest too secure in our armed isolation, it would be well for us to recall that, not in Washington, but in the chanceries and war offices of Europe, were set in motion those dark forces that drew young Americans to their graves in the Argonne. World peace and world wars of necessity involve all nations.

Since the fall of the Roman Empire,

no nation has achieved sufficiency unto itself. Neither the mercenaries of Louis XIV nor the nation in arms that swept into every European capital under Napoleon could secure to France the mastery of the Continent. During three centuries the British navy has triumphed, but only in alliance with Continental armies. Once Disraeli could boast that the Empire 'has nothing to fear from war. Her Majesty has fleets and armies which are second to none.' But not to-day. Germany 'in shining armor' was supreme for a few short decades. But the end came.

Throughout modern history, European alliances, grouping and regrouping in the endless strife for power and security, have affected the destiny of our people. As an ally of Bourbon foreign policy we won our independence. As Napoleon's associate we fought the War of 1812. The Monroe Doctrine, that courageous declaration of policy made by the youngest of republics in the face of the Holy Alliance of the oldest of monarchies, rested in those early days on the sanction of a British Foreign Minister, who chose to 'call the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.' From the very beginning the fortunes of the United States have been interwoven in the fabric of world development. The future bids fair to be no different from the past. Our peace and security will rest, not alone on our strength for isolation, but of necessity on the action of other nations as well.

The London Treaty, despite its failure to satisfy those who hoped to see competitive navies disappear from the seas, stands as an accomplishment in the field of international coöperation. Time was when no nation would brook a question on the size of its armed forces. The Bourbon army was the king's personal army. Its size was no one's business but his. The German fleet, Tirpitz implied in his conversations with Colonel House, was Germany's affair, and hers alone.

We have come a long way from those days. The size of armaments has become a question of world concern, writ large for all to read in an open covenant openly arrived at. It does not promise us, and no agreement reached by international understanding can ever promise us, the overwhelming material superiority which alone can vouchsafe easy and immediate victory. No nation to-day can achieve a menacing naval preponderance, except by lavishing treasure and risking war in an out-and-out armament competition. Nor does it bind us to an inferiority that spells certain defeat. It gives us a fleet against which no other naval power or combination of powers will lightly take up arms. In the western Atlantic, the Caribbean, and the Pacific west to Hawaii, our squadrons can carry the proud motto that was once displayed aboard a British destroyer in the days of Admiral Lord Fisher, *Ut veniant omnes* — 'Let 'em all come!' If the world must again go mad and war bursts in upon our country that asks only for peace, the London Treaty leaves the issue to the gods of battle and to the well-tried skill, the loyalty, and the devotion of naval officers, whose task it now becomes to wring superiority in fighting power from a fleet of strictly limited tonnage. Behind the fleet they will build, the country can rest secure in its position as a great nation, spiritually, if not politically, the ally of those new forces which seek to bring all peoples nearer together in an effort to prevent war. With the building of the 'treaty navy,' America will come of age and will take unto herself the strength and the inescapable duties of greatness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Easy as pie

The proper solution of the P. Q. — and of course everyone knows that abbreviation stands for our old friend the Prohibition Question — is so simple that I lie awake every night and chuckle to think Congress has not adopted it. Only last night my wife said to me, 'Darling, you left the water running in the bathroom,' and I said, 'No, darling, that is just me chuckling.' 'Well, please don't chuckle,' she said, 'because it sounds as if you had left the water running in the bathroom.'

So you see, — what with the *Lit. Dige.* taking the vote, and a crisis in the P. Q. rapidly approaching, — it looks as if a crisis were rapidly approaching, and if there is anything I do hate to see it is one of these crises that keep approaching and approaching and never come in and sit down and have a cup of tea.

To understand my solution you must first get a weevil — a boll weevil — and read up about it. Or get a road. Or a schoolhouse. Or, if these are not handy to get, get the Roosevelt Dam. Hold this in one hand and my solution of the P. Q. in the other. You are now ready to understand my solution if anyone can. No one has yet.

In the other hand — or, if you have not that many hands, you may put down the Roosevelt Dam for a minute — you will take, let us say, the State of Kansas. If you do not examine this too closely you will see that it is a dry state. It wants to be as dry as a bone — any bone will do as long as it is as dry as Kansas wants to be.

You now put Kansas over on the piano for a minute and take up the State of New York. Hold this to your nose and sniff it and you will find that it is wet. Ask it, 'Do you want to be wet?' and it will answer, 'Yes, I want to be wet.' Proceed in this way with all the states, putting the wet states in one pile and the dry states on the piano where Kansas is, and you will find you have two piles of states, one pile wanting to be dry and the other pile dripping on the carpet.

You now pick up the Roosevelt Dam again and ask it, 'Who paid for building you?' and it will answer, 'The Federal Government paid for me.' You then ask Delaware, 'Do you want a Roosevelt Dam built in you?' and the answer will be 'No!' — because, after all, there would n't be room for anything else in Delaware if a Roosevelt Dam were built there.

You now say, 'Ha! See? The Federal Government spends its money in one state for a Roosevelt Dam, because that state wants a dam, but that does not mean that because it builds a Roosevelt Dam in one state the Government has to build Roosevelt Dams in all the states.'

We now turn the boll weevil over on its back and let it kick its legs in the air, and we observe that, while the Cotton States desire the Federal Government to spend large sums to poke the boll weevil in the solar plexus in their territory, Montana does not ask for money and men to exterminate the boll weevil. Montana has n't any boll weevils. Neither has Kansas. What some have thought were Kansas boll weevils were merely ordinary Kansans after drinking Jamaica ginger.

You now see how beautifully my whole solution fits together. First I hand State rights back to all the states and let each state decide whether it wants to be wet or dry. This may be decided either by vote or by drawing straws. I then replace the liquor revenue laws, thus causing the wet states to pay millions to the Government of the United States. I then pass a law — or let Congress do it, because Congress is touchy about such things — requiring the United States Government to spend for Prohibition enforcement in each self-decided dry state a sum equal to the amount appropriated by that state each year. Or ten times as much, for all I care.

This ought to please everybody. If you wanted to be dry you could move over into a dry state, and if you wanted to be wet you would not have to break a law or pack up your corkscrew and move to Canada or Patagonia. By concentrating on the states that want to be dry the Government could accomplish something. The wet states would be happy because they would be wet, and the dry states would be happy because the liquor revenue taxes of the wet states would be paying for the Prohibition enforcement in the dry states.

A special fund of seven billion dollars would be set aside to keep the dry Senators and Representatives dry, this money being collected by the Government for permits to carry hip flasks in wet states. To prevent the return of the saloon in wet states a law would be passed eliminating the word 'saloon' from the American language and substituting the word 'refectory.' No more saloons.

This is as far as I have worked out my solution to date, but I am now considering the advisability of sweetening the whole matter by doing away with all the terms that are such red rags to the Prohibitionists. So far I have decided that beer would no longer be called 'beer,' but 'wumble,' which is a perfectly harmless word and should make no one angry. I have not yet decided whether to rename whiskey 'gloops' or 'biffick,' but at present I rather incline toward 'gloops.' The word 'souse' would, of course, be done away with entirely, and I think I will substitute the word 'thirstarian.' When all this is done the tender ears of our Prohibition friends will no longer be jarred, and their ire aroused, by such sentences as, 'The old souse went into the saloon for a slug of whiskey,' but should hear with calm indifference, 'The elderly thirstarian went into the refectory for a portion of gloops.'

This solution should avoid civil war, but if civil war comes you will find me ready, exactly as I was in the Great War, to make four-minute speeches, some of them thirty minutes long. Longer, even.

Frogs' chorus

It began with a chub in a water pail. The chub had been intended for pickerel bait and was a last survivor; so it was given to me, aged four. I adored that chub! It was the first live thing that I had owned. I fed it flies of my own catching — after serious efforts and many failures. It had the whole of my heart.

Came then the time when flies were not, and bits of bread had to take their place. Then, one dire night! Down went the thermometer in that country kitchen and iced over the water in that pail. In the morning my beautiful silver fish was stiff and cold. The grown-ups laughed, to themselves. I felt the insincerity of their sympathy, and listened silently to their unproved statements that the real fish had gone to a happy stream where all good fish

go when they are tired of hunting for bugs and worms.

Later, much later, I specialized in underwater life in a pasture trench around a great rock, permanently full of water. At eight or nine I could have told any boy the difference between toad, frog, and tree-toad tadpoles; and, as a frog *catcher*, in that town I had no equal. I knew in advance just which way that frog would jump. So, when a big hogshead was sawn in two to make great tubs for hog-scalding in the fall killings, in summer I made of them a safe harbor for evening concerts, out by the well, under the great elm. No boy had bigger artists!

But there was competition there. For every boy in town, count one impresario. Supremacy demanded constant alertness in annexing candidates. Great was the mortification if one other boy discovered and collected a deeper basso profundo. As a matter of fact, in that I was a class by myself, and the competition lay among members of the second class, to my own infinite soul comfort — tinged, still, with a permanent anxiety. Some other boy *might* discover a frog Babe Ruth.

One day I forestalled just such a case by fine detective work, and in glorious triumph carried home six giants of their kind. Naturally no pocket would hold them — that is, the totally inadequate pockets supplied to small boys. So, with the grip of a young monkey on the hind legs of my captives, I carried them homeward, three in each hand, heads down; and I swaggered past the crowded piazza of the summer hotel that all the world — especially all other boys therein — might see. Among the observers chanced to be my beautiful mother and no less beautiful elder sister, and I held up those full hands of mine to them in gleeful triumph. A roar of laughter swept that piazza from end to end, and my grown-ups turned a curious scarlet as to face. That night I received two distinct, emphatic lectures relating to keeping absolutely separate the piazza of that hotel and all and several frog adventures.

Now it so befell that while ranging in an outlying back pasture I came on a spring hole under a great rock, largely hidden by a pile of brush. Exceeding experience had made me wise; no such place did I ever overlook. But I was struck dumb by the sight of no less than twelve pairs of turret-eyes around the margin of that black pool; and the spaces between those eyes were to be measured by inches! The white man who first saw a herd of ten thousand buffalo may have got a greater thrill, but I doubt it. By then, he must have lost much of his capacity for thrilling. I had absolutely all of mine, intact.

But I was forbidden to carry prizes — and such prizes! — homeward in the natural way. Should I leave that bonanza until I could get home and back with a covered pail? That would take at least an hour; and for aught I knew at least five other boys might even then be right on my trail! True, from lesser skill they would be able to catch only one or two of those veterans of the deep; but they would warn the rest and that would cause me endless trouble. I sat me down and pondered, not long but hard. My private maxim even then was 'Obstacles were invented to create thought'— and swiftly the answer came.

With a fishline, cut without a qualm, I tightly tied my knee pants just above the knee. Then with Indian stealth, and suitable intervals of quiet, I proceeded. Each big black batrachian in turn found himself in the last suddenness of a grasp that held and paralyzed, then gently but irresistibly drew him from his comfortable bedplace of wet mud and deftly slipped him head

downward under the waistband of those pants, to be joined in due time by others till my legs fairly bulged with quite abnormal muscular development. It was uncomfortable for all concerned, especially for me. But what would you? Had not the grown-ups in their power of resistless might unreasonably ruled a rule that all small boys of any wisdom must heed?

When the last of the twelve, a Goliath that seemed to me really a third larger than the rest, joined his husky, dusky brethren, can you blame me if I sat back and leaned against the rock and howled and yelled just for my own delight? It was simply impossible for all the boys in town together to produce by their united stealth even half a dozen such as mine. So I started on my homeward way.

Now the ordinary walk of a short-legged boy is apt to be staccato. To the frogs it must have seemed like being inside of a rotary churn. Moreover, as to what it was all about they still were completely in the dark; although more or less aware that they had descended into that *oubliette* from above, and hence that the outlet necessarily was above — a fact which they speedily decided to verify, some five minutes before I was due once more to pass the hotel piazza.

I have seen a flock of starlings tack, and veer, and flash away at a new angle when a hawk was winging past as though each bird in the mass thought exactly like every other bird at that second, and needed no command. They just went. So, suddenly up each leg twelve cold, clammy little feet frantically began to climb, and twelve more as promptly began to follow them, and every single inch of me thereabouts in an instant began to wriggle. Those twelve mammoth frogs, like chimney sweeps of old, went upward just as far as space would let them go, and clung there, and stayed; and one small boy had to swagger unconcernedly past that loaded piazza with stolid features and every quivering nerve under desperate mind-control! I won out; but it was at a price!

That night, at twilight, the entire family of inquisitive grown-ups cocked suddenly attentive ears at the deep, ponderous chorus that was pealing out from the cavernous mouths of those enormous tubs under our mighty elm. They listened. They looked at each other. They looked at me. I was beaming with a mighty satisfaction. So they simultaneously demanded when and how. I told them, placidly. Then, quite incomprehensibly they shrieked, and screamed with inexpressible laughter, and held each other up helplessly and shrieked again. I let them. Why not? Sometimes grown-ups, even mine, are 'perfect idiots.' The only way to do when they get that way is just to let them 'idiot.' I did. My turn was yet to come. My chamber window looked out on that orchestra, and every note of its deep-toned chorus came up to me as though magnified by the outlet of a mighty horn. I listened to it, positively entranced. That music was real, and it was worth all it cost. Nor did I have to pump wearily at the pump behind the church organ at five cents an hour to enjoy its harmony.

Suddenly, as by command of an imperious leader, every voice was silent. I leaned far out of the window in swift anxiety. Then I hugged myself with ecstasy; for out of the silence came one single, ponderous, metallic note — the one note without a rival; the note, I felt, from that huge giant of them all before whom lesser frogs must sit in silence. I listened. Oh, joy! It came again, carrying a world of deepest meaning if one but knew its language to interpret. Sometimes, in dreams, I seem to hear it now.

FROM A SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

The Roller Coaster Suite, Op. 23
Peter Pumpkin-Eater
(Born at West Hackensack June 1, 1898, living at West Hackensack)

PUMPKIN-EATER did not depend on commentators to explain the meaning of his Roller Coaster Suite. He printed his own programme on the score: —

Night — The Ascent — The Wild Surmise — Lost in the Clouds — Moments of Danger — The Lost Hat — The Descent — Vision — Young Love — The Eternal Question — Night

The work is in two movements, with a brief pause after the chief episode, 'The Lost Hat.'

The suite, dedicated 'in profound gratitude' to Ruben Salzheimer (the inventor of the Roller Coaster), calls for these instruments: five flutes, two oboes, English horn and brake-lining, double bassoon, four tenor tubas, wind machine, cymbals, kettledrums, chewing gum, three soprano saxophones, for use at a considerable distance behind the scenes, and as many strings as can be conveniently seated on the stage.

This suite is frankly programme music. In the soft slow measures of the introduction, Night is indicated. A Sicilian shepherd and his consort are discovered in a roller coaster chariot. Muted strings, horns, and wood winds have (*lento*) a slowly ascending figure. Against a chord (B-flat minor) the 'mounting motive' is sounded by the brass. Philip Hale, the critic, believes that this theme is derived from the folk song, 'All the Little Angels Ascend Up On High.' There is development. What may be considered the main movement of the symphony follows, the 'main' because, beginning with the Ascent, it has to do with the adventures of the couple on high. The movement begins ('*andante furioso* 4-4 time') with a theme played by the flutes, wind machine, and the full string choir. This is practically the chief theme of the work and is made much of. The English horn, now loud, now soft, indicates the traffic below. The chariot mounts higher and higher with the music. Saxophones, at a considerable distance, introduce the Moments of Danger, which, according to one of the wise men of Paris, represent the cries of the terrified female coasters.

A tonic part is now given to the tenor tubas, mounting to a crescendo. The Sicilian's hat has blown off! Here a noteworthy figure for brass, with a roll on cymbals with wooden drumsticks, bespeaks the wrath and lament of the young shepherd. 'Arpeggios, glissandos, rapidly descending scales, bells, and brake-lining picture the dashing descent of the Roller Coaster.'

Then begins that dulcet love passage so dear to concert-goers. From the composer's notes we are to understand that the Sicilian is now being comforted by his consort for the loss of his hat. Released from the peril and buffeting of Fate, the couple languish in each other's arms as their chariot comes gently to a stop. An appealing melody is given to the oboes over muted chewing gum.[1] This love melody is sustained for sixteen measures before it gives way to a brief interlude in which other roller coasters are heard in the distance. This threatens to grow ominous, then recedes as the music of endearment returns. For an ecstatic moment passion runs riot in a *fugato* movement in 6-8 time; then the love song fades, the chewing gum is heard no more. At the close, use is made of the Night material with which the suite begins.

There is a short coda.

[1] Many will challenge this use of an instrument not usually classified in the musical world. But though repeated efforts have been made to reproduce this gentle smacking by instruments, thus far no close likeness has been achieved. Where machines fail, nature must be employed. — EDITOR

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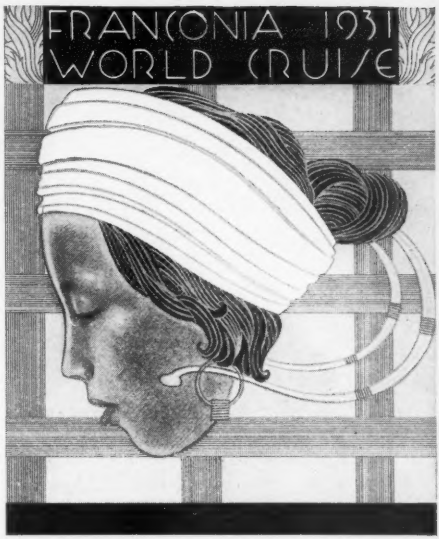

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A Guide to Good Books

BIRTHDAYS have their place on the publisher's calendar. The hundredth anniversary of any famous man or woman of letters is likely to be commemorated by anywhere from one to six volumes with their latest word in criticism and interpretation. Thus 1922 was Shelley's year; in 1924 we had tributes and diatribes for Byron; and already in the present year we have had three memorial volumes to Emily Dickinson (how she would have shied from them!), and there may be others to come.

What is more, 1930 is the three-hundredth birthday of Massachusetts — an occasion which has naturally brought forth books on what was best (or worst) and most characteristic in the Commonwealth's past. It is typical of 'modern' biography that several writers should single out for portraiture persons who rebelled against rather than stood for Puritanism. Thus there have been three biographies of Anne Hutchinson, whom, according to Professor Morison, most of the sainted founders regarded as 'an unmitigated nuisance,' and at least one serious study of Roger Williams, perhaps the most celebrated exile from Massachusetts Bay.

More in line with tradition is that vigorous chronicle *The Adams Family* (Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly Press), which has already been reviewed in these columns, while more wholehearted in its devotion is Professor Michaud's *Emerson: The Enraptured Yankee* (Harper), which dramatizes the philosopher with loving care. Last but not least is Professor Morison's *Builders of the Bay Colony* (Houghton Mifflin), in which the biographical method has been employed to picture the life and spirit of the settlement during its first years. In this book are banded together the lives of more than a dozen men and women who built a tradition that survives to this day.

Of the historians thus engaged, Samuel Eli Morison is the most indigenous and certainly o of the most distinguished. Boston born and bre Professor of History at Harvard at twenty-eig he was the first to occupy the Chair of Americ History at Oxford, 1922–25. His books, of whi the *Maritime History of Massachusetts* is b known and his Oxford *History of the United Sta* the most ambitious, are spirited, faithful, a salted with a Yankee humor and philosophy. is the biographer of Harrison Gray Otis and authority on the Revolution; he was the first e tor of the *New England Quarterly* and was chos by the Corporation to prepare the four-volu history of Harvard College, the first volume which is completed. It is hard to find a man mo closely identified with his home country and b ter able to write about it.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

Builders of the Bay Colony

[Houghton Mifflin, $5.00]

IN our post-war Jazz decade of the Machine Age became clear that the American nation is at some so of spiritual crossways having to do with its Purita heritage, whether for modification or rejection. A tra sient phase of flippant cynicism could be ignored, b the revolt goes deeper. Modern psychology appears have demolished certain of its traditional moral ma dates. They no longer thunder in the index. How mu is left? How much can be saved? How much worth saving? What have we instead?

This situation is well known to Professor Moriso and he meets it wisely in not meeting it with a head- collision. He has amused himself by writing for th tercentenary year of Massachusetts a history of i founding in terms of certain picturesque protagonist and in so doing keeps his readers entertained while instructs them unawares. He is not trying to refor anything, or convince anybody. This is what tho founders were like, and, once certain gross curre misconceptions are corrected, you may take them leave them. It is all so well done that you find yourse rather inclined to take them. The very manner is di arming. His subject has become so much a part of hi he is so at home in it, he handles it with such ease an grace, that he is free to turn it to the illumination contemporary life and manners with humor and spiri

New England history has been accused of having bee over-written. It would not be were more of its volum like this one. I sigh to remember ponderous tomes it I have waded through without finding in them th simplified essentials which one encounters in the co pass of a few of Professor Morison's pages.

The erudition is immense, yet never obtruded. I

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stead, you seem to be listening to an authority taking his ease, with such comments and side lights on his topic as would come in interestingly in conversation. Few Americans write such English. Here is scholarship without the stiff collar and the high hat. And so interrelated are persons, events, and scenes in many of the pages that one is reminded of the plot construction in a good novel.

Well, and what becomes of the Puritans — those much-belabored worthies with twenty mortal murders on their crowns who refuse to stay dead? Their sturdy lives are left to speak for themselves. They can and do. Their work is done and cannot easily be undone.

Perhaps one reason New England so exasperates its critics is that it has from long habit derived from these early founders a tendency to fix its eyes on a high goal and remain stonily indifferent to human missiles. Like Banquo with the witches, it neither begs nor fears your favors, nor your hate. The Puritan tradition remains the New England schoolmaster of the nation. Detest him we may, but respect him we must. Many of his former pupils hate him like the very Devil. That is nothing to him. The fact remains that he made men of us.

LUCIEN PRICE

DESPITE the fact that our age, so material, so scientific, is said to be inhospitable to poets, the craft still flourishes. The magazine in which this is printed receives in the course of a year about fifteen thousand envelopes of verse — not, be it said, all by poets. But this great industry in which as many men as women are engaged indicates an aspiration and a cult from which real poetry does spring.

POETS OF THE DAY

HUMAN experience is the natural field of poetry — a fact sometimes forgotten in the not infrequent contemporary efforts to make the machine or American civilization the subject of poetic treatment. They have their place in poetry when they enter by way of human experience and feeling, but the attempt to deal with them directly often leads to strange distortions. Two poems in which these forces find natural and able expression are ***Lost Buffalo***, by **Leonard Bacon** (Harper, $2.00), and ***The Black Christ***, by **Countee Cullen** (Harper, $2.00).

Leonard Bacon's protagonists would have discouraged other writers at the start: an Indian — 'no great shakes of a brave' — and a white prostitute, whose adventures would form a mere burlesque if we did not know that such careers were exemplified in fact as our frontier development first reduced the Indian from warrior ward, and then, sometimes, by fantastic applications white justice, presented him with immense weal Mr. Bacon has made Byron his model — and could h have chosen a better. The influence of Byron in co temporary verse is welcome. His coherence, humo ruggedness, and power of narrative are an excelle exchange for the incoherence, affectation, and anæm with which minor verse of the day is too frequent afflicted.

Mr. Bacon's comic strain obviously hails from Byro but his serious strain is more distinctly his own. Frozen Deer and Lurana Price become ever mo strangely involved in the toils of developing Americ society, Mr. Bacon treats them with enlarging seriou ness, until at last he makes of them tragic emblems all the human creatures who are caught helplessly vast, ruthless struggles for domination of which th never see the drift. Mr. Bacon's power and dignity ri with his theme, and the final impression is one whic the reader can hardly fail to respect.

About any attempt of a talented Negro to write lynching must hang a profound pathos. But Counte Cullen's *The Black Christ* is more than sincere an touching; it is an able poetic achievement. He is qui as gifted as many of his white compeers who have wo considerable recognition. The partly symbolic stor that he tells is impressively and skillfully arranged; th verse moves with an ease of rhythm that we shoul perhaps expect of a Negro, and with a use of imag and figures at all times appropriate and effective. It curious to notice that in the field of allusion which h employs, and in all characteristics of style, he migh be altogether a white poet; there is little or no trace the Negro.

Only at one point does the poem seem deficient, an that is the long disquisition on personified Spring whic Jim makes after the act that leads to the catastrophe This disquisition is really apart from the realities of th situation; but it would have taken a very high order o talents indeed to treat the episode realistically.

Something of what Leonard Bacon did coherently sensibly, and effectively in *Lost Buffalo*, **Hart Cran** endeavors to do in ***The Bridge*** (Liveright, $2.50) which, in so far as unity can be discovered in it, seem to be another attempt to render an impression o America, culminating, of course, in the mechanical age Hart Crane has been highly praised, but *The Bridg* seems to me incoherent, not a little bombastic and ab surd, and altogether ineffectual. The contrast could no be sharper between what is concrete, mastered, an clear, and what is yeasty, tortured, and obtuse.

Humbert Wolfe is highly esteemed by good judges and his latest volume, ***The Uncelestial City*** (Knopf $3.00), deals ambitiously with personal and social ex-

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perience. One would be glad to report well of a poem that endeavors to contribute to the life of the spirit, but the conception Mr. Wolfe has chosen — a man retracing the course of his earthly life as a preparation for the Celestial City — is neither new nor capable in itself of inspiring high poetic achievement. Mr. Wolfe has told his story — to the woeful enfeeblement of the general narrative — in a large number of dispersed short poems, many of them extremely slight, not a few quite ordinary, and a considerable number only related to the central theme by contiguity. They appear in the book, and so presumably are meant to have a part in it; but they might as well appear in a different book for all the connection they reveal with the life of the characters.

On the stylistic side the book is marred by banalities and clichés, sometimes even by worse. To take a crowning example, consider the lines: —

> Is Helen less Helen because no Homer tied
> a strand of her hair about the whole world's throat?

Moreover, the continued use of weak and imperfect rhymes grows progressively ineffectual in a serious poem of considerable length.

On the tragic and reflective side, the curse is again banality. Excellent moral sentiments are frequently reduced to utter commonplace. Perhaps the best aspect of the book is the satiric. Scattered through it are many apt ironic pictures and amusing stanzas. When one of the characters says to his charwoman, —

> leave murder to our betters; they 're the sort
> whose natural environment is dirt.
> The lower orders simply are not fit
> even to think, much less to talk, of it,'

we have a specimen of the poem at its best.

Two very slight volumes of recent appearance are ***New Found Land***, by **Archibald MacLeish** (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), and ***Fifty Poems***, by **Lord Dunsany** (Putnam, $1.50). It is not enough, in calling a volume of verse slight, that it should be physically slender. Keats's Odes would make a small book, but measured by the value and substance of what it contained, few books could be bulkier. Mr. MacLeish has bestowed exquisite workmanship on the few poems in the present volume, but in substance they are fugitive, and they are marked by pronounced mannerisms of style. After the first truly beautiful and imaginative poem, which may be read many times with undiminished pleasure, one is apt to feel a sense of progressive dilution through the rest of the volume.

Lord Dunsany's *Poems* are obviously not the work by which his literary reputation will stand. They have a damning gracefulness which betrays the cultivate amateur, and even at their best they are apt to exem plify the less favorable connotations that have gathere about the word 'whimsical.' Here and there Lord Du sany slips into unintended humor, and the book worth preserving for one or two of these lapses.

> When the wind is in the Desert and the sand
> is in the soup

is certainly funnier than it is meant to be, while 'Th Forsaken Windmill,' a tragic meditation on the fa that England's corn is now ground abroad, ends with somewhat unexpected tribute to the foreigner's de tistry as well as his grain mills: —

> And so in storms and calms,
> High on the open heath,
> The windmill's mighty arms
> Decay like English teeth.

One feels that had **D. B. Wyndham Lewis** an **Charles Lee** allowed contemporaries to enter th sanctuary of their volume, ***The Stuffed Owl: A Anthology of Bad Verse*** (Coward-McCann, $2.50) they might have glanced with approving eye ove *Fifty Poems*, and indeed over Messrs. MacLeish, Cran and Wolfe, too. Time is not to tell of the treasures co tained in *The Stuffed Owl*. With its ample contents, it clever introductory notes, and its eight cartoons b Max Beerbohm, it is capable of providing social as we as solitary entertainment. If one quotation may b permitted, let it come from 'The Female Friend,' b the Reverend Cornelius Whur, who flourished in th bright mid-morning of Victoria's reign: —

> In this imperfect, gloomy scene
> Of complicated ill,
> How rarely is a day serene,
> The throbbing bosom still!
> Will not a beauteous landscape bright,
> Or music's soothing sound,
> Console the heart, afford delight,
> And throw sweet peace around?
> They may, but never comfort lend
> Like an accomplish'd female friend!

THEODORE MORRISON

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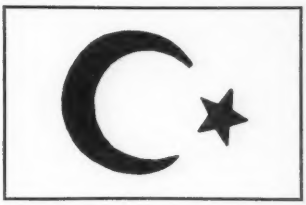

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sympathy and uncommon ease in colloquial Chinese he records the peoples — which may be called ethnology or even psychology. Then there is geography of the true and vital sort which tells you not only how late such and such a pass is open but also what people use it and how it was formerly to be defended. Watersheds delight him, and prevailing winds have a human significance. I think his explanation of 'vertical' trade from the oasis upstream to the plateau and the mountaineer country, instead of from oasis to similar oasis, is one of his most convincing and original observations.

But it must not be thought that the new science invented by Mr. Lattimore can be easily learned or put into book form by the ordinary traveler. The ingredient which is essential is a rangy vocabulary and a sure sense of the ridiculous. *High Tartary* reads like any novel full of adventure and hunger and cold and fine gorging at the inn. The ethnology is done by the roadside with a sense of wonder and fresh discovery that takes the chill from it. When he finds his transplanted Manchus — the Sibos and Solons — far to the west, and uses them for a check on true Manchu speech and culture, it is a real adventure in this new science of his.

So, too, with his contrast between the Catholic and Protestant missions and the depth of their roots in Chinese soil. He speculates on which would last longest if foreign support were withdrawn, and arrives at the conclusion that the Catholics have built more permanently because of their farmsteads and their cattle-breeding. A century hence, when the foreigner has left China, these speculations may have more than an academic interest.

As for the personal narrative, that makes prime reading and is full of surprising things like Shansi pawnbrokers who are generous, and delightful things like the Chinese official leaving the west country who handsomely distributes his pork sausages among the hated Mahometans, persuading them that it is mutton. Part of Mrs. Lattimore's sledge journey to meet her husband in the dead of winter has been told elsewhere and part of it is in Mr. Lattimore's book, but we want it all in detail, and now that the indomitable pair are out again in Manchuria and Mongolia pursuing their unique trade, there is hope of still another book of high adventure, gorgeous Chinese profanity, and keenly observed native life in the villages and on the bitter road.

LANGDON WARNER

SOCIETY, someone has said, is made up of the exclusive and the excluded. Too often, it seems, our novelists write about the former in a way to satisfy the latter. I can think of no more difficult task in the field of fiction to-day than to picture those men and women, cultured or prosaic, warm-hearted or cynical, who walk the upper crust of American life.

NOVELS OF SOCIETY

THROUGH forty years of a woman's life **Margaret Ayer Barnes** has traced in her novel, ***Years of Grace*** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), what might be called a study in American codes. Her protagonist, Jane, had the advantage of starting with a happy childhood; no deep violences to her spirit hampered the course of her maturity. It was a symbol of the inevitable conflict between the generations when Jane decided to go to Bryn Mawr in the nineties, instead of yielding to an immediate début. Her mother was forced to resign herself to that decision to compensate for the family's verdict that at seventeen Jane could not marry or even consider herself engaged to the young art student, André, who always remained to her the purest symbol of whole love. The same gesture came in the next generation when Jane's daughter, Cicily, who had n't wanted to go to college, did marry at nineteen.

There was one difference. 'Children,' Cicily told her father, — and he agreed that it was a step toward progress, — 'Children don't think you are right any longer, just because you are a parent.' Jane pointed out that nevertheless that made life terribly difficult for parents, and perhaps terribly difficult for children, too. Of this she felt very sure several years later when Cicily got a divorce to marry the husband of her best friend. It took a long time for Jane to realize that Cicily, too, was acting according to a code, a code perhaps better, because more direct, than her own. When a lover had come Jane's way in the middle years, she had turned away from passion to choose the more abiding satisfactions of husband and children.

In the large canvas of Mrs. Barnes's story there are exemplars of most of the modern problems in *mores* and morals that vex the stage and current literature — parents and children, husbands and wives and lovers, marriage and divorce, the sometimes conflicting claims of love and work, social acceptability and 'duty.' Mrs. Barnes has chosen for her characters the 'best people,' those who have managed to keep abreast, socially and economically, of the shifting tides. In each of the three generations that we see, the problems in abstract terms are not very different; the sometimes startling appearance of difference is due to the change in codes against which the problems are projected. For each the solutions are much the same — that compromise which keeps one in the line of survival: money to live on and feed one's self-esteem; children and the other long-term emotions of stability and continuance; harmony with one's self and the social setting, at a price sometimes recognized and sometimes ignored. Of these things Mrs. Barnes writes temperately, vividly, and with acumen; her people are not mere counters for problems, yet hers is preëminently an approach of the mind in which the question as to what they could or

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The BOOKSHELF

should or might have done is of more immediate importance than how they felt.

By contrast, it is the unique and individual creation which gives quality to **Rex Stout's** second novel, ***Seed on the Wind*** (Vanguard Press, $2.00). Many readers will not accept Lora Winter, but by the very angry denial of her validity there will be proof of her claim to life. What little reliance Lora Winter originally had to place on others was dispelled at the beginning of her career by a series of outrageous experiences. She had the resources of a beautiful and sentient body, a durable spirit. Instead of embitterment or wounded withdrawal, she went her way from that point by accepting what offered and taking what she needed and could get without the involvement of emotion. Objectively that story of Lora and her five children by five different men is almost incredible; yet, in the daring and the wholeness of its genesis out of Lora's own character, it has a foundation not easily shaken by the intellect.

Here, as in his first novel, *How Like a God*, Mr. Stout has used an effective technique. He projects you at once into a baffling moment; then through seven eighths of the book unravels lucidly the years that have led up to that crisis, and finally re-creates it and its dénouement in the closing chapters. Whether or not one likes it, — and many will not like it, — *Seed on the Wind* is a powerful and an original story.

While Mrs. Barnes shows conventionality as an achievement of character, and Mr. Stout the achievement of unconventionality, **Carl Van Vechten's** new novel, ***Parties*** (Knopf, $2.50), shows the unconventionality that comes of disintegration. Hardly one of its characters ever experiences a sober moment; when it is not gin or Scotch or 'sidecars,' it is likely to be 'snow' or an orgy of self-disgust. A really intelligent propagandist for temperance or even prohibition might use it as a tract. 'Nothing goes on at all,' declares the wife of the hero. 'Nothing whatever. Just parties, that's all.' And the hero aptly compares his set with blindly waltzing Japanese mice.

Despite some acute observations, despite some vivid writing and a great deal that is merely smart or a little clever, *Parties* seems to me a cheap and feeble attempt to *épater les bourgeois*.

Above these battles of moralities, or the conscious withdrawal from them, comes **Edith Olivier's** charming tale, ***The Triumphant Footman*** (Viking Press, $2.50). Here is a *conte* in the true manner, a sophistication that is witty and amusing and unimpeded by sick obsessions. To bound the bubble would be to burst it — so I shall not tell the story of Alphonse's gambols amid expatriate Britons in Florence in the latter years of our dear late Queen, nor disclose the rungs whereby Alphonse climbed from a cockney childhood to the peer age. For a couple of hours of light-hearted and no unintellectual enjoyment, it is capital.

MARY ROSS

In a dozen years we have seen a marked change in our understanding of the war, only the least o which is attributable to fiction. With the publica tion of our archive material, with the summing u of judicious historians, we have come to think differently about war guilt, atrocities, military leadership, and even about the supreme sacrifice To clear our perspective and to strengthen our judgment for the future, we need the best that historians can give us.

THE HISTORY OF 1914–1918

The Real War, by **Captain B. H. Liddell Har** (Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly Press, $4.00), i written in the critical style, and, as suits a book for the layman on so wide a subject, it is conveniently and vividly episodic. Captain Liddell Hart has set himself the unpleasant task of rewriting history as it occurred and not as he would have it read. Unpleasant because it often shows his own countrymen — and most of our revered commanders — in no happy light. It is in no iconoclastic frame of mind that Captain Hart attacks his subject. With obvious gusto he describes the few noteworthy exploits, both tactical and strategical, in a period replete with failures. But for the most part *The Real War* does throw pitiless light on the major strategy where it existed — which was by no means everywhere — and on much of the tactics. Finally, it directs one down paths of conjecture even more fascinating than the study of actual conditions.

The vivid description of the opening days of the war, so fertile in error and misjudgment, leads inevitably to conjecture. If Moltke had adhered to Graf Schlieffen's Plan and had not emasculated the operation by the strengthening of his left, — an almost more heinous strategical offense than weakening his right, — the blow on Paris must have fallen. With the strengthening of his left went Schlieffen's idea of the 'enticing' defense into which the main strength of the French army was to be drawn. And suppose again, the author suggests, that instead of sending their meagre force to work alongside the French, the British had landed twenty-one divisions of infantry and eighteen brigades of cavalry on the Belgian coast? It could have been done — and, thus threatened on a vulnerable flank, it is difficult to see how the three German Armies of the North could have escaped a Sedan.

Out of all the mess of blood and misspent energy the two faultless gems of the campaign stand out — each perfect in its way. The first, Messines, was a mere tactical action of siege warfare, but precisely conceived and executed — a triumph of staff coöperation. The

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The BOOKSHELF

second, Megiddo, was a strategical and tactical victory which will take its place in history not merely as one of the most notable campaigns of its kind but also as the glorious apotheosis of the cavalry arm.

To a few leaders — a very few — the author accords unstinted praise; to Galliéni, for instance, and Pétain. For Haig he has respect, for character rather than skill, although in the last few months of the war it is apparent that he regards Haig rather than Foch as the moving spirit in defense and attack. As Haig came into the ascendant Ludendorff began to make his series of fatal errors. It is of such personalities that Captain Hart writes almost as much as of their actions.

Stalemate having once arisen, there were few who saw that the Western Front could be contained but not carried, and it was those who failed to understand this fact who sought to justify their inanition and expenditure of lives with such catch phrases as 'the War of Attrition' and 'Blood is the price of Victory.' It is terrible that mere words should have had the power to stifle originality, as they did, for instance, in the use of the tanks and in the use of the surprise barrage.

Our critic attributes the faults of our leadership in part to a definite cause. In previous wars the general actually shared the hardships of his men. In the Great War the general staffs as a whole were out of touch with actual fact, the Germans quite as much as the Allies. The position is aptly summed up in a story related by the author, which, suitably framed, should be hung in every staff headquarters. When fighting had been in progress for some months for the possession of the Passchendaele ridge, a general high on the general staff visited the battlefield for the first time. As he approached the front in his car he was so affected by what he saw that he burst into tears. 'My God,' he said, 'did we really send men to fight in that?'

CAPTAIN A. W. SMITH

OVERHEARD in the Book Trade. . . . Dollar books are being put to the test, and from early reports those by established authors — as, for instance, *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham*, by H. G. Wells (Doubleday, Doran), and *Very Good, Jeeves*, by P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday, Doran) — are going well; those by new writers indifferently. One trouble is that dollar books themselves are being undersold. Sporting-goods stores are selling copies of Bobby Jones's book on golf at fifty cents, and the United Cigar chain have a new Edgar Wallace mystery on their counters at the same figure. Probably we shall have no answer to the experiment until after the Christmas sale. . . . It appears that Owen Wister's *Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship* (Macmillan) was recalled because of an anecdote unflattering to a lady of Charleston, S. C. Pages 100–104 were cut out and in their stead was substituted a Baedeker account of the town's beauty, with no gender involved. . . . The high tide of war books has now ebbed, leaving on our shelves what I should call four real additions to a library (names given on request). . . . The manager of Boston's biggest bookstore gave an acute reason for this summer's depression in bookselling. 'This year,' he said, 'there's been no *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and no *Specialist* to bring people into the shop where we could probably sell them other books as well. Give us one good title and we'll do the rest.' The books he mentioned both have sold close to the half million mark. . . . A professor of English at Rutgers has come out with a list of the sixty best novels in history, and has thereby reminded a lot of people of the reading they have left undone. The question of what one book to take to a desert island arose the other day and a Radcliffe graduate said she'd take a cookbook. . . . Ho, hum, and that reminds me of another story. But the fact is that I shall soon be leaving on vacation, taking with me, not the professor's sixty novels, but a cherished list I wish to read or reread as the case may be. They are Katherine Mansfield's *Journal*, Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, Keats's *Poems and Letters*, Professor J. L. Lowes's essay *Of Reading Books, Laments for the Living*, by Dorothy Parker, and an advance copy of *Books: Their Place in a Democracy*, by R. L. Duffus. And a check book! . . . A correspondent (more are welcome) writes me to this effect: —

In the July issue you speak of the publishers falling upon evil days — why not? They persist in sending gratis books that those of us who really love books must pay big prices for, and then editors turn these volumes over to hack writers who fill the Sunday papers with 'trash' concerning them. Let us each and all pay a fair price for books, cut off the deadheads, let none write criticisms that are not technically and culturally fitted for the work, and the publishers will find their business improving.

I pass this on for what it is worth.

Edward Weeks